

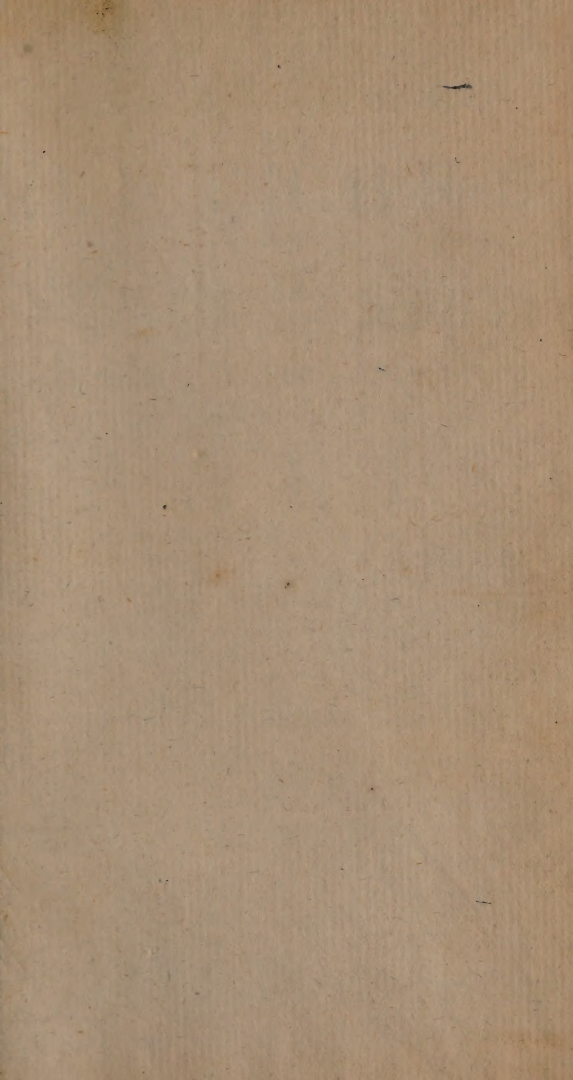


Thos Sedgwick Whalley
Mendip Lodge.



John Teesdale.

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MARANA. G.

Muster 1800

The EIGHTH and 87658.

LAST Volume

OF

LETTERS

Ed. Writ by a *Cyler*

Turkish Spy,

Who liv'd Five and forty YEARS
undiscover'd at

P A R I S:

Giving an Impartial ACCOUNT to the *Divan*
at *Constantinople* of the most remarkable Trans-
actions of EUROPE: And discovering several
Intrigues and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts* (espe-
cially of that of *France*) continued from the Year
1673, to the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick. Translated into Italian,
and from thence into English, by the Translator of
the First Volume.*

The TENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. Strahan, W. Mears, S. Ballard, F. Clay,
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L. Gilliver, and R. Willock. 1734.



TO THE
READER.



T length; after tedious Expectation, you have this long-wish'd-for Work brought to an End. There remains nothing now, but to answer a few Objections, which may be made against the Contents of some Letters in all these Volumes, and particularly in the two last: As also to give you an Account of what this Last Volume contains of remarkable, more than was mentioned in the *Preface* to the Seventh: Some Things being there omitted through Haste and Forgetfulness.

As to the Objections: Some People, more precise than they need to be, find Fault with our *Arabian* for the seeming Lewdness of his Sentiments, and prophane Expressions of God and his Works; saying, that he writes more

To the READER.

like a Disciple of *Carneades* and *Epicurus*, than of *Mahomet*; who taught his Followers to think and speak with profound Veneration of the God-head, and of all Saints and Prophets. They add, that in some of his Letters he seems to banter all Religion; whilst in others he appears like a Hypocrite, extravagantly devout and zealous, even to the Heights of Enthusiasm and Divine Madness.

In answer to this, 'tis desir'd, that these Gentlemen will please to consider, that our Author, tho' a profess'd *Mahometan*, yet is a Man endu'd with Sense and Reason, which he had much improv'd by reading of Histories, by the Studies of natural, moral, and political Things, and by his own experimental Observations in the World. That therefore, when he seems to descant with an unwarrantable Libertinism, profanely glancing with a religious kind of Wantonness on Divine Matters; it ought not to be taken so much for his own proper direct Thoughts, as the Result of other Mens Errors, and the epidemical Mistakes and Superstitions which have infected the World. So that he rather hints at what may be said by way of Inference from the groundless Opinions of Men, than to assert any thing positively himself in Dishonour of the Deity or true Religion. And he banters the Abuses that are every where found in the Service of God, not the Service it self. In a word, he appears in all his Letters, a Deist rather than an Atheist, as some would represent him. And it is well enough known, to those who travel in *Turkey*, and converse with
Men

To the R E A D E R.

Men of Sense there, that there are abundance of Deists among the *Mahometans*, as well as among us *Christians*: And our *Arabian* demonstrates that he is one of these, in those very Letters, or Periods of Letters, where they tax him with Hypocrisy and extravagant Devotion. For being (as it were) absorb'd and swallow'd up in the profound Contemplation of the Divine Majesty, it is no wonder that he breaks forth into Raptures of Love, and Extasies of Admiration; his Thoughts being all over irradiated with the incomprehensible and Eternal Splendors. And 'tis these transcendent Elevations of the Soul, which are the Cause of that Contempt and low Esteem he shews toward the flat and insipid Notions and Ideas which the Generality of Men have of the Creator of all Things. 'Tis this provokes him to mock and deride the Vanity of Human Traditions and Ceremonies, the ridiculous Pomp and Pageantry of External Religion, which is apt to exhaust the Vitals of true genuine Piety, Devotion and Virtue.

Others are, or may be, offended at his Historical Letters of the Four Monarchies; alledging that these are foreign to his Business, as an Agent *incognito* for the *Grand Signior*. The same Fault they find with his Descriptions, Characters, and Histories of the present Commonwealths in *Europe*: His Province being to watch the Motions, Councils, and Transactions of the Living, and not to rehearse the Facts and Exploits of the Dead.

To the R E A D E R.

In Answer to this, it ought to be consider'd that tho' the Primary Design of the *Ottoman* Porte in sending this *Arabian* to *Paris*; was to penetrate into the Secrets of our *Christian* Princes and States, and to return constant Intelligence thereof to the *Divan*; yet this did not hinder, but that he might hold a Correspondence with his private Friends in *Turky*, and send them frequent Letters on what Subjects he pleas'd, or as he thought would most oblige them. Much less cou'd he be excus'd from obeying the Orders he expressly receiv'd from the *Mufti*, or any other Principal Minister of State, who should require him, at his Hours of Leisure, to transcribe either Antient or Modern Histories; or to draw Collections out of the most Eminent *Greek* and *Roman* Authors; knowing him to be skill'd in those obsolete Languages; and that such Books were rare among the *Turks*, by reason that Printing is forbid throughout the *Ottoman* Empire. Therefore he could do no less, in Duty and common Civility, than oblige the *Mufti* with an Abstract of the Four Monarchies, which he himself had offer'd of his own Accord; and likewise gratify the Expectations of *Hamet* the Secretary of State, who desir'd to be inform'd of the Governments, Laws, Religion, Customs, Manners, and Characters of us *Europeans*; which our *Arabian* perform'd as well as he could, during his Life: And had he liv'd longer, there is no doubt but he would have proceeded in describing *England*, *Denmark*, *Swedeland*, *Russia*, *Poland*, *Hungary*, and all other Countries which he had not touch'd upon. But it seems he was
snatch'd.

To the READER.

snatch'd away by some sudden and surprizing Fate, tho' not altogether unforeseen. For he all along intimates, that he had some Presages of being made a Sacrifice; especially when he heard of the sudden Death, or Disappearance at least, of his Correspondent *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the Jew at *Vienna*. For then he plainly tells his Friend *Oglou* in a Letter, that he suspected he was made away by an Order from the Porte, and that he expected to be served so himself in a little Time. And it is possible it might be so; it being usual with the *Turkish* Court, thus to reward the Merits of their most faithful Ministers, and crown all their Services with Martyrdom to the State.

As to what this last Volume contains more than was express'd in the *Preface* to the Seventh: Here you have an Account of the horrid Poysoning Trade that was practis'd in *France*, in the Year 1681 and 1682; as also some Remarks on our Popish Plot; on the Great Comet that appear'd about that Time; with a particular Abstract of the Life, and an Account of the barbarous Murder of *Dr. Sharp*, Archbishop of *St. Andrews*, and Primate of *Scotland*. He also touches upon the Persecution of the *Hugonots* in *France*.

But that which ought to be most taken Notice of, is, a Letter of his to *Nathan Ben Saddi*; wherein he highly extols the Journal of *Carcoa*, *Nathan's* Predecessor in that Post: Which Journal, the Translator of these Volumes understanding

To the R E A D E R.

ing to be in the Hands of the *Italians* who first found our *Arabian's* Papers, and with whom he has since contracted a Correspondence: He has endeavour'd to prevail with him to communicate it to the Publisher hereof. Wherein, if he shall be so happy as to succeed, he will in due Time transmit it to the World in our Mother-Tongue, to the Satisfaction and Benefit of the Publick.

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LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

V O L. VIII.

B O O K I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian *at* Paris, *to*
 Mehemet *an* Exil'd Eunuch, *at*
 Grand Caire *in* Egypt.



WHETHER it be an Effect of thy melancholy Letter, or of my own ugly Constitution, I know not; but I am lately grown very desperate, and resolv'd upon Death. I am tir'd with whatsoever I have yet enjoy'd in this World; and I expect no greater Satisfaction, should I live a thousand Years. Every Pleasure appears but the same in different Forms;
 B and

and they all agree, in leaving us afflicted with the same or greater Pain than they found us in: Which is a sufficient Argument to a Man of Spirit, that he ought to die in Pursuit of his own Ease.

We walk here on Earth in an enchanted Circle of Shadows and Mockeries: Our whole Life is full of Vanity and Mistake. Every Man's Fortune is but a Repetition of that of *Ixion*: We court Clouds instead of Divinities, and our most charming Fruitions consist in Emptiness.

Indeed, all this visible World is but a mighty Pageant, a pompous Emblem, a gaudy Type of that invisible Region, which is the Mother of Spirits. Oh! that it were lawful for a Mortal, to release his Soul from its long irksome Exile here below, and send it home to its native Country, the Kingdom of Divine Ideas! then wou'd I soon launch forth into the unknown Abyss. But we must be resign'd, and not think much to bear our several Destinies; and patiently wait for the appointed Hour of Transmigration: For it is in vain to think of hastening or delaying our Fate. Besides, for ought we know, the next Station may be worse than this: Every Thing is full of mysterious Darkness. And therefore, prithee *Mehe-met*, let thou and I lay aside all fruitless Care and Sadness; be as merry as will consist with the Wisdom of a Man; and when thou findest this black Distemper approaching thee, run away from it, and shelter thy self in good Company. Arm thy self with Wine and Musick against the fullen *Damon* of Melancholy: But I counsel thee to avoid Women, for they'll but increase thy Malady.

'Tis one of that Sex has given me this Fit of Grief, a Woman that I have loved too much: But she's ungrateful, false, and cruel; she takes a singular Delight in cheating me with false Shews of Love and Friendship; and then in undeceiving me again. The same Tongue which at some Times
will

will drop soft, kind, obliging Words, at another Season shall utter nothing but Contempts, Defiances, and Scorns.

Thou wilt wonder that a Man of my Age should be concern'd with any Passion for Women. I tell thee, my Friend, it is impossible for me to banish from my Heart, an Affection which has possessed it for above these thirty Years. The Love of that Sex is riveted in our Nature, and our Blood must first grow Cold, and be congeal'd to Death, before this Flame can be extinguish'd: Nay, many Times it is more fervent, though of a short Duration, in our latest Hours than in our Prime. As when the Oil which feeds a Lamp is almost spent, the startled Flame begins to rouse itself, and burn afresh, as if 'twou'd fain subsist a little longer, though on the very Dregs of its accustomed Fuel; it crackles and flashes with greater Noise and Lustre than before, but presently expires. So does this amorous Fire, when we are nearest to our Dissolution, begin to trouble us most, and makes our Soul to blaze with Fevers of Desire and Grief, knowing its Period is near.

Mehemet, Let thou and I keep our Affections for the beautiful and constant Daughters of Paradise, who will never cast an Eye on any Man beside their own. Doubtless this is Part of supreme Felicity.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon
of the Year 1673.



LETTER II.

*To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer
to the Sultan.*

THIS has been a terrible Campaign to the *Germans* and their Confederates: For when they first took the Field in the Spring, their Forces amounted to sixty thousand Men, but now at the breaking up, and going to their *Winter* Quarters, they could not number above twenty thousand: So that they have lost two Parts in three of their Army. Whilst the *French* prosper and are victorious; taking their Towns and Castles, subduing whole Provinces to the Obedience of this invincible Monarch, and extending his Conquests far and wide through the *Franche-Compte*, *Lorrain*, *Alsace*, *Brabant*, *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, and even to the Isles of the Sea.

I have formerly given an Account to the Ministers of the Porte, of all the most remarkable Actions perform'd in these several Quarters; there remains only a late famous Victory gain'd by the *Mareschal de Turenne* near *Strasburgh*, of which I cannot give thee the Particulars, neither is it very material. But, in brief, I shall acquaint thee, that thro' the Connivance of the Elector of *Mayence*, and the Citizens of *Strasburgh*, the Confederate Forces, amounting to forty thousand Men, got Passage over the *Rhine*, and had like to have surpriz'd the *French*, who were not above twenty five thousand strong. But the Vigilance and good Conduct of Monsieur *Turenne*, prevented their Design, and turn'd the Fortune of War to his own Side. This wise General considering the unequal

Numbers

Numbers of his Enemies, did not think it fit to engage his whole Army at once with theirs, lest he should be oppress'd with their Multitude, being almost double in Number to his. But he fought them by Detachments, setting upon them in their March: And this succeeded very fortunately, for he was in Possession of the most advantageous Posts and Passes of the Country. He lined the Hedges with some of his Men, who gall'd the Enemies as they march'd along the Roads. He planted others on the Declive of Hills, under the Covert of Thickets which grew on each Side of deep Ways, thro' which the Enemies must pass; these annoy'd them sorely: from their shady Heights, whilst some attack them in the Front. Thus by gradual Skirmishes, he cut off many Thousands, and strew'd the Roads with dead Bodies: Till the Confederates perceiving how they were embarrass'd on all Hands, took the Advantage of a certain Wood, where they retrench'd themselves, and stood in their own Defence a long Time. But the *French* at length forc'd them from this Shelter, and then began a formal Battel, which prov'd bloody to the *Imperialists*: For they had above three thousand of their Men killed upon the Spot, besides those that were wounded and taken Prisoners. They lost also Ten Pieces of their Cannon; and the Ground was cover'd with Cuirasses, Halberts, Pikes, Muskets, Swords, and all sorts of Arms, which the Confederates left behind in their precipitate Retreat by Night. For so general a Consternation had seiz'd the Minds of the Soldiery, that all the Rhetorick of the Officers was not sufficient to stop their Flight. In this Battel, the *Mareschal de Turenne* had his Horse kill'd under him by a Musket-Shot, but he receiv'd no Hurt himself.

He is a fortunate and wise General, knowing how to serve himself of all Opportunities and Advantages of Time, Place, and other Circumstances which offer themselves to Man's Consideration in Time of War. He never attacks an Enemy, without being sure of getting the Victory, or at least of retiring securely and honourably from the Combat. The *French* use to say, *That if the Prince of Conde had an Alloy of Turenne's Earth in his Temper, and Turenne had the Prince of Conde's Fire, there would not be two such other Generals in the whole World.*

Serene *Aga*, Nature has dispens'd her Gifts in thrifty Parcels: Every Man has his genial Excellency; and 'tis rare to find one whose Faults do not counterpoise his Perfections. May Heaven turn the right Scale for thee and me.

Paris, 2d of the 1st Moon
of the Year 1674.

LETTER III.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale
of Sidon.

NOW I will indulge sacred Thoughts, and follow the Motions of Wisdom; I will obey the Inspirations of my better Genius, and discourse of Things not fit for vulgar Ears. I will not cast my Holy Things to Dogs, nor expose that which is precious to the Feet of Swine. Let the Smith labour at his Anvil, and hammer the Metal into what Form he pleases; his Eye is wasted with the perpetual Vapour of the Fire; and as to intellectual Things, he is stark blind.

So

So is the Carpenter who works in Timber, and hews away the Knobs and Roughnesses with his Axe; he saws it into Planks, and afterwards smooths it with his Plane; he marks out his Work with Line and Plummet, and measures it with Rule and Compass; he fits one Piece to another, and when all is polish'd and prepar'd to his Mind, he joins them together in a Frame, and rejoices in the Success of his Industry and Skill.

These and all other Mechanicks bend their Mind to their Work; that is the Scope of their Ambition; and when they have done, they eat and drink the Fruit of their Labours. They study not the Sayings of famous Men, nor penetrate into the Mysteries of dark Parables; they have no Inclinations to seek out the Wisdom of the Antients, or to meditate on the Instructions of Sages. Therefore with such as these I will not converse, or talk of the Way of Perfection: Nor yet with Wrestlers, Fencers, or Soldiers: I have as little Hopes to prevail on Mariners, Lawyers, and Courtiers, or on any that are entangled in worldly Affairs. But I address my self to a good and knowing Man, who understands himself, and what his Business is in this World; who comprehends the Force of the Chains which entangle his Soul in this mortal Life, and is instructed in the Method of disengaging himself. To such a one I speak, and not to others, who lie snoring in their Lethargy, and will not be wak'd.

Certainly, 'tis as impossible, that one and the same Rule of Life should fit the various Tempers and Conditions of Men, as that one and the same Course should be taken, effectually to dispose a Man to sleep, and violently to keep him awake. For he that would sleep out his whole Life, if any be so sottish, it behoves him to procure a constant Supply of Things which create Sleep. Whereas

he that designs to be vigilant and active, must furnish himself with such Things as chase away Sleep, and incline to Watchfulness. The former therefore ought to give himself up to Gluttony, Drunkenness, and Surfeiting; he should have a dark House, a soft and large Bed; and should use all manner of Applications that cause Drowsiness; as Soporiferous Perfumes, Potions, &c. Whereas the latter ought to be always sober, to drink moderately, and eat a slender Diet, to have a light House, a serene Air, a Sense of Pain, a streight and hard Bed, little fitted for Man's Repose.

But whether we Mortals are in a Place where we ought perpetually to be upon our Watch; or whether our whole Life ought to be but one Night of Sleep, is known only to such as thee, who hast discover'd the prestigious Magick of the Body, and how the Soul is enchanted in this World; who hast found out the native Activity of the Mind, and how it comes to be stupified by the hidden Opiats that lie lurking in the Flesh.

Holy *Santone*, whilst we are in this World of Shadows, we are perfect Exiles, banish'd from our native Country, which is the World of real Substances: The more we are drench'd in Matter, the farther do we straggle from home, wandering in Foreign Desarts of enchanted Ground; where we converse with none but empty Spectres, Fairies, Demons, Elfs, and cheating Apparitions. For all that's in this outward World, is but a false Delusion, the Mimickry of Nature; a Heap of Shadows revers'd and tinctur'd with a faint Projection from the World of Light.

Knowing therefore these Things, let us make haste to return to our Native Seats again; let us divest our selves of the strange Habits we have taken up by Imitation in this our Pilgrimage, and purge our Minds of all the ill Qualities we have
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imbib'd on Earth: Let us cast off corrupt Affections, Appetites and Inclinations; with every vain and false Opinion. When we are freed from all these Weights, our Souls will easily mount aloft, their Wings never flagging, till they perch upon the Trees of Paradise. What is more generous than the Mind of Man, when once awaken'd from the Slumbers of this mortal Life? How it despises these terrene Enjoyments, and only pants and thirsts for the supreme Delights above! As Iron turns itself, and makes its amorous Approaches to the Magnet; so is the Soul attracted by the original Essence which is its Source and Centre.

There are two Species of Chains which tie the Soul down to this Earth, and cause her to grow dull and torpid, as if she were inebriated with deadly Poison, forgetting her very native Faculty of Contemplation. These are Pleasure and Pain, of which our Sense is the Author, with the Prepossession, Phantasies, Opinions, Memories, and Appetites which accompany our Sense. These hurry and precipitate the Soul down from her proper Mansion, and alienate her from the Love of the only true substantial Being: Therefore we ought to abstain from sensible Things as much as in us lies, and shun all Objects that stir up irregular Appetites, and produce Absurdities in our Reason.

How many strange Affections flow from our Taste, binding fast the Soul with a double Cord, whilst the high Relish and Gust of savoury Meats ensnare her in the Palate as in a Net, and the Load of indigested Crudities weighs and sinks her down into the Belly, where she's kept as in a Dungeon, till sacred Abstinence releases her again.

The Sense of Touch does often draw the Un-
 wary Soul forth from her Fastnesses within, tra-

panning her with soft Allurements and sly Promises of Pleasure to take the Air o'th' Body. Thus having got her into the open Field, an Ambuscade of Lusts, Concupiscences, Perturbations, Fears, Cares, Love, Joy, Grief, and other Passions, rush upon her on a sudden, and take her captive. How necessary therefore is it to be always on our Guard, and not to lull our selves in dangerous Security? Nor ought we to be rash and fool-hardy, in venturing on a Combat, where 'tis better to decline it; lest instead of Victory, we betray the Weakness of our Arms, and want of proper Conduct.

O perfect Man! Thou seest these Things in clearer Light than I; 'tis not to inform thee that I write, but to confirm my self, whilst I collect my scatter'd Thoughts and put 'em in Order. If thou shalt vouchsafe to send me thy Conceptions on this Subject, I w ll revere the blessed Dispatch, as tho' it were an Oracle.

In the mean while, may Heaven regard thy innocent Life, and still protect thee from the Casualties that threaten all of mortal Race. May thy Prayers be heard, and thy good Works rewarded. Finally, may thy End be like that of *Enoch*, who never saw Death, but was translated alive to Paradise.

Paris, 9th of the 2d Moon.

11th of the Year 1674.



LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Ali Bassa.

IT is evident, That the *French* Arms are destin'd not to rust: One Provocation or other always keeps them in Action. The neighbouring Princes and States take their Turns to affront and injure this Monarch; and sometimes they set upon him all together. Surely, they envy and fear the rising Fortune of *France*, and therefore strive by Stratagems and Force to check its Growth.

There having been several Acts of Hostility done by the Government of the *Spanish Netherlands*, without any Hopes of a fair Redress, this King found himself oblig'd to declare open War against *Spain*.

This was done very lately, and at the same time the Duke *de Noailles* was sent with an Army into *Flanders*; where he soon took the Town and Castle of *Aubespine*; the Towns of *Pesme* and *Mornais*; the Castle of *Oigny*, with the Towns of *Gray* and *Vezont*.

This last is a Place of considerable Importance, being called the *Gate of Lorrain*, and the Postern of the *Franche Compté*. Whereby this Monarch is become actual Master of the *Baillage of Amont*; which comprehends above five hundred Villages.

The *Spaniards* seeing him thus successful, and that they could not by open Resistance stop the Course of his Victories, took another Method, and sought to undermine him by Plots and Confederacies with some of his Subjects.

They had agreed with the *Chevalier de Rohan* to settle on him a Pension of Eight Thousand *Livres* a Year, and to present him out of hand

with five thousand Pistoles, if he would put them in Possession of *Quillebous*, a strong Place in the Province of *Normandy*.

The Chevalier *de Rohan* had made himself and them believe, that it was in his Power with much Ease to perform this: But he was mistaken. Some of his Friends say, he never thought of accomplishing his Bargain, his Credit being too small in that Place; and that he only aimed to repair his Fortune, by cheating the *Spaniards* of their five thousand Pistoles. However, the Plot was discovered to the *French King*, who has his Spies in all Corners of the Kingdom. The unfortunate Chevalier was seized and brought to the *Bastile*, and being convicted of Treason, was condemned to lose his Head, which was accordingly executed.

The Marquis of *Villars*, and the *Sieur de Pereau*, suffer'd the same Punishment, as Accomplices in the Treason. Another *French Lord* of the Party was kill'd in defending himself against those who were order'd to arrest him. These had undertaken to deliver other Places of Strength into the Hands of the *Hollanders* who first began the War.

Had their Conspiracy taken effect, it would have been no difficult Matter to corrupt other Grandees with the *Spanish Gold*, and so a Third Part of *France* might have been sold for a Price not allowable in the Mercats of Kings. For it seems the *Hollanders* and *Spaniards* were upon the Point of making their Descents in *Normandy* and *Bretagne*, being invited thereto by the large Promises of the Persons before-named, and their Confederates, who made them believe, that a great Part of the Nobility and Gentry of those Provinces would come over to them, as soon as they saw them landed; and there was no need to fear any Opposition from the Vulgar, who are bound to follow the Fortune of their Lords. Besides,

sides, they are always desirous of Novelty and Change.

There is nothing so abject, poor and contemptible, as the Peasantry of *France*, who labour only for others, whilst they can hardly get Bread for themselves out of all their Toil. In a word, they are absolute Slaves to them whose Tenants they are, and whose Lands they farm. They are not more oppressed by the Publick Taxes and Gabels, than they are by the private Impositions of their Country Lords, beside the unreasonable Demands of the Priests. These Sufferings dispose them to wish for a Revolution in the Government, from which they might hope to receive gentler Usage.

'Twas this, partly, which encouraged the *Hollanders* and *Spaniards* to think of invading *France*: Otherwise, they had only been upon the defensive. This King has to do with a great many potent Enemies. The Emperor holds him play on the *Rhine*; the Duke of *Lorraine* gives him Diversion in his new Conquests on that Side. The King of *Spain* puts him to a great Expence of Men and Money in *Flanders*. The *Hollanders* infest him by Sea, and would do by Land, if they knew which way. Yet this Monarch copes with them all; baffles their Plots and Intrigues, foils their Arms, daily gains Ground, and by a continued Series of Conquests, makes it apparent, that his is the only flourishing Fortune in the *West*.

The King of *Sweden* had made certain Proposals of Peace between the Emperor, the King of *France*, the King of *Spain*, the States of *Holland*, and some of the Electoral Princes. In order to which, he offer'd himself to become a Mediator between them. He sent his Ambassadors accordingly to a Place agreed upon by all Parties, as
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the most convenient for Conferences of this Nature. So did all the other Princes and States concern'd in the War. But it seems there was a gross Affront put upon *Guillaume de Furstemberg*, Plenipotentiary to the Elector of *Cologne*, by the Marquis *de Grana*, Ambassador to the Emperor.

This was deeply resent'd at the *French* Court, as being a notorious Breach of the Law of Nations; and the King publish'd a Manifesto, wherein he charg'd the Emperor with giving Order for this Insult; declaring also, that unless due Satisfaction were made, he would withdraw his Ambassadors from the Place of Conference, and seek Justice with Sword in Hand.

He complain'd to the King of *Swedeland* of this Violence, and enter'd in a close and strict League with him. *Gustavus* presently recalls his Ambassadors from the publick Meeting, commanding them to protest against the Action of the Marquis *de Grana*, as a Violation of the Civil Laws. The *French* King has done the same, and all things seem to portend a general Distraction in *Europe*.

Those of the *Roman* Church fight against one another, as well as they combine against the Protestants, whom they esteem as the common Enemy, and have little better Regard for them, than we *Mussulmans* have for the *Persian Kizilbaschi*, whom we execrate as abominable Hereticks. One sort of Protestants also cabal against another; the *Lutherans* hate and prosecute the *Calvinists*; which the latter return with equal Animosity. These Infidels are caught in the Devil's Snares, where they bite and devour one another. They are in egregious Darkness, toss'd about in a Tempest of Errors. They are surrounded with Enchantments: Their Guides are Sorcerers and Magicians: Hell has a Hand in all their Devices.

O ye true Believers, lift up your Heads: For the Hour is approaching, wherein the ancient Prophecies must be fulfilled; That *the Dragon of the East shall wage War with the Eagle of the West, and shall devour him whole with all his Feathers.* Woe be to thee, O Land of *Japhet*, in the Year 1700. of the Christian Style.

Mighty *Bassa*, thou who hast not number'd half my Years, mayest live to see these Things come to pass: As for me, I am hastening to the Spirits of my Fathers, to a Region of Silence and eternal Retirement, to a Place where all the Vanities of this Earth shall be forgotten.

In the mean Time, live thou to be a Witness of the Grand Revolution which shall astonish all the World.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon
of the Year 1674.

L E T T E R V.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

PRAISE be to GOD, from whom alone proceed Health, Long Life, and Immortal Happiness; in the whole Family of Fevers, I never was much subject to any, except it were that of Love. This indeed is become habitual to me; 'tis grown a perfect Hectick; surely 'tis more than second Nature. I feel something in the very Roots of my Essence, prompting me to eternal Softnesses; wild melting Fits of fresh Platonick tender Passions; nothing can provoke my Hatred; but an obdurate surly-temper'd Fellow, who being the Offspring of some bloody Butcher,

cher, Poulterer, or greasy Cook, his very Face portends a present Massacre; and all his Words breathe nothing else but a continued Train of cruel Wrongs and Violences against the Innocent. Pity to him sounds like the News of Famine to a starving Man. But if you would make him smile, and put him in good Humour, tell him how he may get an Estate, by oppressing the Fatherless and Widows; or increase his Wealth, by ruining whole Families. Tell him how he may over-reach some silly credulous young Heir, or out-wit his Neighbour in a Bargain. He cherishes a Spider in his Brain, and his Heart is full of Webs. To such a Temper as this I cannot be reconciled; there is an innate Antipathy, an immortal Contrariety in our Souls. My Spirit is daunted, and retreats within me at the Sight of such an one: A Langour and Faintness seizes my Limbs. I am like one that has touched a *Torpedo*.

Surely, there is no Species of four-footed Beasts, of Birds, of Fish, of Insects, Reptiles or any other living Thing, whose Nature is not found in Man. How exactly agreeable to the Fox are some Mens Tempers? Whilst others are perfect Bears in human Shape. Here you shall meet a Crocodile, who seeks with feigned Tears to entrap you to your Ruin: There a fly Serpent creeps, and winds himself into your Affections; and when he is well warm'd with Favours, on a sudden he will bite and sting you to Death. Tygers, Lions, Leopards, Panthers, Wolves, and all the monstrous Generations of *Africk*, may be seen masquerading in the Forms of Men. And 'tis not hard for an observing Mind to see their natural Complexion, through the borrow'd Vizor. The Physiognomy of Vice and Virtue are easily distinguished. There are some
secret

secret Characters in every Face, which speak the Nature of the Person. So does Platonick Love, with Eagle Eyes soon trace the Signatures of what is amiable in the Soul. We read the hidden Qualities of Men at the first Glance; and hence are lasting Friendships often contracted. I love my Friends without Reserve; and because those are very few among our mortal Race, I contract Familiarities with the harmless Animals: I study like a Lover to oblige and win their Hearts, by all the tender Offices I can perform. I bear with Patience their wild froward Tricks, till constant Perseverance vanquishes their stubborn Humours: Then when we once begin to understand each other aright, they make me a Thousand sweet Returns of Gratitude according to their Kind. When I am melancholy, they will soon divert me with one pretty Trick or other, as if they were sensible of my Pain.

But because my Love is large and strong, still seeking to dilate it self, though still recoiling from the degenerate Race of Men; I go into the Fields and Woods, and make my silent Court unto the Trees and Flowers, and sometimes I converse in Raillery with Eccho's. I languish on the Banks of Crystal Streams, and pine away on an old Mossy Rock. The Oak inflames me with a Sacred Passion, when I behold her Venerable Bulk and Shade. I could almost turn *Druid* for her sake, and take my Residence up for ever in her hollow Trunk; where the kind *Genii* of the Air would visit me, and tell me Things to come, instructing me in all the Mysteries of Nature; for I am in Love even with those Invisible Beings; and often tell my Passion to them in the Woods, or on some Mountain, where the courteous Winds transport my Words, and waft their
secret

secret Answers back again. Then is my Soul snatched up in sacred Extasies, because the Immortals condescend to talk with me. I often fall into a Trance, and wake not till the Sun is got half into the other Hemisphere. Then I resolve to pass away the Night in this sweet Solitude.

Had I the Tongues or Pens of *Cicero* and *Demosthenes*, I could not to the Life express the Pleasures that I feel at such a Time, when free and undisturbed I can for several Hours behold the Motions of the Moon and Stars. Oh God! What Thoughts, what Contemplations rise within my Breast? My ravished Soul is ready to break Prison for Joy, when it is inspired with certain Demonstrations of the World's Eternity. Methinks at such a Time, I hear the Noise and Bustle of the Worlds above: Methinks I see the active, busy Tenants of the Moon and Stars trudging about their daily Business, even like us Mortals here below. Then 'tis I nauseate the narrow Principles of Ignorant, Superstitious Men; I hate to think of ever returning to the City again, there to prophane my Reason with the vain Discourse of Self-conceited Fools and Idiots. I am cloy'd with Life, and wish to die amidst these charming Speculations. Thus do I pass the Time away, till fair *Aurora* ushers in the Rosy-finger'd Morn. Then I begin to reflect on my Duty as a *Mussulman*, and Slave to the Grand Signior. I haste to wash my self in the next Stream, and chearfully prostrate my self upon the Ground, adoring the Eternal Source of all Things. After which, abundantly satisfied with these Nocturnal Pleasures, I return to the City, and to my Business; considering, That I were not wholly born for Contemplation.

Learned

Learned *Hali*, I wish thee consummate Happiness in this Life, and fortunate Transmigrations after Death; praying also, that I may merit one Day to enjoy thy Company in Paradise, where we may discourse these Things more at large, and in a clearer Light than what this Earth affords. Adieu.

Paris, 2d of the 5th Moon
of the Year 1674.

LETTER VI.

To Kerker Hassen, Bassa.

TO what Purpose am I kept longer in *Paris*? Why do the Ministers of the Porte put the *Grand Signior* to a needless Expence in maintaining here an old superannuated Slave, not worth his daily Bread? And yet, God knows, I eat not much, neither can I taste any Pleasure in that little I eat. My Refections are like the Entertainments of Magical Tables, where the Eye is deluded with a fair Shew of various Delicacies, but the Stomach is not satisfied with any real Food, nor the Body strengthened by any substantial Nourishment. Only the languishing Imagination feeds on Phantastick Dishes, mere Shadows, and Enchanted Resemblances of solid Meat; while the Man is ready to faint for Hunger. So I seem to my self to eat and drink, but it is with so little Gust at present, and I receive so little Benefit from it afterwards, that all appears no more than a Visionary Feast or a Collation in a Dream.

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I have now pass'd the Grand Climacter of Human Life, being enter'd into the Sixty Fourth Year of my Age. My Senses droop, and all the Faculties of my Soul and Body decay apace. My Bones are weary of supporting their accustomed Burden. My Sinews and Muscles refuse to perform the Offices of Motion, at least their Vigor is much slacken'd and impair'd. In a word, the Infirmities of my Body have rank'd me under a new Predicament; I am become a Three-footed Animal, being forced to walk with a Staff, to prevent the Necessity of metamorphosing my Hands to Feet, and crawling on all Four.

Judge now, Illustrious *Arab*, after what I have said, whether I am fitting to do the Grand Signior Service in this Station. As for the Intrigues of the Court, I am quite tired of them. Besides, here are now no more *Richlieu's* and *Mazarine's* in Being, with whom I might insinuate on the Score of Skill in translating *Greek, Sclavonick, Arabick* and other *Eastern Languages*. *Osmin* the Dwarf is also dead, from whom I used to learn many Secrets. Fate has also snatch'd away several Courtiers with whom I had intimate Converse. Add to this, that *Eliachim* grows old and crazy, who was once as my Right Hand: So prompt and dextrous in any Business of Difficulty; Faithful also as my own Heart, which never was tainted with the least Symptom of Disloyalty. So that all Things considered, I cannot see what the Sublime Ministers can propose in retaining me at *Paris*.

I do not desire, as formerly, to travel into *India*, or any other Region of the *East*: I do not so much as covet to see my own Native Country, for which I have had such passionate Longings. No, every Place will be *Arabia* to me; where I may rest from Businesses of State, and shut up my
latter

latter Days in Quietness. It is Time for me to bid Adieu to the Active Life, and betake my self wholly to Contemplation. I would fain abandon, not only the actual Vanities of this fading World, but the very Remembrance and Thoughts of them. My Mind is nauseated with the Ideas of past Folly, which Men falsely call Pleasure: And I find no Gust in any Thing but the Meditation of Death, and the unknown State of departed Souls. All other Things are uncertain Toys and empty Trifles. But that great Change, which no Mortal hath ever yet escaped, is stable, permanent and fix'd by Destiny. Fate has set the Period, which winds up the *Epocha* of every Man's Life in this visible State, and begins a new *Hegira*, whereof we have no Computation, in regard we have no Correspondence with that unknown World: Neither are there any certain Histories extant, which can rightly inform us. The Flight of the Soul from the Body begins the Mysterious Date, but where or when it will end, is not known to us that stay behind. This therefore alone is worthy of an Old Man's Thoughts, how to prepare himself for Death, since he cannot protract the Term of his Life beyond the Moment allotted by Heaven. Neither can he be assured what will become of him afterwards.

Think not, *Serene Bassa*, that I am going to lay a Train for the Reputation of a Saint, or would set up all on a sudden for an extraordinary pious Man. No, there's nothing of that in it. I hate the rigid Hypocrisy of forc'd Penance; and the Religious Lunacy of those, who never think they do enough to atone for their Sins, unless they out-do Humanity it self in their cruel Mortifications. These are Monsters in all good Divinity, and their Example is not to be followed.

What

What I aim at in this Discourse, is, that as according to the Order of Nature, and Will of Destiny, we are born Men, so we should take Care to live and die. And if we have suffer'd the former Part of our Life to elapse without due Reflection on so important a Truth; it is but Reason, that when we approach near the Grave, when all our Senses, Faculties and Members do the Part of King *Philip's* Page, putting us daily and hourly in mind of our Mortality; it is but Reason, I say, that then we should begin to recollect our selves, and to think whereabouts we are; that we may not be surprized by the inevitable Decree of Fate, when it comes to be put in Execution; nor die less than our selves.

Besides, there is another Advantage in being thus prepared for the last things; since it equally arms us against all intermediate Calamities, supposing we should live longer than we reckon. He that can boldly stare Death in the Face, will not easily turn his Back upon any Misfortune of this inconstant Life. But receiving all Things with an even Temper, renders himself happy in the midst of Troubles, Losses, Disgraces, Pains, Sickneses, and other Casualties which assault all that live on Earth.

Magnificent Bassa, all that I have said, is but a Prologue to my main Purpose, which is to desire thy Mediation with the First *Vizier*, that I may be recall'd from an Employment wherein I cannot be so serviceable as I have been; and which at the same Time, by imposing on me a Thousand Cares, takes from me the Possibility of preparing as I ought to do, for that Transmigration, which in a little Time I must pass through.

In a word, Right Noble *Kerker*, I desire the Privilege to end my Days in *Constantinople*, among the *Mussulmans*, under the Venerable Shade
of

of *Mosques* and *Minarets*, consecrated to the Service and Honour of the Eternal Unity. Let me not have worse Usage than the Ancient *Roman* Soldiers had, who when they had served in the Wars such a certain Number of Years, were discharged with an Honourable Pension.

This is all the Favour I request, who have serv'd the Grand Signior faithfully, and with Success these Eight and Thirty Years, in a Country of Infidels. But if my Superiors shall determine otherwise, I am resign'd to their Pleasure, and to the Will of Destiny.

*Paris, the 22d of the 6th Moon
of the Year 1674.*

LETTER VII.

To Ali Rustan Begh, Serafquier in
Dalmatia.

THOU shalt hear how a famous Christian General, the *Mareschal de Turenne*, deported himself, when he was lately challenged to a single Combat by the Prince Palatine of the *Rhine*.

It seems, this latter had been a great Sufferer by the present War between *France* and the Confederate Princes; for his Country lying near the *Rhine*, was exposed to both Parties, and the *French* first enter'd it.

There were some *English* Troops in the *French* Army, who had conceived an implacable Revenge against the Subjects of the *Palatine*, in regard many of their Camrades had been barbarously handled by them. Wherefore they made great
Deva-

Devastation where-ever they came; burnt Five and Twenty great Villages to the Ground, and Five small Cities. In a word, they quite ruin'd in Fifteen Days Time the whole Country, which is esteem'd the most pleasant and agreeable Part of *Europe*.

This put the Elector all in Choler, and he wrote a sharp Letter to the *Mareschal Turenne*, threatning him in a furious Manner, and bidding him chuse the Place, where he might fight with him in single Duel. But the *Sage Mareschal* retaining his usual Moderation, and not at all moved at the *Palatine's* Letter, answer'd it in these or the like Terms; *That the Proceedings of the English Regiments were without his Order or Approbation; That he was infinitely troubled at the Violences which had been committed; and that the chief Authors had been punished. Nevertheless, he could not but declare, That the cruel Treatment which the English had met with, had so exasperated their Companions, that it was no wonder to see them execute their Revenge, even on the very inanimate Things. And that in the first Heat and Transport of their Fury, they had not leisure to examine who were guilty, and who not. He added likewise, That if the Post which the King his Master had appointed him would permit him to accept of his Challenge, he would not refuse it, counting it an Honour to measure his Arms with those of so illustrious a Prince: But that as Things were, he desir'd to be excused.*

In former Days such an Answer as this would have been taken for an Argument of Cowardise in a Man professing Arms. There was nothing more common among these Infidels, than to decide their private Controversies, Grudges and Quarrels by the Sword; and their Laws allow'd it. If any Man had accused another wrongfully, or had done him any other Injury, he did not run presently

to the Cadi's or Lawyers for Redress, but had recourse to his Arms: And whosoever got the Victory, his Cause was pronounced just. But since the Commerce which has been establish'd between the *Mussulmans* and the *Nazarenes*, these latter have learned to forsake so impious a Practice, being ashamed that the Followers of *Mahomet*, whom they call Infidels, should out-strip them in the Peaceableness of their Tempers; a Virtue so earnestly recommended to the Practice of all Christians by *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. Besides, they have found the Inconveniencies of these private Combats; and they are generally forbidden now in most Countries of *Europe*. This is owing to the Examples of the *Mussulmans*, whose Anger against each other scarce ever proceeds to contumelious Words, much less to Blows, or any Attempt upon Life. For when a Dispute arises between two True Believers, and they become never so little passionate thereupon, 'tis but for a third Person, one of the Faithful, to interpose himself, and reproach them with violating the Laws of the Prophet, and the Honour of their Profession, and they immediately are made Friends again. Such Magick there is in the Force of these Words; *Fie, fie! What! Mussulmans, and quarrel?* The usual Reprimand of the By-standers. Which is an evident Argument, That our holy Religion has a greater Influence on the Hearts and Consciences of those that profess it, than has that of the *Nazarenes*. For whilst these pretend to believe and honour the *Messias* as their Lawgiver, they disobey him in their daily Practice, and so give the Lie to their Faith, discovering that it has no Efficacy on their Morals. Doubtless, the *Messias* was holy, chaste, peaceable, humble and harmless. But it is rare to find any of these Virtues among his Followers. He bid them return *Good for Evil, Blessings for Curses*, and to *suffer all Injuries patiently*, after his

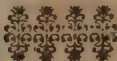
Example; but they invert the Order of his Precepts, and read them backward, as they say Witches do the *Pater-noster*.

When *Judas* came to seize him in the Garden of *Gethsemani*, with a Train of Officers and Ruffians, one of *Jesus's* Retinue drew his Whinny, and cut off an Ear from the Servant of the High Priest. But the Son of *Mary* was so far from commending his Zeal in this, that he bid him *put up his Sword*, telling him withal, *That whosoever draws the Sword, shall perish by the Sword*. At the same time, he restor'd the Fellow's Ear again by a Miracle.

Magnanimous *Serasquier*, what I have said, entrenches not on the Right of lawful War in Defence of one's Country, or of the Volume brought down from Heaven. The sacred Combat was ever allowed of by God and Man.

Thou art now engag'd in this Cause against Infidels: Fight generously and vanquish. But enter not into private Duels with any Man, though he be a Prince, without the Grand Seignior's Consent. For the Safety of his Royal Person depends upon the Preservation of his faithful, valiant, and wise Generals.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1674.



LETTER

L E T T E R VIII.

To the same.

I Will now give thee a brief Account of the famous Battel of *Senef*; which makes a great Noise in *Europe*, and is reckon'd one of the most terrible that has been fought in these Parts for many Ages. For it will not be amiss to let thee know the particular Circumstances of this Combat, the good Conduct of the *French* Generals, as also their Oversights and Errors: That thou may'st make a right Use of such Examples, in the Difficulties which may environ thee through the Chance of War.

On the ninth of this instant Moon, the Confederate Forces amounting to sixty thousand Men, march'd with their Left Wing to a Place call'd *Arken*, and their Right to the Forest of *Bursseray*, where they encamp'd, having before them a Village call'd *Senef*, situated in *Brabant*. They tarried there on the Tenth Day, and next Morning parted from thence, marching in three Lines, counting the Baggage for one. Whilst the Prince *de Vaudemont* commanded a Body of six thousand *Spanish* Horse, to cover their March, and to skirmish with the *French*, if there should be occasion, till the whole Army were in Order.

As soon as the Prince of *Conde* was advertiz'd of these Motions, he was resolv'd to take Advantage of their Necessity, and to attack them before they could possibly get together into a Body capable of sustaining the Shock of the *French* Army, which was closely embattled. To this End he caus'd one Part of the Army with four Pieces of

Cannon, to cross the River of *Pilton*, where unsuspected they might observe the Enemies Motions. Another Part he posted in a deep Valley, where the Confederates could not perceive them : And that nothing might be wanting to his full Information of their Advances, he caus'd the Mareschal of the Camp, with a considerable Detachment, to gain a certain Hill, from whence lying under the Covert of thick Woods, he might attend every Step of the Enemy, without being discover'd himself.

When the Prince had made all those Preparations, he sent the Marquise *de Rannes*, and the Chevalier *de Telladet*, with the Dragoons under their Command, to assault the Confederates not far from *Senef*. This was perform'd with so much Vigour, that they drove them into the Village, with no little Slaughter of the *Spaniards*: But not satisfied with this, they attack'd them in the Village it self ; and after a long and bloody Conflict, the *French* beat them thence also, pursuing them into the Plain, till at last both the whole Armies were engag'd pell-mell. Then was the Fight cruel and fierce, the Officers of both Sides behaving themselves with surpassing Bravery, and the Soldiers not shrinking from their valiant Leaders. But Fortune favour'd the *French*, who, before they quitted the Plain, became Masters of all the *Hollanders* Baggage, Ammunition, Powder and Money, which they brought with them to pay the Army. Then the Prince of *Conde* chas'd them into the Village of *Dufay*, where the Confederates retrench'd themselves under the Covert of a Castle, and a strong Church. But that active General would not suffer them to rest long there ; he set upon them on all Hands so furiously, that they were forced to abandon the Place, and enter the Plain the second Time. The Battle had now lasted five Hours, and great was the Slaughter on both

both Sides. The *French* took almost four thousand Prisoners, and kill'd as many upon the Spot, besides those that they left wounded. Which so weaken'd and discourag'd the Confederates, that the next Day they retir'd, and left the *French* Masters of the Field.

Now I will tell thee, That had the Prince of *Conde* been contented with his first Victory at *Senef*, he had sav'd abundance of *French* Blood. For, in that Fight, the Confederates lost above two thousand Men, and the *French* scarce a hundred. But the Fieryness of his Temper carried him beyond his Judgment, to pursue them into difficult Places. So that in the winding up of the Matter, though the Victory was his, it cost him above fifteen hundred Lives of his Soldiers, which might have been as well spared, and his Honour remain'd the same.

Valiant *Serasquier*, I send thee this Narrative, as a Chart by which to steer thy Course in the like Emergencies; advising thee to temper thy Courage with sage Conduct and Prudence, and not to sacrifice thy Men to a rash Caprice of martial Phrensy.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1674.



L E T T E R IX.

To Mehemet, an Exil'd Eunuch, at
Alcairo in Egypt.

HOW changeable is the State of Mortals; how inconstant our Thoughts, Passions, Words, and Actions! We are never fix'd long on any Thing. If we are invited to cast Anchor a while in some calm and serene Season, whilst we furl the Sails of human Care and Anxiety; if we are permitted to careen and recruit our weather-beaten Spirits, enjoying some short Interval of Rest and Ease; the Indulgence soon expires, and we are forc'd to weigh and hoist with double Diligence, lest we incur a Wreck. The Tempests rais'd by our evil Stars blow hard upon us; we run adrift, and are toss'd up and down on the Billows of human Misery, without any approved Pilot, Chart or Compass to direct us in the uncertain Road of Life. We float at Random, in a Sea of perpetual Hazards and Difficulties.

O, *Mehemet*! I will not now, as once formerly I did, wish my self in one of the *Egyptian* Pyramids, or court the Society of Ghosts and Dæmons: I will not take Sanctuary in those superannuated Prisons of Royal Souls; nor seek Diversion among the Dead. Not the black Masquerades of *Cheop's* Sepulchre, danc'd each Night by antique Shadows, or wildest Measures of Hobgoblins in the Galleries of that horrid Pile, cou'd now relieve my Melancholy, or ease my phrentick Pain; because the Entertainment is too narrow, close and stale for such a Soul as mine. I would fain ramble through an infinite Space,
planted

planted each Stage with Seminaries of new Ideas, uncouth Forms, and strange Chimera's. I would see the Essence of all Beings that I have already seen, revers'd, turn'd upside down, or inside out, or any way transform'd, so as I might not know 'em again. I would have all the Elements change their Qualities; the Fire to lose its innate Heat, and Water to expunge its Moisture; the Earth take Fire and blow it self up into the ninth Sphere, whilst the Air shall condense and crush it self into a solid Globe, producing a new Race of Minerals, Vegetables and living Creatures, which our old purblind World ne'er saw before. I would have flying Trees, and Birds whose out-spread Claws take Rooting in the Air, and grow like *Baucis* and *Philemon*; their Wings to Branches turn'd, their Feathers into Leaves. Besides a thousand kinds of Monsters more than *Ovid* ever spoke of in his *Metamorphosis*.

After all this, I would go up and view the Orbs above, restore the rotten corruptible Heavens, pull all the Bulls and Bears, the Scorpions, Lions, Centaurs, and other antiquated Beasts out of the Sky; make the new Star of *Cassiopeia* pay a swinging Fine, for her damn'd late unmannerly Appearance in the Senate of the Stars.

Then would I set up an Inquisition for the Comets, to know from whence they are, and what their Business is among the Orbs above. I would examine all the Constellations, and know the Meaning of their Names, and ill-shap'd Figures. And then I'd trace the Milky Way, mounting directly to the Holiest Heavens of all.

There, perhaps, I should begin to be modest and sober, considering that it is the Presence-Chamber of the Omnipotent. I would not broach Se-

dition, nor talk factiously before the King of all Things. But behaving my self like a Courtier during the Publick Audience, I would afterwards retire, and scamper through the endless Fields, beyond the *Cælum Empyream*; where I would either find out new Worlds or Room for them. Nothing should confine my Search, less than Infinity. Is not our Sense, Fancy and Reason without Bounds? Are not these Parts of the Universe? And has God made any Part greater than the Whole? This is a Contradiction in Nature. He has given us Faculties, which, if rightly us'd, cannot err. Our Conceptions are squar'd to his eternal Model of the World, if we do not debauch our own Thoughts, or suffer 'em to be corrupted by others. He is the primitive and original Reason; the everlasting common *Sensorium* of Nature, in whom, and by whom we all see that we have Eyes; hear that we have Ears; smell that we have Noses; taste that we have a Tongue; and feel that we are all over full of sensible Spirits.

Oh God! thy Praises are without Beginning or End: Thou art an eternal Circle of Wonders and Miracles. Thou surpassest all our sublimest Thoughts; no Words can decypher the Skirts of thy Garment. On thee infinite Worlds have rested from eternal Ages. Thou art no Niggard of thy Gifts. Why should infinite Goodness and Bounty be traduc'd by Infidels? They say the World is but so many thousand Years old, perhaps five or six. It is a damn'd Blasphemy, thus sily to calumniate the Omnipotent, and to say by Craft he was not so early gracious as he might have been. What should ail the Eternal, that he was not in a Condition to produce the World before? Or was he in a sullen Humour, that he should suffer a Lapse of indeterminate
Ages,

Ages, before he should display his Attributes?

Oh, no! suffer not this Doctrine to take Root in thy Soul, my dear *Mehemet*; but remember, there is no Envy in the Deity. Doubtless, he was as good, powerful, just, and wise, from all Eternity, as at *Moses's* Hour of the Creation, or as he is now, and ever will be World without End; *Amen*. As the *Nazarenes* have in their Prayers.

My *Mehemet*, let us shake off the Prejudices of Education, with all the Prepossessions and false *Dogma's* of our early Years, and adhere to firm Reason, and the Inspirations that are from beyond the visible Frame.

Take this as my last Adieu, for I am just equipping for the Unknown Eternal Voyage.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1678.

L E T T E R X.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Affairs of *France* seem to be in a very flourishing Condition. This Invincible Monarch not only conquers Cities and Provinces by Force, but some yield to him voluntarily, courting his Protection.

Here are arriv'd Deputies from the *Senate* of *Messina* in *Sicily*, to desire the King to free that City and People from the Yoke of *Spanish* Tyranny, and to number them among his Subjects. They are receiv'd without much Ceremony on the Part of this Court; which affects to appear Stately and Reserv'd at such a Juncture. How-

ever there is no Point of Humanity or hospitable Usage neglected toward these Strangers. In a word, they are entertain'd as Friends of a lower Degree; and they esteem this a sufficient Happiness.

It seems the *Spanish* Government was very severe and cruel; laying insupportable Taxes on the Inhabitants, and fleecing them of their Silver and Gold by a thousand Tricks and Inventions of State. It was a Crime to grow rich, and no less to be so poor as to deny the Payment of the *Gabels*. The one put a Man in danger of the Inquisition; the other expos'd him to the Gallies, or some worse Slavery in the Mines of *Peru*. On whomsoever the Viceroy or his Officers cast an ill Eye, that Person was sure to be ruin'd, if he did not make his Escape, or present his Enemy with the Value perhaps of half his Wealth; and he must take it as a Favour too, that they wou'd compound at such easy Rates. For these greedy *Harpies* are seldom contented with less than all a Man has.

Infinite other Oppressions the People suffer'd under, which at last so wearied their Patience, that they began to cabal and form Conspiracies against the Viceroy: And it was not only the Vulgar that thus sought after Liberty, but the chief of the Citizens, and some of the Senators.

These all unanimously agreed to treat underhand with the *French* King, to represent to him their Grievances, with the present State of the whole Island: For they had heard the Fame and Character of his Person and Government: And they were well satisfy'd they could not submit to a better or more generous Master than him. The King undertakes to rescue them from the *Spanish* Bondage, provided they would assist him with what Succours they could spare, and instruct

instruct his Officers in those Things which would facilitate the Reduction of the Isle.

He sent Forces accordingly at the Beginning of the Year, under the Command of the *Chevalier de Valbelle*, who acquitted himself very successfully, having perform'd many considerable Exploits, and taken several Towns, Castles, and other strong Places from the *Spaniards*.

The Senate of *Messina* being encouraged by these prosperous Beginnings, thought it high Time actually to surrender themselves up to the *French King*: And 'tis on this Errand the Deputies are come.

The King being inform'd that the *Chevalier de Valbelle* wanted greater Forces to conquer the Places which remain in the *Spaniards* Hands, immediately gave Orders for a certain Number of Vessels to be fitted out and mann'd, under the Command of the Duke of *Vivonne*. He gave a Commission also to the *Marquis de Velavoir*, with a considerable Army of Men; ordering him to make all Speed for *Sicily*, and to join the *Chevalier de Valbelle*, or to act separately as occasion offer'd.

They say, the Duke of *Vivonne* will set Sail with his Fleet about the Beginning of the First Moon: He is esteem'd a good Soldier, though some of the *Grandeecs* and Peers of the Realm envy him, in regard he was rais'd to the high Dignities he possesses, through the Mediation of his Sister, *Madam de Montespan*, one of the King's Concubines: For, he was before only Count of *Vivonne*; but now he is Duke, Peer, and *Mareschal* of *France*, as also Admiral of the *Mediterranean* Gallies.

The Prince of *Conde*, once in Company with some of the *Grandeecs*, and making a Comparison between the *Mareschals Feuillade* and *Vivonne*, he said that *Feuillade* got his Honour by the Sword

and *Vivonne* by the Scabbard, reflecting thereby on his Sister.

It was not the first Time that Prince us'd the Liberty of his Tongue in affronting People; he was always daring and bold in such Cases. When he was young, and travelling through *Picardy*, he was to pass by a certain Convent or Religious House on the Road, where the Superior with all his *Derviches* came out to meet him, and to pay him the Ceremonies and Acknowledgments due to his Quality. The Superior was making a long elaborate Harangue, in compliment to the Prince, when he all in a Frolick call'd aloud to know *what a Clock it was*. The poor *Derviches* striving who should most readily satisfy him, cry'd out all together, *It is Mid-day, My Lord*; when he made them this wild Answer, *Then get you all gone, and make an End of your Speech to the Devil by Midnight; for I'll hear no more of your long-winded Flattery*.

Thou wilt say, This was an odd Sort of Expression in a Prince: But it must be imputed to the Fieryness of his Constitution, which in his Youth spur'd him on to a thousand Extravagancies. He corrected these in Time, and instead of such vain Franks and Flashes of his sparkling Nature, he grew inflam'd with noble Ardours for his King and Country. He was commonly call'd the *French Lion* and *Mars*, being esteem'd the boldest Man in the Kingdom. *Mareschal Turenne*, who was no Stranger to his Genius, us'd to say, *That since the brave Horatius Curtius, there never was a Man born of Woman so full of Fire and Spirit, as the Prince of Conde*.

Yet, which is more to be admir'd, that two such Qualities should meet in the same Genius, he is a great Statesman, as well as a valiant Soldier. He has a prodigious Aim at the good or ill Success

cess of Enterprizes. And his Counsels are generally Fortunate.

As these Accomplishments have render'd him beloved by the Generality of the *French* Nation; so his Inconstancy, and siding with different Factions, have made him suspected both by the Court and the Parliaments. All Sides are shy of him, and reserv'd in their Addressess. Tho' he has done Services enough, one would think, to efface the Memory of his former Failings; yet the Civilities he receives from the King, are only the faint Sprinklings of Court Holy Water. *So hard a Thing it is for an eminent Person to recover the Esteem which he has once lost by making false Steps.*

This Monarch is observ'd to be very constant to those he loves, never putting to Death any of his Favourites, tho' he has often caus'd them to be arrested. He is very affable, and of no difficult Access: Civil and courteous to the poorest People, returning the Salutes of his Subjects with much Condescension. He is amorous also, and indulges that soft Passion in the midst of all his glorious Enterprizes. He had once three Mistresses together, one whereof was of vulgar Parentage, the other was a noble Woman, and the third a Nun. Which occasioned this Jest to be put on him, *That he went about to unite the Three Estates, and fasten them to the Interest of the Crown.*

Among the other Diversions of this great Prince, he takes a particular Pleasure in magnificent Buildings. And his new Palace at *Versailles* is esteem'd one of the Wonders of the World, for Beauty and Art. As soon as it was finish'd, a certain Poet presented the King with this Distich,

*Non Orbis Gentem, non Urbem Gens habet ulla.
Urbisve Domum, Dominum nec Domus ulla parem.*

Sage Minister, these Infidels flatter themselves with a wrong Idea of their own Grandeur; not considering the Invincible *Osman*s are by Destiny exalted above all other Nations; and that no City is comparable to *Constantinople* for Beauty and Riches; nor any Place so magnificent as the *Seraglio*, which is the Seat of the Great *Sultan*, Lord of *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Europe*, Arbitrator of the whole Earth.

Paris, 17th of the 12th Moon
of the Year 1674.

LETTER XI.

To the Vizier Bassa at Constantinople.

I AM acquainted with a French Merchant in this City, who often trades to *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, and other Cities of the *Levant*. He knows nothing of me or my Business at *Paris*, farther than other People, who take me for a Native of *Moldavia*, and one whom the Desire of Knowledge has brought hither, where the *Sciences* have taken up their Residence. Besides, they may imagine that the Hopes of Preferment in the Church were one Inducement to my travelling thus far from the Place of my Nativity: Since I have all along profess'd my self a Student and Candidate of the Priesthood; and it is generally known how familiar I have been with Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*. What-
ever

ever their Thoughts be, thou may'st assure thy self, that in the main, I have taken Care to conceal my true Circumstances, and the Affairs of the *Grand Signior* entrusted to my Charge. But to come to the Business.

The Merchant of whom I speak is called *Monsieur de Vaubrun*, a Man of generous Extraction, and by his Industry he has acquir'd a considerable Wealth. This Person, not long since, came from *Constantinople*, and has made it his Business ever since his Return, to extol the singular Morality and Justice of the *Mussulmans*. In all Companies where-ever he comes, 'tis usual with him to say, *The Turks are perfect Saints in comparison with us*. And to confirm his Assertion, he relates many pretty Passages of Things happening whilst he resided at the Imperial City; all in Honour of the True Believers. Which has drawn upon him no small Hatred, Envy, and Persecution from the Priests, and their more bigotted Followers. However he shrinks not from his Word, but stoutly maintains the Truth of his Assertions. And some Men of Sense who have heard the Stories he tells, and the Elegant Account he gives of our Religion and Morals, cannot forbear crying out, *They are almost proselyted to the Mahometan Faith*.

Amongst the rest, he recounts an extraordinary Occurrence, which happen'd to himself at his parting from *Constantinople*; which I thought it worth while to acquaint thee with, in regard it is much taken notice of in *Paris* by all that heard it; and conduces not a little to raise in the *French* an higher Esteem of the *Mussulmans* and our Holy Faith, than they were wont to have.

It seems *Monsieur de Vaubrun* had enter'd into a strict Partnership with *Mustapha Zari*, a Native of *Turcomania*, dwelling at *Constantinople*, and trading
in

in Silks. Their mutual Traffick and Correspondence held for the Space of four Years; at the end of which, the *Frenchman* being call'd home to his native Country, by Letters from some of his Friends, to take Possession of an Estate newly fallen to him by the Death of an Uncle, he gave his Partner notice of it, telling him his Resolution was fix'd to depart very speedily from the Port, and take his Voyage for *France*; at the same Time desiring, that the Accounts between them might be settled. Which was done accordingly; and in casting them up, it was agreed upon by both, that this *Monsieur Vaubrun* remain'd indebted Nine hundred *Zequins* to *Mustapha Zari*. There was no Contention in the Case: *Monsieur* very readily gave him five Bags seal'd, and desir'd him to tell the Money. No, reply'd *Mustapha*, we have dealt together thus long, and I have found you an honest Man; God forbid that I should mistrust my Friend at our last Parting.

This was done the Day before *Monsieur de Vaubrun* was to take his Leave of *Constantinople*; for he had hired Horses to travel by Land to *Smyrna*, his Business so requiring. Therefore both Parties being well satisfied, they bid adieu to each other, wishing mutual Happiness. The next Day *Monsieur de Vaubrun* took Horse for *Smyrna*, having dispatched all his Affairs at the Imperial Port.

It so happen'd, that as soon as he was gone, *Mustapha* had occasion to pay a Thousand five hundred *Zequins* to a Merchant of *Holland*. Wherefore having newly received those Five Bags from his Partner, he, with them, made up the Sum due to the *Dutchman*; saying withal, that he had not told the Money in those Five Bags, in regard he took them on the Credit of a very worthy and honest Man, who had been his

his Partner. But the Jealous Christian would not shew so much Generosity; for he presently broke up the Seals in the Presence of *Mustapha*; and having told over the Money, said it was all right, and was very fairly putting it up again. But *Mustapha*, who had a quick Eye, and being well vers'd in telling of Money, perceived there was a great Overplus, above Nine Hundred *Zequins*. Wherefore he bid the *Dutchman* hold his Hand, till he had told the Bags over himself; for he suspected there was some Mistake. The *Nazarene* durst not deny a True Believer this Privilege under the *Grand Seignior's* Protection, whatever he would have done in his own Country. So that when *Mustapha* had run the Money over, he found Eleven Hundred and Fifty *Zequins* in Bags by themselves, and gave the rest to the *Hollander*. In a word, having dispatch'd the Payment, he sent an Express away immediately, with the Two Hundred and Fifty *Zequins* to *Monsieur de Vaubrun*, who he knew was to tarry some Days at a Town on the Road, about Twenty Leagues from *Constantinople*; commanding the Courier to deliver him this Message in Writing. *My Friend, God forbid that I should detain any Thing beyond my Right, or deal with thee as a certain Frank would have done by me: For thou knowest I took the Money on thy Credit, without telling it; but being to pay it away this Day to a Dutch Merchant, he not having the same Faith, would tell it; and finding these Two Hundred and Fifty Zequins over and above the Sum supposed to be in the Bags, yet would have smuggled them in his Dutch Conscience, had not I discern'd his Fraud, and prevented him. I send them to thee as thy Right, supposing it was some Oversight. God prohibits all Injustice.*

This Relation I had from *Monsieur de Vaubrun's* own Mouth: And I tell thee, it makes a great Noise

Noise in *Paris*. I leave it to thy mature Resolves, whether that honest *Mussulman* deserves not some particular and publick Honour to be done him, who by such a rare Action of Justice, has rais'd a Noble Character of the *Mussulmans* among the *Infidels*.

Most illustrious and serene *Bassa*, I pray the Almighty and All-good God, to have thee in his Holy Protection, and augment thy Virtues and Felicities.

*Paris, 11th of the 3d Moon
of the Year 1675.*

L E T T E R X I I .

*To Ibrahim Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Effendi,
Preacher to the Seraglio.*

HERE has happen'd something of late, which the Priests magnify as an apparent Miracle; whilst, for ought I know, it is only a pure Effect of Nature.

Thou art not to learn, that the *Nazarenes* have their Saints in great Veneration: That they invoke them in their Necessities, set up their Images and Pictures in Temples to be adored: That they preserve their Bones, Ashes, Hair, Garments, or any Thing that deserves the Name of a Sacred Relique: That they enshrine these in Coffins, Urns, Chests, and others Vessels of Gold and Silver, adorned with precious Stones: That they place them in their Mosques, as in Sanctuaries; sometimes under their Altars, at other times upon them: Some in particular Oratories or Chapels, others in the Choir: That they

carry

carry them in Proceſſion in Times of Publick Calamity; and on certain Feſtivals; thinking by this means to pacify the Wrath of Heaven, and draw down the Divine Benediction. Thou art not ignorant alſo, That they believe the Saints are Guardians of certain Kingdoms, Provinces, Cities, Families, and even of private Perſons.

Hence St. *Denis* is eſteem'd the Patron of *France*; St. *James* of *Spain*; St. *George* of *England*; and ſo of other Nations. Each City alſo has its peculiar Guardian Saint. Hence St. *Anthony* is accounted the Patron of *Padua*; St. *Mark* of *Venice*; and, to come to the Purpoſe, St. *Genevieve* is adored by the Citizens of *Paris* as the Patroness of this Place.

There is a beautiful Temple built in Honour of her, on the higheſt Ground in the City, which alſo is called by her Name, the Mountain of St. *Genevieve*. On the Declivity of this there is a Fountain of delicate Water, which is called the Fountain of St. *Genevieve*.

They attribute many Miracles to this Female Saint, ſome of which ſhe performed in her Lifetime, others after Death, if we may believe what the Priests affirm, and what is recorded in the Hiſtory of her Life, in the Annals of *Paris*, and the Archives of the Convent belonging to her Temple. For there is a certain Number of *Derviches* of the chief Nobility in *Paris*, who conſecrate themſelves for ever to a Religious Life, in Honour of this Virgin.

They meet twice a Day in the Choir of the Church, all array'd in long Robes of white Linnen, where they chant aloud the Praises of St. *Genevieve*: As oft they aſſemble, at different Hours in a private Chapel in their Cloysters, to perform the like Devotions. Thoſe who are choſen into this Order, are all Perſons of ſweet
and

and lovely Countenances, graceful Demeanor, and learned Education. One shall not see so much Regularity, Order and devout Modesty, in any Church in *Paris*, as appears in this, at the Time of celebrating their Divine Mysteries. Yet, for ought I know, all this may be but Hypocrisy and pious Artifice, to attract the greater Reverence from the People, who are present at their Ceremonies. I myself was astonished once, when being there, I saw a beautiful Youth approach the Altar with a Golden *Censor*, hanging at a Chain which he held in one Hand; whilst with the other he wafted the rich Perfume towards the Statues, which stood on high behind the Altar. He had the very Signature of Virtue in his Face: Besides, a certain Lustre that seem'd to spring all on a sudden into his Eyes and Cheeks, discovering some inward Rapture of his Soul. Methought he look'd like one of the Pages of *Eden*, as they are described in the Holy *Alcoran*.

I protest it was impossible for me to fix my Eyes upon him, and not to feel the Passions of *Platonick* Love. He deputed himself with a Grace which cannot be expressed,

Afterwards I contracted an intimate Familiarity with him, on the Account of *Arabick*, which he learns of me. He is a Person of excellent Natural Abilities, and well vers'd in Languages, and all manner of Divine and Human Learning.

Pardon this Digression, Venerable *Hadgi*, in regard I could not forbear mentioning a Person of whom I have a great deal more to say, than can be well comprised in one Letter. Hereafter I will communicate a farther Account of him, whilst I now return to the Church of *St. Genevieve*. In the upper Part of the Choir, four Pillars of Jasper, with four Golden Images of Angels on the Tops, support the Shrine of this Saint, wherein lies enclosed all that remains

remains of her Body. Several Wax Tapers burn before it Day and Night. The devouter Sort of People kneel and kiss the Pillars, which sustain the admirable Relicks. They bring their Linen and other Vestments to the Priest, who is appointed for this Office. He fastens them in the Cleft of a long Pole, and then raises that End up to the Shrine, which is very near as high as the Roof of the Church. He touches the Shrine with the Linen, &c. and having done so, he takes it down again; when pronouncing a Benediction on it, in the Name of the Saint, he restores it to the Party whose it is.

They believe that Linnen, or any thing else belonging to the Body, being so touch'd and bless'd, has Power to chase away Maladies, to preserve them from Danger, to ease Women in Childbirth, and to make them prosper in all Things. So profound is the Attach which they have for this famous Saint. But whether there be any Thing more in it than Superstition and Bigotry, God only knows. However, the Inhabitants of *Paris* esteem this Shrine, as the *Trojans* did their *Palladium*, and the *Romans* their *Ancile*, which fell from Heaven, as *Numa Pompilius* made them believe.

When the City is threatned with any Publick Calamity, this Shrine is taken down with abundance of Pomp and Solemnity, and carry'd in Procession through the Streets; thinking thereby to divert the Vengeance of Heaven, and appease the Anger of the Omnipotent.

Such was the Case here lately: There having fallen such an Overplus of continual Rains, as threatned to destroy all the Corn and Herbage, with the Fruits of the Earth; besides the Damage had been already done to innumerable Persons in their Houses and Goods, by the vast Inundations:

This occasioned a Decree to come out for the taking down the Body of *St. Genevieve*, and carrying

rying it in Solemn Proceſſion to the Temple of *Noſtre-Dame*: Which was accordingly performed on the 17th of this Moon. In the Proceſſion were ſeen all the Religious Orders in this City, both of Men and Women; the Parliament of *Paris*; the Chamber of Accompts; the Court of Aids; the Court of Moneys, with the whole Body of the Citizens.

But no ſooner was the Shrine of St. *Genevieve* brought into the open Air, when the Rain ceaſ'd, the Clouds diſperſed, and the Sky became Serene and Clear: And ſo it has continu'd ever ſince.

The Priests will have this to be an Effect of St. *Genevieve's* Interceſſion with God for the Province and City committed to her Patronage. And the People are willing enough to believe it. If this Shrine be as efficacious in cauſing Rain when there is a Drought, as the Inhabitants of *Paris* affirm, it may not unfitly be compared to the *Lapis Manalis* of the Ancient *Romans*. This was a certain great Stone, which, in Time of exceſſive Dryneſs, the *Romans* uſed to draw into the City with vaſt Ropes, by the Gate *Capena*, whiſt the Priests of the God *Mars* danc'd before it, and all the Veſtals left the Sacred Fire to follow the Proceſſion. They drew the Stone to the Temple of the Goddeſs *Flora*, where they ſtrewed upon it a Handful of wither'd Flowers and Herbs. Then immediately it began to rain, and they let the Stone lie there, as a Memorial before the Temple of the Goddeſs, till they had enough of that Sort of Weather to ſecure the Growth and Maturity of the Vegetables; and then they drew it back again in the ſame Manner as before, only each Veſtal now carried ſome of the Sacred Fire in an Earthen Veſſel, whereas before they carried none.

Whether there be any real Efficacy in thoſe Religious Ceremonies or no, is not in my Power to de-

determine: But 'tis certain that every Nation confides much in the Mysteries taught them by their Priests. The Force of Education prevails on most Men, even to old Age: in regard they think it an Impiety to examine or question the Traditions of their Fathers, especially when Heaven it self confirms their implicit Faith, by seeming to regard and answer their religious Addresses, in so peculiar a Manner as these forementioned Instances describe.

Sage *Effendi*, Tell me whether it be Heresy to affirm, That God has sent Prophets into all Nations, each furnish'd with his Instructions and Doctrines agreeable to the Genius of the People whom they were to teach. And that he is not displeased at the various Rites and Ceremonies by which every distinct Region and Climate adore his Divine Unity.

Satisfy me in this, and then thou shalt be more than *Apollo* in my Esteem; for I am full of Doubts.

Paris 10th of the 6th Moon
of the Year 1675.

The END of the First Book.

LET-



LETTERS

WRIT BY

ASPY at PARIS.

VOL. VIII.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

Sometimes I could wish my self without a Spleen, it overwhelms me in such deep Melancholies : Yet when I consider the same Vital is a necessary Instrument of Mirth and Laughter, I reverse that Wish again. Not that I am fond of a Levity which makes us resemble Apes rather than Men; tho' the Philosophers say the contrary. But I correct my partial Thoughts, which would lay the Fault on my Body, when my Mind is chiefly to blame. For he that is Master of his Reason, need not fall into either Extreme, to be always grinning like *Democritus*, or howling with *Heraclitus*. Re-
signation

signation and Tranquillity are the Golden Mean. And he that steps over this Line, on one Side or other, falls into the same Vanity which he bemoans or ridicules in the rest of Mortals.

I have studied to know this World, and the Nature of all Things, but am never the wiser, after so many Years of Search. I have perused many Books, and conversed with more Men, yet none of them all can inform me of a Certainty what I am myself. How then should I be able to comprehend the Essences of other Things? Henceforth I will lay aside this inquisitive Folly, and be careless, till Death shall either quite extinguish so troublesome a Passion, or fully satisfy it with new Discoveries.

In that, separate State, I hope to see in open Light the naked Forms of Things, without the Interposition of a Veil or Glass, to thicken and dusk the Prospect. Whereas in this Life, we are fain to peep into the World through the close Windows of our Senses; which are so overlaid and darken'd with the Dust our Passions raise, besides the natural Dulness of their Composition; that we are fain to run from Pannel to Pannel, and use the Opticks of Philosophy to help our Sight. Yet, after all, we still are purblind, and so are like to be during this mortal Life. But when once this Prison of ours shall be demolished by a Tempest of Misfortunes, or by some sudden Disaster; or it shall moulder away through Sickness, Age, and native Weakness, thus crumbling to its primitive Dust, then shall the Soul expand it self, and fly at large in the open Firmament of Wisdom, Light, and Science.

My *Dgnet*, Let thou and I be content to bear the Inconveniencies of these Earthly Cages for a while; and in a little Time we shall be consign'd over to Eternal Liberty. I design'd to have said

D

more;

more; but I tell thee I am too melancholy. Therefore adieu for the present.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1675.

LETTER II.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IT is above ten Years ago since I gavè thee an Account of the renowned *Mareschal de Turenne*: Wherein I did not pretend his compleat History, or present thee with his full Character; but only to inform thee of some remarkable Passages in his Life, and to draw an imperfect Idea of his Virtues. Which though they were very great, yet were not sufficient to skreen him from the Chance of War, and the Stroke of a violent Death.

On the Six and twentieth of the Moon of July, this great General having given all necessary Orders for a Battle with the Imperialists in *Alsatia*, was surveying a certain rais'd Ground near *Strasburg*, on which he design'd to plant a Battery; when a Cannon-Shot from the Town, guided by Fate, more than by the Gunner's Aim or Skill, came grazing along on the Earth, and in its Career gave this Hero a mortal Blow on the Breast, of which he instantly died without speaking a Word.

There was an Officer of the Artillery in his Company, who spied the Course of the Bullet at a Distance, and happily started out of the Way. He reports, that *Monsieur Turenne* saw the same,
but

but whether out of the Greatness of his Spirit, which would not suffer him to appear timorous of Death, or whether his extreme Thoughtfulness on the approaching Battel, kept him from providing for his own Safety; it is certain he stood immovable, and sustain'd the fatal Stroke which cost him his Life.

The Court of *France* laments his Death with extraordinary Demonstrations of Sorrow: And so does all the Kingdom. Indeed they have Reason: *France* having never sent into the Field a Man more accomplish'd with all the Virtues and Heroic Qualities requisite in a great General.

They relate two or three remarkable Passages of his Life, which either happen'd since I wrote my former Letter to thee about him, or at least they came not to my Knowledge at that Time.

One was, a little after his Brother the Duke of *Bouillon's* Death, when he was seen to weep very affectionately, though he endeavoured to hide his Passion from the Observation of others. Which was taken Notice of as an Argument of his compassionate Temper; and that all the Blood which had been spilt in his Sight, and under his Conduct, had not diminished his Natural Tenderneſs and Humanity.

He was sincerely modest, without giving the World any Occasion to judge that he only affected to appear so. For when any of his Friends or Creatures would run into *Hyperboles* in extolling his Actions, he would not by a feign'd Humility, and denying all they said, lay a Train for greater Flatteries; but he so discreetly moderated his Answer, that at the same Time he appeared sensible of his True Merit, without the least Symptom of Arrogance or Vain-Glory.

So when some Lords came to condole the Loss of his Brother; that they might comfort him, they turn'd the Discourse to a Panegyrick on himself, highly extolling the whole Series of his Heroick Performances. But looking on them with a stedfast Gravity, and fetching a deep Sigh, he reply'd, *It is the Opinion of the World, that I am something vers'd in the Affairs of War; it would be an ungrateful Presumption to oppose the Publick Sentiment. But I can assure you, there is nothing more certain, than that much of my Knowledge in this Kind is owing to my deceased Brother, who by Rules taught me many advantageous Improvements of Martial Discipline. And I learned not a little from his own exemplary Conduct.*

Another Remark they make, is on the Liberality of this General, and his Contempt of Riches: For he really impoverished himself to reward and gratify his Friends. It being a Word very common in his Mouth, *That he would live on the King's Pay, and his Friends should live on his Estate.* Yet he was but a younger Brother. Which made his Wife often say, *That were it not for the King's Money, her Husband entertain'd such a Retinue of Noble Beggars about him, that she feared both he and she must in a little Time take up the same Trade, and turn Mendicants themselves.*

It is credibly reported of this great Man, that he set his Heart so little on Money, as not to know one Piece of Coin from another, nor their different Value in Exchange.

Once he was heard to say these Words to some of the Nobles, who were discoursing on Wealth, *I wonder, said he, what Pleasure Men can take in hoarding up great Heaps of Money: For my part, if at the End of the Year, I should find in my Coffers a great Treasure of Gold left, it would nauseate me as much, as if just when I had made a full Dinner, I should be forc'd to sit still, and glut myself by eating of the same Dishes over again.*

And

And that which is most to be admir'd is, that even in his Old Age; to which Avarice is so natural, his Purse was always open, and he gave away his Money as liberal as in his Youth. So that when he was dead, they could find no more than Five hundred Crowns in his keeping. Besides, he died much in Debt, which he contracted on the Armies Account, that they should not want their Pay in due Season. But, 'tis said, the King either has discharged these Debts, or will do it in a little Time.

He was a Man of no great Presence, either for Tallness or graceful Features; but of an ordinary Size, and heavy Countenance. With a Mien and Air more like a Citizen or a Mechanick, than a Soldier. Which justifies the old Proverb, *That the Face is not always the true Index of the Heart*. For all the World knows, that he was a Man of great Resolution and Bravery.

They attribute many of his Victories to his Regular and Sage Conduct; others to his Fortune; whilst they cannot deny, that some were owing entirely to the Force of his Invincible Courage.

It were easy to relate many Instances of this Kind. But I will not tire thy Patience. My Letter is already stretch'd beyond its design'd Limits; yet it comes far short of reaching the Character of this Prince. However it would be invidious not to inform thee of all I know concerning him worth Observation.

In the Time of the Civil Wars, after he had abandoned the Party of the Malcontents, and was made General of one of the King's Armies, he gave an admirable Proof of his undaunted Valour. For, when he had but Three thousand five hundred Men with him, and those in a manner hemm'd in by Fourteen thousand of the Rebels; so that there was but one Pass left whereby he might escape, and

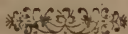
he was strongly press'd to make Use of that Advantage : No, says he, *I will not any longer live to see my Sovereign shut out of his own Cities ; Orleans barr'd her Gates against him, even whilst the King's Forces were entire, before they had receiv'd any Loss or Defeat, and can we expect they will be any where more favourable to him, when they shall behold us flying from our victorious Enemies ? No: This fatal Day shall either put a Check to their Success, or give a Period to my Life.* And the Event answer'd his Expectations. For he enter'd into Battel with the Prince of Conde, and routed all his Forces. Ever since which, he has done the *French King* so many eminent Services, as amply made amends for his two Years Revolt.

He is now gone to the other World, not as to a Campaign, but to celebrate an Eternal Triumph among the famous Heroes of the Earth.

The King has, in Honour of his Merits, caused his Body to be buried in the Temple of *St. Dennis*, where all the Blood-Royal of *France* is repositèd. Shewing in this, how little Difference he makes between him that sits on the Throne, and him that well supports it.

Illustrious *Hamet*, I pray Heaven inspire the Sultan to reward thee and all his Faithful Ministers, and valiant Generals, with particular Honours, proportionate to every Man's distinct Merits and Services. Adieu.

Paris, the 4th of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1675.



LETTER III.

To the Kaimacham.

THERE happen many remarkable Events in a Year, which I cannot presently transmit an Account of, for want of timely Intelligence. My Letters are often finished and sealed, and sometimes sent away before I hear of the Taking of such a City, or Strong-hold; of this Victory on the *French* Side, or that Success on the Part of their Enemies, the *Germans*, *Spaniards*, and *Hollanders*. And I do not think it worth while to trouble the Ministers of the Port with an After-Dispatch, only to inform them of some Siege, Battle, or other petty Occurrence, as oft as they come to my Knowledge. Chusing rather to recapitulate in one Letter, at the End of the Year, all such Passages as were omitted before, that so my Intelligence, however disjointed and parcelled out into Fragments, may yet at last be set together again, and made entire.

Thus the Taking of *Bellegard* in *Roussillon* from the *Spaniards* by the *Mareschal de Schomberg*, was not a Matter of that Importance, as to deserve a particular Letter on purpose to keep Time with Action. Yet it is convenient to insert it in this Summary of Transactions omitted in my former Letters; that so the *Ottoman* Register may not be imperfect and defective. This Fortrefs was taken about Midsummer, after an Entrenchment of seven Days.

But Fortune, though she seems to have declared in Favour of the *French* Arms, yet to shew her Inconstancy, sometimes turns her Smiles to Frowns, and seems for awhile to leave them in the Lurch.

On the 11th of the 8th Moon, there happen'd an Accident at *Treves*, which occasioned the Loss of that Town to the Confederate Enemies of *France*, and a little clouded the Glory of the *Mareschal de Crequi's* Arms, who had hitherto fought successfully, and gain'd the Reputation of a very wise and prudent General.

It seems the Governor of *Treves*, whom they call the *Sieur Vignory*, had Orders to come out of the Town that very Day, and join the *Mareschal de Crequi* with five thousand Men of the Garrison, to put in Execution some Design they had upon the Confederate Forces, which lay not far off. The Governor in compliance with the Order, was marching his Men over a Bridge, when his Horse suddenly starting at the Discharge of a Pistol, fell with his Rider into the Ditch, where they both perished. Now this unfortunate Gentleman not having discover'd his secret Order to any Person living; his Lieutenant being ignorant of the Design, and troubled at this unhappy Accident, caused the five thousand Men to march back again into the Town. In the mean time the *Mareschal de Crequi* in vain expected the coming of these Recruits, and finding himself too weak to resist the more numerous Troops of his Enemies, was forced to give way, whilst they advanced to besiege the Town, the main Thing which he aimed to prevent. In this Streight he had nothing else to do but to throw himself with his Forces into the Town, that so his Presence might supply the dead Governor's Place, till the King's Pleasure was known. He defended the Place with much Resolution and Bravery: But by the Treachery of a certain Captain belonging to the Garrison, it was at length taken after abundance of Bloodshed. This Traytor's Name was *Bosejurdan*; he held a private Correspondence with

with the Enemy, informed them of the Disadvantages the Town lay under; corrupted several of the Garison, and did all Things that might facilitate the Reduction of the Place. For which he was deservedly hang'd, having been deliver'd into the Hands of the French, by those, who *though they made use of the Treason, yet could not but abhor the Traitor.*

The Imperialists took Courage upon this Success, and began to think, That since the Death of *Maréchal Turenne*, *Fortune had abandon'd the Interest of France, and enter'd into the Confederacy with them.* Hereupon Count *Montecuculi* on the 20th of the 8th Moon invested *Haguenau*, a strong Place in the Hands of the French. But the Approach of the Prince of *Conde* soon made him raise the Siege. Since which there has been little of Action on either Side, save the taking of *Thuin*, a Town situated on the *Sambre*, and which commands all the Country between that River and the *Meuse*. It was surrender'd to the French about the Beginning of the 11th Moon, on Condition that the Privileges of the Inhabitants should be preserv'd, and that they should not be forc'd to maintain the King's Garison.

There have been lately some Seditions in the Provinces of *Bretagne* and *Guienne*, said to be secretly abetted by the Parliaments of *Bourdeaux* and *Rennes*. For which the King has signified his Displeasure, by removing those Assemblies to other Places, after having inflicted severe and exemplary Punishments on the Ringleaders of the Tumults.

And now this Monarch seems to be weary of the Fatigues of War, having publish'd a *Manifesto*, wherein he complains of the Injury done to Prince William of *Furstenburg*, Plenipotentiary from the Bishop of *Cologne*; Declares that he had Reason to shew his Resentments of an Affront given to his Ally contrary to the

Law of Nature; that nevertheless he had laboured for the general Peace of Christendom: And was now in the same Inclination. On which Account he sent the *Sieur Colbert* Master of the Requests, and the *Count d'Avaux* to *Nimeguen*, there to assist at the Conferences of Peace.

Some say, this Propension to Peace is the Effect of a Vow the King made, when he was lately afflicted with a violent Fever. Be it how it will, the Captains and Soldiers on all Sides are agreed to cease from Acts of Hostility, during this cold Season; finding it much more comfortable to wallow in Beds of Down, than to lie abroad in the Snow; and to lay close Siege to a good Fire, than to campaign it in Trenches full of Water and Ice.

Illustrious Minister, I pray God make thee happy all the four Seasons of the Year; but especially to give thee his Winter's Blessing, a warm House, an agreeable Bedfellow, Plenty of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, a merry Heart, and a good Stomach.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon
of the Year 1675.



L E T T E R IV.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President
of the Col. of Sciences at Fez.

THY Pacquet came just now to my Hands, in an Hour of Felicities, under a Noble and Propitious Asterism. The Constellations above smile on *Mahmut* at this Season. A Thousand soft and serene Pleasures distil upon my Soul; a Pearl of Heavenly Dew sits on every blooming Thought. My Heart is like a Garden in the Mornings of an *Autumn Solstice*, fresh and fragrant, though drooping for Age.

I have spent the Spring and Summer of my Life in Error, Ignorance and Vanity. 'Tis time that I should provide, for the Winter of my Age, a Stock of solid Wisdom and Virtue. And Heaven, to shew its Love and Care of Mortals, inspir'd thee with the Generous Thoughts of assisting me once more by thy Sage Instructions. Thy Dispatch contains such a Scheme of Philosophy and Reason, as never can be refuted. Thou art the *Apollo* of the Age.

Glory be to God, Majestick, Living and Strong, Eternal Father and Source of Lights, Fountain of Intellectual Perfections, Original Treasury of Reason; with whom remain from Everlasting Ages, the Ideas of all Things past, present, and to come; the Patterns of Things visible and invisible, the Exemplars of every Thing that has, had, shall, or can have Existence in the Universe. Blessed be the Word and Breath of God, the Spirit of Life and Understanding, which in the determined Periods of Time, enters into Holy Souls, making them the Favourites of the most High, and Prophets.

That Spirit descends sometimes and on some Persons, like a gentle Shower in Harvest, but on thee it pours down like the Rivers from Paradise, in vast and mighty Cataracts. Wisdom overflows thy Soul, as the Nile; the Streams thereof are strong and rapid as the Currents of *Tygris* and *Euphrates*; rich and inebriating as the Waters of *Jordan*; thy Mind is cover'd with a Deluge of Science.

O! *immarcessible Wisdom!* Blessed is the Man that has thee for his Portion in this Life. The Gold has no Value or Beauty when compar'd with thee: The Diamond and Sapphire fade and look dull; and the choicest Pearls of the Orient lose their Lustre in thy Presence. Doubtless, Wisdom shines for ever, and is incorruptible. It is a pure resplendent Essence flowing from the eternal Glory; a sincere Emanation from the Divine Nature; the spotless Mirror of God, wherein he beholds his own Immortal Excellencies. It is ten thousand Times more serene than the Light it self, brighter than the Sun, purer than the Sky, and more sparkling than all the Host of the Stars. The Glittering Crowd of Angels are eclips'd in her Presence, and all the radiant Orders of the Blessed above, serve but as Foils to set forth her superlative, and all-penetrating Coruscations:

God brought her forth from the Womb of his unfathomable Depth, she sprung from the *Treasures which cannot be exhausted*. In the Morning of the World, she rous'd the benumm'd *Chaos* with her efficacious Beams. Her Energy gave Life and Form to the confus'd and dark Abyss. She shines from one Extremity of the Universe to another, illuminating infinite Spaces. She is a refulgent Circle of Light, whose Centre is every where, but whose Circumference is not to be found:

Ask those who pitch their Pavilions above all Worlds, the outlying Camps of the Omnipotent, who guard the Frontiers of the Blissful Regions, and walk the Rounds of our Remotest Heaven, the *Cælum Empyream*, to fire its Beacons on the Discovery of any foreign Invasion threaten'd by some New Upstart Republick of Beings, hatch'd in the cold and frozen Climates of the Endless Expanse: Ask those, I say, whether they e'er cou'd trace the Eternal Wisdom in her Flights? Or find the Solitary Haunts of Everlasting Reason? They may pursue the glorious Chace o'er the Untrack'd Wastes of the Unlimited, Uniform'd First Matter, as well as through the Fenced Fields and Parks, the enclos'd Land-Mark'd Grounds of this unknown World: But all in vain. *There is no catching what is Infinite.* The Wings of all created Fancies are too short and weak. The Cherubims themselves and Seraphims are far too slow, to seize so swift a Prey. *Wisdom is wild as Chance, conceal'd as Nature, yet fix'd as Destiny.*

She dwells beyond the Highest Heavens; her Throne is inaccessible; yet she fills all Things with her Presence. She sought for a Place of Repose on Earth among the Sons of Men. She travers'd the Nations by Land, and visited the Isles of the Sea. She descended into the Abysses below, and made her Scrutiny in the Horrid Caverns of the Globe. At length she found Rest in *Abraham*; and pitch'd her Habitation in *Ismael*: Because it was so determin'd of Old, from Sempiternal Ages; and recorded in the Archives of Fate. She was establish'd in *Mecca*, the Birth-place of the Prophet, and her Power is rooted in *Medina Telnabi*, the Place of his Burial. The Holy Cities are enobled by her Presence, and she shines in the midst of an Honourable

able Race, an Offspring born to Glory, a Renowned People, a Sanctify'd Progeny, a Generation of Worthies, a Family of Hero's, a Lineage whereon rest the Favours and Smiles of the Omnipotent.

Oh *Arabia*! Well may'st thou be call'd the Happy, since in thee is the Seat of the Eternal Sapience. Go Mourn, ye Mountains of *Judea*! and all ye desolate Valleys of *Palestine*! For the Dew and the Rain have forsaken you. Your Soil languishes for want of Moisture, and your Glebe is dried up. Your Trees wither and fade; neither does the Ground bring forth any Grass or Flowers. The Pastures are become like a Wilderness, over-run with Briars and Thorns, and your Arable Fields are as the *Lybian Wastes*, barren and unprofitable. The Land that was once call'd Holy, is now become Execrable, a Habitation of Satyrs and Demons: Because Wisdom has translated her Residence from *Sion*, and the Angels have decamp'd from the Climate of *Jerusalem*.

Rejoice, O Regions bordering on the East of the Red Sea! For with you is a great Light, even the Law brought down from Heaven, and the Glory of the Most High overshadows you.

Wisdom is exalted in *Arabia*, she lifts up her Head above the Top of Mount *Uriel*: She flourishes like the Palm-Tree, and spreads her Boughs as the *Terebinth*: Many Nations rest under the Shadow of her wide-spread Branches: Her Ways are Uniform and Beautiful, like an Alley of *Cypresses*; and all her Paths are sweet as a Garden of *Cinnamon*, *Myrrh*, and *Roses*. Her Fruit feeds the East and the South; her Salutiferous Leaves are scattered from *India*, to the Land of the *Moors*, where thou dwellest. Her fragrant Odour is diffus'd from Pole to Pole.

She is the Mother of Science and Virtue; in her Custody are the Springs of Life and Health,
of

of Honour and Riches : She has in her Treasures lock'd up innumerable Kinds of Felicities; which she plentifully pours forth on them that obey her Inspiration. She appears chearfully to them that wait upon her; and no Man ever departed from her Presence, but he fell into Sadness. For a certain enlivening Influence flows from her Countenance: A Man is ravish'd with her Conversation. Her Breath is sweeter than *Ambrosia*, or the Vapours of *Eastern Incense*. Her Thoughts are fragrant, as the Aromatick Exhalations of *Nardus*, *Onyx*, and *Stacte*. All Words are too short to express her Praises; neither is there any Style or Language, that can describe her incomparable Worth. Therefore with Reverence I desist from saying any more at this Time on so sublime a Subject; lest while I am prolonging the Panegyrick of Wisdom, I proclaim my own Folly, to a Sage who is familiar with her, and best knows her Character.

In the mean Time, vouchsafe to accept of these Lines, as a Testimony of the profound Veneration I have for thee, who art known thro' all *Africk*, and other Parts of the World, to be one of the First Rank among *Wisdom's Favourites*.

Adieu, Great Lamp of *Mauritania*; and believe that *Mahmut* is no Flatterer.

Paris, 19th of the 3^d Moon.
of the Year 1676.



L E T T E R V.

To the Captain Bassa.

IF I write often to the *Bassa's* of the Land, I do not forget the Duty I owe to him of the Sea. Only that Element has not been the Stage of so many remarkable Actions as the other: There are no Forts, Castles, or strong Cities, built upon the Waves; no settled Camps, or formal Sieges, unless it be upon the Frozen Seas, within or near the *Artick* Circle. And there they only imitate the Trade of War, to exercise their Youth.

However, on the other Parts of the Ocean there are flying Campaigns, Battles *en passant*; and this Year has afforded some Marine Engagements between the *French, Hollanders, and Spaniards*, not altogether unworthy of thy Knowledge.

On the 8th of the first *Moon*, there happen'd a Naval Fight between the *Sieur de Quesne*, Lieutenant-General of the *French Fleets*, and *De Ruiter*, Vice-Admiral of the *Dutch*; wherein the latter suffer'd considerable Damage. But far greater was their Loss on the 22d of the Fourth *Moon* following, when the Famous *De Ruiter* was kill'd, and several of the *Dutch Ships* sunk, burnt, and taken. Yet that which made the greatest Noise, was a Battle fought on the 2d of this present *Moon*, between the *Mareschal de Vivonne*, Commander of the *French Fleet*, on the Coast of *Sicily*, and the United Naval Forces of *Spain and Holland*.

I have a particular Account of this Combat; and because I know thou delightest in Relations of this Nature, I will acquaint thee in short,
how

how they first encounter'd each other; and what Methods the *French* us'd to gain a glorious Victory over two Fleets, much more numerous in Ships than their own.

It was not far from the old dangerous Streight between *Charybdis* and *Scylla*, where the Duke *de Vivonne* descry'd the hostile Navies making toward the Place where he lay with his Fleet at Anchor. The Alarm was quickly given, and all Hands to the Cable: As soon as they had weigh'd, they made all the Sail they could toward the Enemy. The *Spaniards* and *Hollanders* had Twenty seven Ships of War, nineteen Gallies, and four Fire-ships. The *French* had but nineteen Ships of War, seven Gallies, and five Fire-ships. Those got the Wind of their Enemies, and attack'd them so fiercely, that they drove several of their capital Vessels on those dangerous Rocks and Sands, where they were lost; and they burnt thirteen more of their best Ships, among which were the Admiral of *Spain*, and the Vice-Admiral of *Holland*.

I cease to say more of this remarkable Fight, save that it is esteem'd only Second to the famous Battle of *Lepanto*.

Prince of the Sea, I wish thee equal Success, whenever thou fightest against the Enemies of God and his Prophet.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon
of the Year 1676.

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LETTER VI.

*To the Sage of Sages, the mysterious
Eremite, the great Mohammed of
Mount Uriel in Arabia.*

THere is no Man, in this mortal Life, who has not chang'd his Opinions one time or other. And whether it be an Argument of Wisdom or Folly, Knowledge or Ignorance, to be thus mutable in our Thoughts, we find few tenacious in their old Age of the Notions they entertain'd in their Youth.

We have some natural and proleptick Ideas born with us; others impos'd upon us by our Parents, Nurses and Tutors. Our Infant Fancies are tender, flexible, and receptive of any Impressions; like Gold, that yields to every Stamp and Coin of a new Sovereign. So in the Mint of human Conversation, our Thoughts are melted and form'd by each prevailing Genius that keeps us Company. Nay, a new Book that we have an Inclination for, shall quite obliterate all that before was current Reason with us, and transform our Faculties into another Figure. So true it is, that Mankind delights in Novelty.

Whether it be an Effect of this general Weakness in human Nature, or of my own particular Inconstancy; or, in fine, of more correct and mature Consideration, I will not determine. But this I am sure of, that I cannot think now of several Things as I have done formerly, without offering great Violence to my present Reason. I am as apt now to suspect my self of Dotage at these Years, as other Men are inclin'd to flatter them-

themselves into a Conceit of their own Wisdom, and to boast of it to others at the same Age. However it appears evident to me, *That every Man's Experience perfects his Speculation: And he who trafficks in the Mart of Philosophy, on the Stock of his own Discoveries, is in a fairer Way to improve himself, than a Man that trades altogether on the Credit of other Men's Conceptions.*

The latter is but Wisdom's Factor, or he may be call'd *a Broker in the Sciences, or a Banquier of other Men's Imaginations:* He frequents the Common Exchange, or Bourse of Learning; reads the Books of the Ancients; converses with the Wits and most accomplish'd Spirits of the present Age; Yet after all, he has but a Retale Profit. Nor shall he ever have better, so long as he dares not venture something of his own.

Whereas the former is a rich and substantial Merchant, dealing on his own Bottom. He ventures on the wide Ocean of the World's peevish censorious Humour; runs the Hazard of Shipwreck, and *Corfsairs.* The Winds and Storms of human Malice do not fright him; nor all the Rocks of Superstition, establish'd by the Laws of Nations. No Sands or Shelves, or any undermining private Interest, can baulk his Courage; whilst he has the Gale of Truth, and Tide of primitive Reason on his Side. For then he knows the common Fortune will be his Pilot, and steer him safe through all.

From what I have said, thou wilt expect some new refin'd *Thesis* to drop from my Pen, some very solid *Dogma* to be broach'd, after such a tedious *Prelude.* But I tell thee plainly, I hardly know what I'm to write next; save only that I have some general Notions different from what I had before, concerning the Eternity of the World.

It

It was formerly my Opinion, and I pass'd it upon all my Friends, that not only the Matter of the World is Everlasting, but its present Form also : But now I believe the contrary, on more rational Grounds. It is not so perfect as I esteem'd it. Every Year of my Life convinces me of its decaying State : It manifestly droops and crumbles away. Therefore by Proportion of Argument we ought to conclude, *It is corruptible in its first Principles ; and consequently had a Beginning, and shall have an End.*

I do not believe it shall be annihilated, or reduc'd to nothing ; Nature abhors that Thought : But it shall be chang'd, metamorphos'd, and transform'd. *Una dies dabit exitio ; One Day shall consign it to Ruin*, as *Lucretius* says ; And the same shall give it a brighter Form than ever it had ; when the Earth shall become pure Crystal, and the Stars shall outshine the Sun ; and the Sun himself shall be dissolv'd into his Eternal Principles of Light. The Philosophers who have spoke of the Last Day, agree, That the World shall be calcin'd by Fire, especially those of the East and South : For they positively assert, *That when the Moisture of the Universe shall be exhausted and spent,*

[*The Elements will pour forth
Plagues, Insurrections, Flames*] says *Hermes Trismegistus* ; [*a Treasury of Fire*] says *Sophocles*. And *Ovid* asserts, *That the Seas shall be dried up, and all*

the Firmament shall appear like a Furnace. Heaven and Earth shall be mingled pell-mell together. The Greeks say, The World shall boil up and scum off its Impurities, ποικιλῶν, with a Noise like that of a Tempest, or a Whirlwind. The Italians express it otherwise, by the Sound a Clock makes just before it strikes the Hour ; for it moves in an even and regular Course, and has a steady Pulse till then ;

but

but when the last Minute is expir'd, the Wheels rush all together with a louder Noise: So shall the Orbs above, and these interior Elements, when their Course is done, break all their Harmony, and with confus'd Cracks and Rattlings disgorge their Essences into the Lap of their eternal *Chaos*, there to be renew'd and chang'd again into far nobler Forms, although the Original Substance still remains the same; for I believe the first Matter to be unchangeable and eternal, without Beginning or End. But there have pass'd many Millions of Ages, in the Production of such an infinite Variety of Forms; perhaps the Grounds of Astrology are true, and that there were of old certain Periods of Time affix'd, first for the Production of the heavenly Signs and Constellations, then for the Planets, and afterwards for the Nativity of all the other Bodies below the Moon. But *Moses*, the Lawgiver, and chief Philosopher of the *Jews* is of a contrary Judgment; for he says, *The Vegetables had Existence before the Stars*. And so one does not know what to think among 'em all. For ought I know, any Man's Reason might be receiv'd with as much Applause as that of *Moses*, who would assert, *That there are certain Horses formed of the purest Light, galloping up and down the infinite Expanse for an indeterminate Series of Ages, the Dust of whose Feet first raised the Elements out of Nothing; and then their Hoofs striking against the Original Flints of Nature, begat the Sparks which shall set the World a-fire at last*. And GOD knows, whether the late Conflagration at the Imperial City was not owing to a Scratch of one of those Horse's Nails; tho' they are pleas'd to lay it on the *Giaurs* and *Kysilbaschi*.

By my Soul, I believe all Things proceed from Eternal Chance. All that we admire so much in the World, is a mere Higgle-de-Piggledy of Things

Things which may be, or may not be, only they are; and so we must not quarrel with any Thing that has Existence. We behold the Sun, Moon, and Stars over our Heads; they give us their successive Light by Night and Day. We trample upon the Earth under our Feet, and sail on the open Sea, to which we can give no great Trust. At the same Time, we know not the Natures of these different Beings: The Sun may be but an eternal Carbuncle, for ought we know; and the Moon but a crested Sapphire; the rest of the Planets but the Refractions of these bright Essences, and all the fixed Stars, but so many Splinters of the eternal Torch which lights the World. And after all the rest, this Earth whereon we tread, may be but a Wart or Mole; *a little silly Excrescence, or superfluous Tumor of the Elements, if not a Gangrene in Nature.*

Oh Mohammed! I have said too much to a Man of thy abstruse Speculations; but thou wilt pardon one that speaks with Faith and Sincerity.

Let me put in one Word more with thee, *Oh Chief of the Solitaries! Prince of the Sylvans! Glory of Arabia! Thou hidden one of the East! Thou Phoenix of all Generations! No body was born for himself: No body is wise at all Times.* And this is a particular Season wherein the *Grand Signior's* Service requires me to be, as it were, a little foolishly merry. Therefore, begging thy Pardon and Prayers, I bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon

of the Year 1676.

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LETTER VII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Customs, and Superintendant of the Arsenal at Constantinople.

IT will do thee no hurt to carry the following News to *Hamet, Reis Effendi*. I entrench on the Post's Time, and my own Health, it being very late in the Night, on purpose that the Ministers of the *Porte* may have the earliest Account of the Taking of *Philipsburgh* from the *French*, by the Confederate Princes and States.

This is a Town of great Importance, and very strong. The *Spaniards* became Masters of it in the Year 1633, through the Treachery of the Governor. Next Year following, the *Swedes* put it again in the *French* King's Hands; but that Monarch not being able to repair its Fortifications, by reason of the Winter, it was surpriz'd by the *Imperialists* on the 23d of the first Moon, 1635; in whose Hands it remained till the Year 1644; when in the 9th Moon it was taken by the Duke *Enguien*, now Prince of *Conde*, after he routed the Duke of *Bavaria* at *Friburgh*. The *French* have had it in Possession ever since that time, till about four Days ago it was surrender'd, upon Conditions, to the *Imperialists*, who had block'd it up above a Year, and formally besieg'd it four Moons.

It is a *Lois* which this Court resents with no small Grief; *Philipsburgh* being a Town of more Value than twenty others in those Parts. The *French* have taken *Conde*, *Bouchain*, and *Aire*; but they do not think these an equivalent Reprizal; neither can this Campaign last long enough to
give

give them an Opportunity of seeking farther Satisfaction.

Brother, I must conclude abruptly, because the Post tarries. God have thee in his Keeping, and preserve thee from the Snares and malicious Ambuscades of Devils, who are let loose from their infernal Dens to range above-ground, from this Hour, to the Crowing of the Cocks.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1676.

LETTER VIII.

To Sephat, Abercomil, Vanni, Effendi,
Preacher to the Sultan.

ABout five Years ago I sent thee a Dispatch, containing an Account of the kind Reception thy Doctrines found in *Europe*, and of the swift Progress they made in converting the honester sort of *Nazarenes*. I also acquainted thee with the Opposition that was made against the Writings of *Francis Malevella*, by the *Jesuits* and *Dominicans*. Now I shall inform thee farther of the prodigious Advances this sacred Institution of Life has made in *Italy*, *France* and *Spain*, with *Germany*, and other Regions in the *West*.

There is an eminent Man in *Rome*, whom they call *Father Petrucci*, a Person of great Learning, and conspicuous Knowledge. His Piety indeed has been by him industriously concealed, as much as lay in his Power; but yet his most reclus good Works took Air, and all Men of Integrity conceive a Veneration for him. He having read the Works of *Malevella*, grew enamour'd of so sublime

sublime a System of spiritual Rules ; and wrote to all his Friends by way of Recommendation of the Author and his Subject. Those Letters afterwards were put in Print, and 'tis not to be express'd what powerful Influence they had on all Impartial Readers. He published also many learned Treatises, in the Defence and Praise of a contemplative Life. And the Reputation of this refin'd Theology daily increased, and spread abroad in every Corner of the Christian World.

Among the rest of learned Profelytes, a certain *Spanish* Priest, and Doctor of the Christian Law, whom they call *Michael de Molino*, appear'd upon the Stage ; and in the Year 1675, publish'd a comprehensive Treatise of Mystical Religion. The Book was approv'd and licens'd by the Archbishop of *Rheggio*, by the General of the *Franciscans*, an Officer of the Inquisition, and by *Martin de Esparza*, an eminent Jesuit belonging to the same Court, and Professor of Theology at *Rome*. The Press had no sooner deliver'd this mysterious Treatise to the World, but every Body catch'd it up. So that the first Edition being soon dispers'd in *Rome*, *Ferrara*, *Naples*, and other Cities of *Italy*, it was necessary to start a new Impression of so acceptable a Thing, that the remaining Provinces, States, and Principalities, might not want their Share of so Divine a Copy ; That *Spain* might be reform'd by one of her own Natives ; and Generous *France*, forgetting her Aversions, might not disdain the sage Instructions of a hated *Spaniard*. In a Word, *Molino's* Book is had in Second Veneration with the Gospel. His Friendship is coveted by the greatest Men in *Rome* ; especially the Secular Clergy are ambitious to confirm the Honours, Dignities, and Benefices they already possess in the Church, by gaining the Favour of his Acquaintance. They consult him as an Oracle in knotty Problems of Di-

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vinity ;

vinity ; and many Cardinals court his Correspondence, not valuing their Rank in the Red List of Ecclesiastical Princes, unless they are also enrolled in the happy Number of *Molino's* Friends ; such are *Carpegna*, *Azolini*, *Cassanti*, *Odescalchi*, and the French Cardinal *D'Estrees*.

This last is famous for his Learning and Accomplishments, being educated in the *Sorbonne*, and a Familiar of Monsieur *De Launay*, a great Reformer of Errors in the Doctrine and Discipline of the *Roman* Church. Being thus predispos'd to favour any one who would expose himself to stem the Torrent of Corruptions ; the Tide of vain and superstitious Practices, advancing daily higher and higher, and threatening to overflow the Banks of solid Piety, sincere Devotion, and all Moral Virtue, the generous Cardinal appeared the publick Patron of *Molino*, and in private they had many Conferences. The *Spaniard* laid aside his native Jealousy of Foreigners, and the *Frenchman* mortified his Pique against that Nation. They both convers'd with Openness of Heart, and unreserved Freedom.

The Cardinal also, after this, brought him acquainted with several eminent Men in *France*, between whom and *Molino* was held a strict Intelligence. The new Pope, who was before called Cardinal *Odescalchi*, has given him an Apartment in his own Palace, and done him many other Honours. In a Word, he is grown so considerable, that the greatest part of *Nazarenes* look upon him as a Prophet sent from God.

I take Complacency to see *Mahometism* thus masquerade it in the Heart of *Christendom* ; and the most refined Draught of our Religion copied in the Lives and Practices of the most Excellent among the *Nazarenes*. 'Tis a fair Sign, methinks, that by Degrees they will enquire a little farther, and with more Humility, into our Sacred Law ; that they will not stumble at Circumcision, Wash-

ing, and other Purifications and Ceremonies appointed by the Prophet; since they are all performed in Honour of the Eternal Unity, and not to Images or Pictures. However, at least, such pious and contemplative Men as these, will by a necessary Consequence, raise up a secret Faction for us, and qualify the bitter Zeal and Spite which Christians generally bear against the True Believers. For the Followers of *Malevella*, *Petrucchi*, and *Molino*, are already branded, and distinguish'd from the rest of the *Nazarenes*, by the odious Names of Hereticks, which is next Door to the more opprobrious Title of Infidels, the best and kindest Epithet they can afford the faithful *Mussulmans*.

To sum up all in brief, they reckon a Hundred Thousand of this new Sect in *Italy*, as many more in *France* and *Spain*, and not much fewer in *Germany*; besides *Poland*, *Hungary*, and other Regions. So that if an Army of *Mussulmans* should appear on the *Italian* Shores with *Vani Effendi* at the Head of them, and a Declaration should be spread about, containing that you aim at nothing but to propagate the Truth, and to protect the injur'd *Molinists* or *Quietists*, (for so they nickname this contemplative Sect) they would all rise, and fly to the *Mahometan* Standard, as formerly the *Malcontents* of *Italy* did to the *Asylum* of *Romulus*. God's Will be done.

Paris, 2d of the 12th Moon
of the Year 1676.

L E T T E R IX.

*To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale
of Sidon.*

Bless'd are they who honour the Virtues of Holy Men, and strive to imitate their Examples. The Infidels count them mad, whom the great Lord of all Things has inspir'd with his Love, which is the Spirit or Breath of the Omnipotent, giving Life to all Things. Their Souls are snatch'd away in sacred Extasies; they are carried to the bright shining Worlds, born up on the Wings of a Wind from Paradise. They behold marvellous Things, and the Wonders of the Sky: Wafted from Star to Star, they are ravish'd with the Sight of so many radiant Splendors, and expire in Transports of Divine Pleasure, when they consider the beautiful Oeconomy of the Universe.

O Ariel! *Chief of the Choirs above; who settest the Tunes of the Spheres, and art Master of the Eternal Musick; who taughtest Sultan David to play on the Harp, and learned'st him the Songs of Paradise: Send down some Azur'd Messenger, some purpled Post from Eden, to inspire my Soul with Divine Harmonies, whilst I celebrate the Praises of Alla, the first and the last, whose Glory is expanded through the infinite Abyss, and enlightens endless Spaces. The whole Universe is full of his Majesty, but the Place of his Retirement is above the Heaven of Heavens. There he keeps his Court, guarded by Seventy Times Seven Millions of Angels; who always stand on their Watch to prevent the Invasions of Orosmales, the Prince of Darkeness, the Root and Source of all Evil.*

God

God came from Heaven in the Days of *Moses*, with an Army not to be number'd : *Michael* was his Standard-Bearer, whose Chariot was a Carbuncle of Paradise. They march'd through the Milky Way, and made their Descent on the Rock of the Desert *Sinai*. The Artillery of the Celestial Host was Thunder and Lightning ; They were encompassed with thick Clouds of Smoak. The World was affrighted at the dreadful Noise, and *Orosmades* durst not appear to abide the Battel, but fled into the Caverns of the Earth with all his Legions, where they are barr'd up to the Day of Judgment. They often strive to break loose, which occasions horrid Earthquakes : But the Chain which binds them is fasten'd to the Throne of God. He keeps the Keys of those Infernal Prisons, and bars up all the Avenues of Hell. There Darkness, Horror, and Pain, have taken up their Residence for ever. One Abyfs supplies another with eternal Floods of Confusion and Misery. But above the Surface of the Earth, he has establish'd Light, Liberty, Joy and Peace to them that revolt not from his Love and Obedience.

God came from *Arval*, and the Holy One was seen to fly from the Thickets of *Shair* in the East. He bent his Course toward the Red Sea, and pitch'd his Tents in the Meridian of Mecca. On that Day the *Kebla* was turned toward the South ; and the Faces of the Faithful, in Time of Prayer, regarded the House of *Abraham*, the square Temple, and the Place appointed by Destiny for the Tomb of the Prophet. Then *Medina Telnabi* became bright and illustrious : The Glory of *Jerusalem* faded, and was eclips'd at the Dawning Splendor of this New Sanctuary, a City enobled by the Presence of Deputies from Heaven, even *Gabriel* and *Israphiel*, who came down to visit

the determin'd Place of the Prophet's Rest.

They brought with them, Rules and Models of Divine Architecture, that the Dormitory of the Messenger of God might be majestick and glorious. They disclos'd their Errand to *Zaphid* and *Al-Kepher*, two cunning Artificers in the City, and shew'd them the Celestial Pattern of the Sepulchre. These kept secret the Matter, till the Time was accomplish'd which the Angels enjoin'd them. Then they declared themselves, and undertook the Building of a Fabrick, which has render'd *Medina* famous throughout the World.

Oh *Medina Telnabi*! how sweet is thy Name among the *Mussulmans*! The Roads of *Asia* and *Africk* are covered with the *Caravans* of such as bring Presents unto thee; the Devout Pilgrims who travel from far to kiss the Pavement of the Temple, where the Bones of our Divine Law-giver is reposit'd.

I saw the Elephants and Dromedaries of the *East*, with Joy bow down and couch to the Earth, whilst Sacred Burdens were laid on their Backs; the Camels also of the *South* of *Egypt*, and the Land of *Moors*. They performed the Sacred Pilgrimage with Humility and Resignation: They fasted 4, 5, 10, or 14 Days, each, as they were able, in Token of their Devotion and Thankfulness; in that they were permitted the Honour of visiting the Holy Region, and the Sepulchre of Him who taught the Dumb Beasts the Discipline of Wisdom, and the Way to Paradise.

Ever since that Time, the Animal Generations have instructed each other in the Precepts of the Prophet who could neither Write nor Read. In their Mute Language they perform, Morning and Evening, the appointed Oraisons, and
Preach

Preach to their Young Ones by Inarticulate Sounds, the Doctrine of Faith, clear and intelligible.

Oh *Mahomed*! Every Letter of thy mysterious Name is full of Benediction and Praise. Each Syllable is compounded of Secrets not to be reveal'd till the Consummation of all Things. Thou art a Treasury of Wonders which cannot be exhausted or valued.

I heard the *Eastern* Winds record thy Praises on a Flute, whilst gentle Zephyrs blew soft Vocal Harmonies, wherein were often celebrated the glorious Names of *Mahomet* and *Hali*. To these, Great *Boreas* join'd in Concert with his Deep-lung'd Organ; sweeten'd in Counter-Tenor by the *Southern* Wind. They whistled, sung, and play'd in Parts, till all the younger Sons of *Æolus* came in to fill the Choir. Then was the Musick loud and shrill: It awaken'd all the Woods and Forests on the Earth. The Trees and all the Vegetable Race, struck up in Unison with the Winds; the Birds put in their chearful Notes; the Streams and Rivers murmured grateful Airs; The Sea rais'd up her Billows to the Clouds, whilst Jovial *Triton*, sounded high Levets of the Marine, answer'd in Verse by rumbling Timbrels of the Sky. There was an universal Joy and Rant: Nature herself was in a Frolick, and kept Holiday.

Why did the most High decamp from *Arral*, and the Eternal remove his Residence from *Schair* in the *East*? Why did he cause his Armies to lie down in the *South*, and his Pavilions to cover the Regions of *Mecca*? Doubtless, he did all this in Honour of the Law which he sent from Heaven, and of the Birth-Place of his Favourite, that all Nations might know and confess, *That there is but one God, and Mahomet his Apostle.* The Beasts of

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the Earth acknowledge this ; the Fowls also of the Air, and the Fish of the Sea. The Elements and Inanimate Beings are sensible of a Joy which they cannot express, and the Universe is all dissolv'd in Rapture, whilst it lies stretch'd out at large, unfolded into endless Skirts, and rests for ever on the All-propping Unity.

Mirmadolin, I am Part of the Universe, and therefore cannot but be touch'd with a Sense of the Bliss which at certain Seasons transports the Whole. Thou who art always in a Divine Extasy, wilt not wonder at the short Enthusiasms of thy Slave *Mahmut*, who covets nothing more ambitiously, than to imitate thy blameless Life.

Farewell, in God ; for we cannot be out of him, so long as we are in our selves.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1677,

LETTER X.

To the Kaimacham.

THE French are resoly'd to make bold Efforts this Campaign, to repair the Loss of *Philippsburg*, which was taken from them last Year. The King is impatient of any Check given to the Progress of his Arms, and spares neither Men nor Money to keep up the Reputation and Fame of a Conqueror. And if this Character (grown familiar to him, as it were by Prescription, after a long and almost uninterrupted Series of Victories) happen at any Time to be lessen'd by some unsuccessful Attempt upon the Enemy, he cannot be at Rest till he has recover'd it again by such

such renown'd Exploits, as may be answerable to the Greatness of his Soul, and the formidable Puissance of his Sword, known to all *Europe*.

He has many and great Armies in Pay ; and whether it be an Effect of his Fortune, or his Judgment, 'tis observ'd, that he is always bless'd with the ablest Generals in *Christendom*.

The first thing he enterpris'd was the Siege of *Valenciennes*, a City seated on the Frontiers of the *Spanish Netherlands* ; a very important Place, and considerable for its Commerce ; inhabited also by a stout, warlike People, and of very difficult Access, by reason of a certain River, with whose Waters they can at pleasure drown the Country round about. It was invested by the Duke of *Luxembourg* on the 28th of the 2d Moon, and formally besieged on the 4th of the 3d. On the 17th there was a general Assault given, and the *French* enter'd the Town ; which so terrified the Inhabitants, that they threw themselves upon the King's Mercy. He accepted their Submissions, and so put a Stop to the common Violence in such Cases.

Another Time this had been enough to have crown'd a whole Campaign, and satisfied the Ambition of the *French* Generals : but now, the Remembrance of last Year's Loss and Disgrace, spurs them on to new Revenges : And to convince the World that this Monarch is not easily to be daunted, but that he is jealous of his Glory, he has, since the taking of *Valenciennes*, besieged two strong Cities, *Cambray* and *St. Omers*.

The former of these is esteem'd one of the strongest Place in all *Flanders* ; it is situated on the River *Escaut*, and was the ancient Patrimony of the *French* Crown, ever since the Reign of *Clodion* II. King of *France*, who made himself Master of it in the Year 445 of the Christians

Hegira. Afterwards it fell to the Share of *Charles the Bald*, in the Year 843; and in the Year 870. it became the Occasion of a War between the Kings of *France*, the Emperors, and the Counts of *Flanders*. In which Contest, one of the *Baldwins* got it, and left it to his Son. But *Charles V.* overreach'd him; and by means of the Bishop's Correspondence, took Possession of the Place. He put a strong Garison in it, and built a Citadel, which render'd the Town almost impregnable. In Process of Time it fell into the Hands of the Duke of *Alanson*, Brother to *Henry III.* when he was made Count of *Flanders*, in the Year 1582. But in the Year 1595 the *Spaniards* took it, and have held it ever since, till the 6th of the 4th Moon of this present Year; when the Gates were set open, to let in the *French* Troops; and on the 17th, the Citadel was surrender'd upon Articles.

As for *St. Omers*, it is a great City, and well fortified; having on one Side the River *Aa*, with its Marches; and on the other, being defended by a Castle, flank'd with good Bastions, and encompass'd with an extreme broad and deep Ditch. About the Beginning of this Moon it was invested by the *French* King's Forces, and within three or four Days it was formally besieged, but not gain'd without a bloody Combat, fought between the *French* and the Prince of *Orange*, who came with a considerable Army, designing to throw Succours into the Place. I will not trouble thee by reciting all the Particulars of the Fight, only be assured that the *French* got the Victory, put the others to Flight, remained Masters of the Field, took thirteen Pieces of Cannon, seventeen Standards, all the Enemy's Baggage, and almost three thousand Prisoners.

The Stage of this great Action was a Place call'd *Mount Cassel*, not far from *St. Omers*: A Spot of Ground observ'd to have once before been propitious to the *French* Arms, when *Philip of Valois* fought there with the *Spaniards*, and gave 'em an entire Defeat. He was reckoned the valiantest Prince of that Age.

The Inhabitants of *St. Omers* hearing of the Defeat that was given to the Prince of *Orange*, were in so great a Consternation, that in few Days they voluntarily surrendered to the *French* King.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, this puissant Monarch takes such wise Methods, as thou wilt say, cannot fail in the ordinary Course of War, to bring him Success. He is an excellent Pay-Master; and never gives occasion for his Soldiers to repine or murmur for want of their daily Allowance, nor puts them upon impatient Expectations of their Arrears. On the contrary, he is very munificent and liberal to all Men of Merit; and the meanest Soldier, who signals himself by any notable Exploit, or Action of Bravery, is sure to be distinguish'd from the rest by some Royal Reward in Money, if he be not advanced to the Dignity of a Commander: and sometimes they are honoured with both. This Conduct makes his Men fight like Lions, each being emulous of his Fellows, and all freely hazarding their Lives, to gain their Master's Esteem; counting that the most glorious Post, which is most exposed to Danger.

He is severe to those Provinces and Towns which refuse to submit to his Arms, and full of Clemency to such as willingly embrace his Government.

In a Word, his Donatives and Largesses to his own; his Condescensions, and the Immunities he gives to others, together with the Exactness of his Justice to all, to facilitate the Progress of his Arms,

increase his Conquests, and render him the greatest Prince in the *Western* Parts.

Sage Minister, I kiss the Hem of thy Vest, and with humble Obeisance retire from thy Presence.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1676.

LETTER XI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

THE Love of Women is natural to our Sex; and there is no Man, who at one Time or other, has not felt the Warmths of this amorous Passion. But it is strange to observe, after what a different Manner this Flame discovers it self in People of various Nations, Ages, Qualities, Fortunes and Constitutions. Young Men are lascivious and ardent in their Love. Old Men are ridiculous, and formal. The poor Man studies to please his Mistress by abject Submissions, and humble Obsequiousness. The Rich strives to win her by munificent Gifts and Presents. The Vulgar make their Court by feasting the coy Damsel, and regaling her with Junket and Wine. The Noble entertain her with Plays, Masquerades, Ballets, and other pompous Divertisements.

The ingenious *Italian* sets upon his Mistress with a kind of polish'd Wantonness; not making romantick, whining Addresses, but, with a re-
fin'd

fin'd Impudence, his Eyes, his Hands, his Tongue, and all his Actions, soon make her sensible where his Pain lies. He celebrates her Praises in Verse, and hires Musick to serenade her. Finally, he never leaves till he gains her, or revenges himself on his Rival, by sending him out of the World: And on her, by turning all his Compliments into Curses and Slanders. But if he gets her, he shuts her up for ever, and makes her Chamber her Prison.

The Headstrong *Spaniard* burning with Desire, and impatient of Delay, stung with restless Concupiscence, behaves himself like a Madman: He stamps, stares, and raves; walks furiously backward and forward, rows his Eyes after a hideous Manner; he starts, stands still, lays his Hand upon his Sword, looks up to Heaven, invokes the Saints, talks to himself, threatens the Dissolution of all Things, if he be baulk'd of his Love. In this Humour he runs to his Mistress, falls at her Feet, makes doleful and passionate Complaints, throws himself upon her Mercy, adores her, and does all Things which are proper for a desperate Lover. If by these Means he enjoys her, he soon grows weary of her, and either kills her, or prostitutes her secretly for Gold. But if he cannot obtain her, then he macerates and torments himself, and is resolved to die.

Different from both these is the wanton *Frenchman*, who courts his Mistress after a jolly Fashion, with Songs, Dances, Musick and Jest. He is all Life and Mirth when in her Company, and abounds with a thousand Sorts of comical Humours. If he gets her, after a little Time the sickle Spark is cloy'd, and falls in Love with another. If he fail of his Purpose, he is not much concern'd: for all his Love was but counterfeit:

Yet

Yet he makes a Shew of Discontent, he threatens and sputters at her for a while ; but this Tongue-Tempest is soon laid, and a new Face produces a Calm.

But the phlegmatick *German* is very hard to be kindled up to this Passion, and then needs a great deal of Art to blow him into a Flame. He is cold and wary, thoughtful and slow, provident and dull ; Yet, when once touch'd with this Affection, he is very liberal of his Gifts, which is the Master-piece of his Courtship. If he obtains his Mistress, he soon returns to his primitive Frigidity : And if he be frustrated, he is but where he was ; far from killing himself for a peevish Female.

The *Frenchman* professes more Love than he has : The *German* endeavours to hide the Fervor of his Passion : The *Spaniard* persuades himself, that he is beloved by his Mistress : Whilst the *Italian* takes the nearest Course to be beloved by her in Reality. The *Frenchman* loves a pleasant witty Maid, tho' she be deformed ; the *Spaniard* prefers Beauty to Wit and good Humour : The *Italian* is for a Female of a timorous Spirit : Whilst the *German* adores a *Virago*. The *Frenchman*, by his wandering Loves, of a wise Man becomes a Fool ; and exchanges his Health for a thousand Maladies : The *German*, having profusely spent all in amorous Liberalities, at length, from a Fool, tho' late, becomes a wise Man : The *Spaniard* undertakes heroick Enterprizes to please his Mistress : Whilst the *Italian* despises Honour and every thing else, that he may enjoy her.

Certainly the greatest Men in the World have been subject to this soft Passion, and have sacrificed their Reputation, Glory, and Virtue, with their very Reason, to the Regards of Love. How ensnar'd was *Mithridates* in *Pontus*, by a beautiful

tiful Woman? How did *Hannibal* suffer his Courage to be enervated with the Luxuries of *Capua*? So *Hercules* of old left the glorious Toils of War, and suffered his Arms to rust for the sake of his *Iole*. So *Ulysses* was captivated by *Circe*; *Achilles* by *Bri-seis*; and *Cesar* by *Cleopatra*. And thou knowest, that our Annals record strange Things of the Amours of our glorious Monarchs.

There is no Nation free from the Sentiments of Love; yet every Age and Region vary in their Conduct toward Women. Here in the *West*, they are all for Intriguing and Gallantry. They accuse the *Mussulmans* for having more Wives than one, and for keeping as many Concubines as they please; whilst they themselves have their Wives almost in common, and lie with every Wench that comes in their Way; Adultery passes with them for Good-breeding; and Fornication is esteemed as innocent an Action as Eating and Drinking; whereas thou knowest, among the True Believers, these Crimes are punished with Death. Promiscuous Copulation was forbid by *Moses*, *Jesus*, and *Mahomet*; and in general by all the Prophets. It is a sufficient Indulgence, That every Man may marry four Wives, and enjoy as many other Women as he either takes Captives from the Enemy in Wars, or purchases with his Money. But these Infidels had rather follow the Sentiments of the old *Heathen* Lawgivers, and the Examples of idolatrous Nations, than obey God and his Messengers. They applaud *Solon*, the great Lawgiver of the *Athenians*; calling him a wise Man, as he was pronounced by the *Delphick* Oracle; and a generous Patriot, for procuring Harlots to accompany the Youths of the City, and building a Temple to *Venus* out of the Money they got by prostituting themselves.

'Tis certain, Whores were much esteem'd in those Days among the *Grecians*; for the Magistrates built them Publick Houses on purpose, and free for all Comers: They also made Laws, to protect them from Injuries. And so great was the Veneration that besotted People had for them, that when *Perfes* invaded *Greece*, the Harlots of *Corinth* undertook to intercede for their Country, in the Temple of *Venus*. Nay, whatsoever extraordinary Favour they had to ask of that Goddess, it was done by the Mediation of the Whores. And there seems some Reason on their side; since *Venus* herself was translated to Heaven, and made a Goddess for being the greatest Whore and Bawd that ever lived. She first taught the *Cyprian* Women to prostitute their Bodies for Gain.

What a Work did *Aspasia* make, who fill'd all *Greece* with Whores? For the Love of her, and her Wenches, it was, that *Pericles* begun the *Peloponnesian* War that lasted so many Years, and is so much talked of in ancient History. There were also learned Whores; as *Sappho*, the Mistress of *Phaon*: *Sempronia*, *Leana*, and *Leontium*; who wrote publickly in Vindication of their lewd Practice, and inveigh'd against Marriage. There were also noble Whores; as *Rhodope*, who built one of the *Egyptian* Pyramids with the Money given her by the King: *Thais* the *Corinthian*, who was so surpassing beautiful, that she scorn'd to lie with any but Kings and Princes. But *Messalina*, the Wife of *Claudius Caesar*, exceeded them all in the Salaciousness of her Temper. I will not omit to mention *Joan*, Queen of *Naples*, who caused her first Husband to be hang'd, because he could not satisfy her Lust. His Name was *Andrew*, Son to *Elizabeth* Queen of *Hungary*. Her second Husband, to repair the Fault of the first, so wasted his Strength in the conjugal Embraces,

braces, that in a little Time he kill'd himself. Her third Husband was *James* King of *Majorca*, whom she beheaded for lying with another Woman. Her fourth and last Spouse was *Otho* Duke of *Brunswick*: He liv'd to see her hang'd in the same Place, where her first Husband had, by her Order, suffer'd the same Fate. This was the Revenge of *Charles* Prince of *Dyrachium*, Cousin-German to *Andrew* before-mentioned. This Lascivious Queen would have the Company of ten or twelve young Men, one after another, the same Night.

What shall I say of *Semiramis*, Empress of the *Assyrians*; of *Pasiphae* Wife to *Minos* King of *Crete*; or of an hundred other Royal Whores; when it is observable, that the most Illustrious Heroes on Earth have sprung from adulterous Beds? Witness *Hercules*, *Alexander*, *Clodoveus* King of the *Franks*, *Theodorick* the *Goth*, *William* the *Norman*, *Raymir* of *Arragon*, and many more, too tedious to be recited. Nay, few Kings and Princes are born of lawful Mothers.

Doubtless, the Infidel Nations live in great Corruption of Manners; they confound and blend together Divine and Prophane Maxims; from whence result monstrous and abominable Practices, and a general Uncleanneſs of Life in all Things. But the chaste Followers of *Mahomet* have all Customs in Abomination that defile the Soul, and rob it of its native Purity. We obey the Traditions of *Ibrahim*, *Ismael*, and the rest of the Holy Line; who never touch'd any Woman but their own lawful Wives and Concubines; resting contented with this Indulgence of the Omnipotent. We put in practice the Law brought down from Heaven, and the Precepts of the Prophet; which forbid all Adultery, Fornication and Incest. We preserve in our Veins the pure and unpolluted Blood of our Fathers, and transmit the same to our Children, and the Posterity to come; that

that the Promises made to *Abraham*, the Glorious Patriarch of the *East*, may not be disannull'd by the Sins of his Off-spring, but may be verified till the Day when the Moon shall be cancell'd in the Heavens, and all the Stars be blotted out.

Oh Sage *Hamet* ! we are of a sacred Lineage, and illustrious Pedigree. Our Progenitors were the Favourites of Heaven, and Lords of the Earth, by the special Benediction of *God*. The Light of the Eternal shines upon the *Ottoman* House, and is reflected from thence on all the Empire. I pray Heaven that we may not forfeit these Privileges by our own Folly, and cause an ill Report to be whisper'd of us among the Angels, Saints, and Prophets, and throughout the Precincts of Paradise.

I consign thee to the Custody of *God*, and thy Guardian Genius ; wishing thee all manner of Enjoyments that may consist with Purity and Innocence.

Paris, 7th of the 5th Moon
of the Year 1677.



LETTER XII.

To the Captain Bassa.

BY Ships newly arrived from *America*, Advice is brought to this Court of a signal Defeat given to a Squadron of *Dutch* Ships in those Parts, and of the taking of the *Isle Tabago* by the *French*. This Exploit was performed under the Conduct of the Count *d'Estrees*, an Admiral of rising Fame here in the *West*.

But, in my Opinion, the *French* magnify this Enterprize beyond its true Value; for they lost as many Ships and Men as the *Hollanders*; and all the Gain they can boast of, is a Place which will cost them more to defend than it is really worth.

I wonder this potent Monarch does not rather set out a Fleet of Ships well mann'd, and provided in that vast Tract of Land called by Geographers the *Southern* unknown World. It runs along from *East* to *West*, between the *Tropick* of *Capricorn*, and the *Antarctick* Circle; taking up the whole *Southern* temperate Zone, or at least the greatest Part of it. There have been many fabulous Relations of that distant Part of the Globe. Some of the Ancients mentioned it, and modern Writers have utter'd various Conjectures about it. One will have it to be the Original Paradise of *Adam* and *Eve*. Another supposes it to be the Place whither the Ten Tribes of *Israelites* retir'd, that were carried away Captives by *Salmanassar* King of *Assyria*. Which has occasioned so many Disputes and Controversies between different Historians.

Be it how it will, the delightful Situation of that Quarter, has given perhaps Encouragement for such kind of Thoughts ; which I should think were also Invitation sufficient to draw thither the Arms of some magnanimous Prince ; besides the pure Novelty of the Design, and the Glory of making a Descent and Conquest, where no Mortals of our known World had ever set Foot before. Surely they are not afraid that it is enchanted Ground, or that they shall encounter an Army of Devils at their first Landing ; that they shall be trapann'd into hidden Snares of Magick, or be surprized by some Infernal Ambush. What fatal Timorousness, what panick Suspicion is it, that renders Potentates of the Earth thus ingloriously prudent, and wretchedly cautious, to spare their Men, their Ships and Money, when so noble an Undertaking seems to challenge their Courage, and awaken their utmost Resolution to combat a few Difficulties ; which being once vanquished, eternal Honour and Renown follow ?

What Discouragements, Lets, and Obstacles, did not the brave *Columbus* meet with, when he sought the Assistance of several Princes and States to set him out to Sea, that he might discover the then unknown *Western* World ? How coldly was this Project entertained at *Genoa*, his own native Country ? And at last, after long waiting, utterly rejected ? No better Reception found he in the Court of *England*, tho' a Nation claiming the first Rank among the Sea-faring People. What Fatigues did he not undergo, in travelling up and down, by Sea and Land, from one Kingdom and Country to another ? Neither rested he till he had accomplished his Desire, and procur'd Vessels, Men and Money, from the King of *Spain*, to carry on his Enterprize.

Yet he had no other Ground to believe there was any unknown Continent beyond the *Atlantick* Sea, save his own Conjecture, started from the Observations he had made on the Course of the Sun, and the Inequality of the known Part of the Earth, compared with the vast Body of Waters which must be supposed necessary to make up an entire Globe, if there were not some unknown Land extant to supply their Room, and prevent a *Vacuum* in Nature. For he consider'd, that tho' this unequal Balancing of the Globe might pass Muster in the School of Natural Philosophy, yet it could not answer the strict Scrutiny of the Mathematicks; but that there must be an even Counterpoise of Earth and Water, to keep this Ball fast in its *Vortex*; and regular in its Circulation. So that this Great Man built all his well-pitch'd and happy Design upon a bare Geometrical Speculation about it; whereas there is evident Matter of Fact, the Testimony of many authentick Eye-witnesses to prove, that there is such a Land as what I have been speaking of; and all that ever pass the *Magellanick Straights* must have seen it, if they were not blind.

I counsel thee, therefore, mighty *Bassa*, to represent these Things effectually to the *Grand Signior*: It will be no Disgrace if he hearken not to thy Proposals. Shew him the Easiness of the Undertaking; if a small Fleet be fitted up, and sent by way of the *Red Sea*, to make Discoveries toward the *South*: Let them be well mann'd and victuall'd; provided also with all sorts of Arms and Ammunition, in order to a Descent; with Materials and Instruments to raise a Fortrefs, if there be Occasion. 'Tis a thousand to one, if the Inhabitants of those Unknown Regions have ever found out the Use of Guns; which will be a prodigious Advantage on our Side. The very
Thunder

Thunder of the *Mussulman* Artillery will terrify them into Obedience. They will either surrender as to Gods ; or fly, as from Devils ; leaving all the maritime Coasts to the Invader's Possession : Where Colonies of True Believers may be soon planted and established, to the Glory of God and his Prophet, and the Eternal Exaltation of the *Ottoman* Empire.

Great Commander of the *Marine*, I desire thee to pardon the Liberty I take in this Discourse ; and to esteem what I have said, only as the humble Suggestions of an honest Slave, who is zealous for his Master's Honour, the Glory of the *Osman* House, and the General Good of Mankind.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon
of the Year 1677.

LETTER XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM convinced by long and manifold Experience, that God and the World, and every Thing appear to Man in what Figure he pleases. We may make our own Opticks, though the Generality of Men take up with those which are prepared for them by their Fathers and Tutors. We use the Prejudices and Prepossessions of Education, as the *Spaniards* wear their Spectacles, even at Dinner-time for Fashion-sake ; Young and Old, that they may appear Grave and Regular. We adhere to the Opinions we received in our Infancy, with a partial Stiffness and Pride,
Wisdom

that we may not seem to call in Question the Wisdom of our Ancestors, or appear wavering or inconstant our selves. So the Christian Gallants swallow down whole Dozens of venomous Oysters without saying Grace, only because it is the Mode; though they will not venture on a Crust of wholesome Bread without conjuring a Blessing on it, by making the Sign of the Crois, and squinting two or three magical Glances at Heaven, seconded by *Hocus-Pocus* Whispers to compleat the Charm.

But let thou and I be more rational in our Principles and Practice. There is no God that will be banter'd with vain Mummery, or by Musick be melodiously wheedl'd out of his eternal Reason; No Incense can be of Proof to nose the Sense of the Omniscient, nor the most elegant Words delude him, who is perfect in Knowledge. He takes no Delight in the pompous Addresses of the Great; nor is he to be moved by the Multitude of solemn Ceremonies. All that he requires of Man, is, *a Heart conform to the Divine Will, and Actions void of Offence.*

But the Lawgivers and Governors of Nations observing, That there was a certain religious Fear and Reverence of some Divine Power, as it were planted in the Natures of all Men; and considering that this might be improved, with good Management, to the Advantage and Interest of the Commonwealth; they invented Set Forms of Discipline, and Exterior Offices of Worship, which they term'd Holy Rites and Mysteries. These they fortified with severe Laws and Sanctions, inflicting grievous Penalties on the Contemners of the Publick Service perform'd to the Gods. So *Hermes Trismegistus* first taught the *Egyptians*; *Melissus*, the Foster-Father of *Jupiter*, instructed the Inhabitants of *Crete*; *Faunus*, and *Janus*, the *Latins*; *Numa Pompilius* the *Romans*; *Orpheus*

Orpheus the *Grecians*; or, as some say, *Cadmus* the Son of *Agenor*, first instructed that Nation in the Solemnities, which were counted Divine, and which he himself learn'd in *Phoenicia*. He instituted the Consecration of Images and Statues, the Burning of Incense, the Building of Temples and Altars, with the Hymns, Sacrifices, and other magnificent Rites, by which they honour'd the Powers above.

Now that all this religious Pageantry was established only for the Ends of Policy and State, is evident from hence, That the chief Magistrates took the Liberty of making what Gods they pleased, and of increasing or diminishing their Number at Discretion. So that in Process of Time, there were reckon'd no less than thirty thousand Gods in the *Roman* Catalogue; though at first their Kalendar could show but twenty-five Divinities. But when once they had found out a way to distinguish these Divinities into several Classes or Ranks, terming some Gods of the greater Nations, others of the lesser; having also their tutelar *Genii*, their Demi-Gods, their Rural and Household-Gods, &c. there was no limiting the crafty Devices of the Priests and Rulers in imposing, or the Superstition of the credulous People in believing and adoring an infinite Rabble of new, young and unheard-of Divinities.

They took also the same Freedom to change and alter the establish'd Rites and Ceremonies; sometimes abolishing the old and primitive Institutions, and superinducing new ones in their stead; or at least adding to the Heap of insignificant Ceremonies in every Age, some mysterious Novelty, which might please the People, and fasten them in a devout Obedience and Veneration of their pious Guides and Leaders.

Hence

Hence sprung the Dedication of Temples, Fanes, Chapels, Oratories, and certain Days in the Year to the Service of particular Gods; hence arose the Invention and Use of so many sorts of Vessels of Silver and Gold, and other Materials in their Sacrifices; of Lights, Flowers, and Perfumes; of Musick, Pictures, and other Decorations; besides the Rich and Majestick Vestments of the Priests, their grave and compos'd Carriage, Looks and Gestures: All design'd purely to catch the rude and unpolish'd Multitude in the Snares of Priestcraft; to strike their unwary Minds with an Awe and profound Attach for Religion, that so being once made thus flexible, they might warp them to what Bent they pleas'd, and for ever lead 'em in a blind implicit Admiration of they know not what.

'Tis certain that Religion has this Effect on the Vulgar, to make them more Obedient to their Governors, Just to one another, and Zealous for the Publick Welfare: I mean the Religion allow'd by the State: For, where the Subjects dare to make Innovations and Schisms, to set up new Sects and Parties; the greater Zeal each Faction has for their own way of Worship, the more cruel and tragical Disorders are generally committed. So fatal a Thing it is to be Opinionative in Religion, to invade the Priest's Prerogative, and to disturb the quiet Stream of Traditions running in the Channel of Publick Faith from one Generation to another.

My Dear *Dgnet*, let thou and I shun the devout Superstition of Bigots, and the wanton Prophaneness of Libertines and Atheists, adoring One God with sincere Faith and a Reason void of Error: Let us also keep our Lives free from all Injustice and Vice, which will be of
F more

more Comfort to us than if we had sacrific'd every Day a Thousand Bulls.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1677.

LETTER XIV.

To Kerker Haffan, Bassa.

THE Subject of most Mens Discourse at present in this City, is the Taking of *Friburg* by the *French*. This is a City of *Germany*, whereot I made frequent mention in my Letters when I first came to *Paris*. It is situated on a certain Height near a small River, and is encompass'd with two Walls; strengthned also by a Citadel, four Bastions, and other Fortifications. The Emperor has likewise a strong Garrison in it.

On the 10th of this Moon, the Mareschal de *Crequi* besieg'd it, and press'd it with such vigorous Assaults, and continual Batteries, that the Governor found himself oblig'd to surrender it on the 17th, when the Mareschal took Possession of it in the Name of the *French* King.

The Imperialists cannot boast of equal Success when they besiege Towns or Fortresses in the Hands of the *French*. For not long before this, the Prince of *Orange*, General of the Confederate Armies in *Flanders*, undertook the Siege of *Charleroy*, a Place of Strength in those Parts. But the want of Provisions, together with the stout Resistance of the Inhabitants, and the Duke of *Luxemburgh's* Approach with the *French* Army, forced him to decamp and retire.

The

The Duke of *Luxemburgh* is a Valiant and Sage General, in high Esteem with the *French*: But his Enemies say, he is a *Magician*, and deals with the Devil, because of the good Successes which generally crown his Enterprizes: So impossible it is for a Man of extraordinary Virtues, and Heroick Endowments, to escape without Envy and scandalous Aspersions. 'Tis as natural for the Vulgar to inveigh against Generous Souls, as 'tis for Dogs to bark at the Moon. Yet that Planet appears impassible; and not being mov'd at the Snarls of invidious Animals, keeps on her Heavenly Course in Majesty and Silence. So do Souls that are truly Noble condemn the Censures of the Inferior Part of Man, and never stop till they arrive at the *Meridian* and *Zenith* of Perfection.

Most Serene and Illustrious *Arab*, thou art a lively Example of this, and I dare say no more, lest I offend thy Modesty. May perpetual Benediction and Glory crown thy Years that are yet to come.

*Paris, 29th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1676.*

The END of the Second Book.



LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. VIII.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

*To the Wifest of the Wise, the most
Venerable Mufti.*

I Obey thy Commands without the least Demur: And now proceed to write of the *Macedonian* Empire. I remember a Dispatch of mine to thy Venerable Predecessor of Sacred Memory, wherein I touch'd upon some Passages of the Life of that Heroick and Magnanimous Prophet, *Alexander* the Great. But now I will inform thee more at large concerning his Birth, Education, and Renowned Performances.

Alexander, as the *Greeks* and *Latins* call him, with all the Nations of the *West*; or *Scander*, *Ascander*,

Alexander, and *Zulkarneck*, according to the Style of the *Arabians*, *Persians*, *Indians*, *Tartars*, and other People of the *East*, was born in the CVIth Olympiad; 398 Years after the Building of *Rome*, and in the Year of the World 3628, on the 6th Day of the Moon *Loo*, or *Hecatombæon*, according to the Style of the *Grecians*. The same Night was the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus* set on Fire. And on the same Day two Eagles came and perch'd on the Top of his Father's House, where they sat all the Day; which was taken as an Omen of the Double Empire he was to have over *Europe* and *Asia*.

Philip King of *Macedon*, and Husband to *Olympias*, was the Reputed Father of *Alexander*, as she was his Known Mother. But some Historians say, That a certain Magician called *Nectanebus*, by his Enchantments disguizing himself in the Form of *Jupiter Ammon*, lay with *Olympias*, and begot *Alexander*. Others affirm, that *Olympias* herself confessed to *Philip*, That *Alexander* was not his Son, but that she had conceiv'd him of a prodigious great Serpent. Whence it came to pass, that *Philip* himself, a little before his Death, openly declar'd, That *Alexander* was not his Son. And for the same Reason he divorc'd *Olympias*, as an Adulteress by her own Confession.

These Reports were so common at that Time, that *Alexander* afterwards hearing the Story of his supposed Serpentine Genealogy, and that other of *Nectanebus* in the Masquerade of a God; when he march'd through *Egypt*, took Advantage of the latter, to impose upon the Credulity and Superstition of his Soldiers. For being to pass by the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, he made a Halt to visit the Oracle. But he had privately sent before some of his Trusty Friends to acquaint the Priests with his Design, and to tell

them what manner of Words and Address they should use to him as he enter'd the Temple, in the Hearing of his Followers.

Having thus prepar'd those Holy Cheats, he with much Ceremony and seeming Devotion made his Approaches to the Temple. As soon as he set his Foot within the *Portico*, the Seniors of the Priests met him in their Pontifical Robes, with Censers in their Hands, and thus saluted him; All Hail, Son of *Jupiter Ammon*. *Alexander* being pleas'd at this, ask'd them farther, *If all his Father's Murderers were punish'd; or, If any yet survived?* To which it was answer'd, *O Son of the Immortal Gods! Thy Father cannot be murder'd or die. As for King Philip, his Blood is fully reveng'd on them that had a Hand in shedding it.* Then he added another Question concerning his future Success. To which the Oracle replied, *The Victory shall be thine in all Battles; Thou shalt become Lord of all the East.* The same Mouth also gave in Charge to the Retinue of *Alexander*, *That they should adore him, not as a King, but as a God.* Returning from thence, he built *Alexandria*, calling it after his own Name.

I have not observ'd a due Method in relating this Story so soon; whilst I was but representing the New-born Hero in his Cradle. But I did it to convince thee, That the various Opinions concerning *Alexander's* Father, are not the Fictions of Wanton Writers, but such as employ'd the Care and Diligence of *Alexander* himself to improve them to his own Interest, and his Mother's Honour: For it was accounted a Glorious Thing to be Impregnant by a God.

To return therefore to the Infant Prophet; He grew apace, and discover'd early Signs of a prodigious Wit and Courage. At the Age of Fifteen Years, he was committed to the Care and Tutelage
of

of *Aristotle*, under whom he studied the Sciences Five Years; and then his Father *Philip* being murder'd, he succeeded in the Throne. The same Year also, *Darius Codomannus* obtained the Empire of *Persia*. Against whom *Alexander*, with the common Consent of almost all *Greece*, prepared to go with a well-disciplin'd Army, that he might carry on the War which his Father had begun. Only the *Lacedemonians*, *Thebans*, and *Athenians* thwarted his Design; being corrupted by *Demosthenes* the Orator, who for that purpose had received vast Sums of Gold from *Darius*. But *Alexander* soon reduc'd these Factious States and Kingdoms to their Duty; utterly destroying the City of *Thebes*, with the Slaughter of 90000 of the Citizens, besides 30000 Captives. This was executed on the 15th of the Moon *Boedromion*, in the 2d Year of the CXIth Olympiad. He only spar'd the Host of *Philip* his Father, when he was left as a Pledge in that City, whose House was left untouch'd, as also that of *Pindar's* Posterity.

From thence passing the *Hellepont*, he march'd into *Asia*, in the Year of the World 3650; and in the 3d Year of his Reign. He had in his Army 30000 Foot and 4500 Horse. As soon as he set Foot on the Ground of *Asia*, he made the Royal *Corban* and Vows for Victory. Then he darted a Javelin into the Earth, in Token of Defiance. After which, when he came to *Troy*, he perform'd certain Holy Rites and Mysteries at the Tombs of Defunct Heroes, who fell in the *Trojan* War. When these Ceremonies were accomplish'd, he marched directly against the *Persians*, who were in Number 600000 Fighting Men. I will not tire thee with all the Particularities that happen'd in their March. Suffice it to say, That *Alexander* with his Handful of *Macedonians*, after many Victories obtained of the *Persians*, at length

quite Routed the Army of *Darius*, and took Possession of that once Formidable Empire.

But there are some remarkable Passages in this Expedition, which deserve to be remembered: As, his wonderful Continnence and Humanity toward the Mother, Wife and Daughters of *Darius*; whom he entertain'd in his Camp after they fell into his Hands, rather as the Kindred of some Beloved Friend, than of a Profess'd Enemy. The Story also of his loosing the Gordian Knot, is not unworthy thy Knowledge.

It seems, in former Times, one *Gordius*, as he plough'd the Fields, was surrounded with a Flight of Birds of all Kinds. Being troubled at this, he left his Work, and hasted to the next City, there to enquire of the *Augurs*, what the Meaning of this should be. As he enter'd the Gate of the City, he met a Virgin of incomparable Beauty, of whom he ask'd, *Where he might find the most Skilful Sage, with whom he might consult about a Matter of some Importance.* Then he told the inquisitive Damsel what had happen'd to him in the Field. As soon as she heard this, being well vers'd in these Mysterious and Prophetick Sciences, she told him, *That he should be made a King.* And to confirm him in the Belief of what she said, she promis'd to become his Wife, that so she might be Partner of his Future Happiness. In a word, they were married; and soon after, there arose a Strife among the *Phrygians*, which was like to prove of dangerous Consequence: Therefore the People consulted the Oracle, *What was to be done in this Case, to prevent the Publick Desolation?* It was answer'd, *That the only Remedy for these Discords was to chuse them a King.* And when they ask'd, *What Person they should chuse to this Dignity?* It was answer'd again, *that they should Elect that Man for their King, whom they first met with a Waggon, as*
they

they went thence to the Temple of *Jupiter*. *Gordius* proved the Man, and they obeyed the Oracle, saluting him their Sovereign. *Gordius* as a Memorial of this Event, set up his *Wain* in the Temple of *Jupiter*, consecrating it to the Royal Majesty.

After him his Son *Midas* reign'd, who fill'd *Phrygia* with religious Observations. Whence arose the common Oracle, *That whosoever should loose the Knot of the Thongs in the Waggon of Gordius, should obtain the Empire of all Asia.*

Alexander hearing this, and being spurr'd on by Ambition, besieged *Gordia*; and having taken the City, makes haste to the Temple of *Jupiter*, where he understood the Waggon was laid up. As soon as he saw it, he try'd to find out the Ends of the Thongs, that so he might loose the Knot: But perceiving that it was impossible to come at them without using Violence, he interpreted the Oracle in the Sense of a Soldier, and cut the outermost Foldings of the Knot with his Sword. Upon which all the Ends of the Thongs appeared, and so he easily performed the fatal Task.

Yet this heroick Prophet, as he had great Virtues, so had he no less Vices. He was very cruel to his nearest Relations and Friends; killing *Caranus* his Brother by a Step-mother, *Clitus* his old dear Friend; *Parmenio*, *Phylotas*, *Amyntas*, *Attalus*, *Eurylochus*, *Pausanius*, and many other *Macedonian* Princes, some of which were of his own Blood. Add to this, his barbarous Usage of *Calisthenes* the Philosopher, who was brought up with him under *Aristotle*. This poor unfortunate Man refusing to flatter the King's Pride in calling him a God, so disgusted *Alexander*, that feigning himself very angry, he charged him with being accessory to the Plots and Conspiracies that were form'd against him. Then he caused

all his Limbs to be mangled and chopp'd after an inhuman Fashion. He commanded also his Ears, Nose and Lips to be cut off; which not only gave the poor Wretch infinite Torment, but also render'd him a most deform'd and miserable Spectacle to others. And, to compleat his Revenge, he caus'd him in this doleful Plight to be shut up in a Cage with a Dog, and so to be carried about to the Terror of others.

Then *Lyfimachus*, one of *Alexander's* Generals, and a Disciple of *Calisthenes*, taking Pity on so great a Sage, who suffer'd at his barbarous Usage, not for any real Crime that he had committed, but only for using that Freedom in his Words and Actions which becomes a Philosopher, gave him Poison, to rid him at once of so many horrid Calamities.

But *Alexander* took so heinously this, that he commanded *Lyfimachus* to be thrown to a very fierce Lion. As soon as the furious Beast saw him, he roar'd and paw'd the Ground for Joy, and ran upon him with an impetuous Force. But *Lyfimachus* not losing his Courage, wrapp'd his Hand in his Mantle, and thrust it down the Lion's Throat; where laying fast hold of his Tongue, he pulled it out by the Roots, and left the Lion for dead.

When this was told the King, he, admiring the invincible Virtue of the Man, not only forgave him this Offence, but had him in higher Esteem all his Life afterwards.

We must not omit that memorable Action of *Alexander*, when stomaching the Surrender of *Sidon* to his Victorious Arms, in that it was delivered up by the People against the Will of *Strato* their King; the Conqueror pronouncing *Strato* unworthy of the Crown, bid *Hephestion* place him in the Throne whom the *Sidonians* should

should approve as *Strato's* Successor. *Hephestion* willing to prefer to that Dignity a noble young *Sidonian*, who was his Favourite, offered him the Crown. But the generous Youth refused the Honour; alledging, That it was against the Laws of his Country, for any Man to reign who was not of the Royal Blood. *Hephestion* admiring the Greatness of his Soul, said, "God increase your
 " Virtues and Graces, illustrious Friend, who
 " are the first that ever understood how much
 " more magnanimous it is to despise than to ac-
 " cept a Crown. Be it therefore in your Power
 " to bestow the Kingdom on any Man of the
 " Royal Blood, whom you think fit for so great
 " a Charge." Then he pitched upon one *Abdolonymus*, a poor Gardener in the Suburbs of *Sidon*; who was of the Race of the *Sidonian* Kings, but through extreme Poverty was grown obscure, and forced to take up that Employment to get his Bread. *Hephestion* approved the Choice: And this noble Youth, with some of his Friends, immediately went with the Royal Robes and Ensigns of Majesty to look out *Abdolonymus*, whom they found weeding his Garden in a very dirty, squalid Condition. Saluting him therefore King in the Name of *Alexander* the Great, they washed and anointed him with precious Oils of the *East*; and having put on the Robes of Sovereign Majesty, they conducted him to the Conqueror: Who among other Discourses, asked him, *How he was able so patiently to endure that extreme Poverty which had hitherto been his Lot?* To which he replied, *I wish I may endure the Burden of a Crown with the same Ease. These Hands served the Necessities of Life, and my Wants were answerable to my Possessions, even none at all.* *Alexander* perceiving by this Answer the Greatness of his Spirit, gave him all the Royal Furniture of *Strato*, with

much of the *Persian* Booty, and added all the Countries round about *Sidon* to his Government.

Much about the same time, *Alexander* going to *Jerusalem*, was met by *Jaddus* the High Priest in his Pontifical Habit. Who falling at the Conqueror's Feet, to implore Favour and Mercy for his City and People; *Alexander* raised him up, and embracing him in his Arms, *bid him fear nothing, for that God had appeared to him in Macedonia, in the same Figure and Form as the High Priest made, exhorting him to carry on the Persian War, and promising him certain Victory.* After this, the High Priest conducted him into the City and Temple, where he sacrificed and made *Corban*. He also gave the *Jews* many ample Privileges.

There is one Thing more in the Life of *Alexander*, which because it has something very singular in it, I will insert in this Dispatch.

After the Conquest of *Persia*, as *Alexander* was marching forward, that he might extend his Empire through all the *East*; *Thalestris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, hearing of his Fame, took a Journey of five and twenty Days, through many populous Nations, attended only by three hundred Women, and came to his Camp, courting the Honour of his Bed. For she had conceived an insatiable Desire of having a Child by him, whom all the *East* proclaimed the greatest Hero in the World. *Alexander* granted her Request; and when she had enjoyed his Company thirteen Days, she departed well satisfied into her own Country, promising; that if she brought forth a Male, she would send him to his Father, according to the Manner of the *Amazons*; but if a Female, she would keep it her self.

From hence *Alexander* marched against *Bessus*, who had murder'd *Darius*, and caused himself to be proclaimed King of *Persia* by the Name of *Artaxerxes*.

taxerxes. Having overcome him and punished his Treasons, he proceeded, and subdued all the Regions running along the Foot of Mount *Caucasus*. In fine, he extended his Conquests to the utmost Borders of *India*, even to the *Oriental Sea*; where he took Shipping, and returned to *Babylon*, partly by Sea, and partly by Land. An Astrologer of great Reputation met him by the way, and dissuaded him by all the Arguments he could use from entering the City, assuring him that Place would be fatal to his Person. But though *Alexander* made some Demur at first, and seem'd to credit the Words of the Sage; yet being over-ruled by the Counsel of *Anexarchus* the Philosopher, he enter'd *Babylon*, where he died; some say of Poison; others affirm, that he surfeited himself with too much Wine. This was in the 33d Year of his Life, and the 12th of his Reign.

There was a deep and melancholy Silence throughout *Babylon*, when once it was known; *That the Conqueror of the World was dead.* Every one was possessed with various Thoughts and Cares, according to their different Affections and Interests: The *Macedonians* inwardly rejoic'd, as if they were now rid of some great and formidable Enemy, cursing his Severity and restless Temper, which had expos'd them to so many Toils and Perils of War. Besides, the *Princes* flatter'd themselves with a Prospect of enjoying every one his Share in so vast an Empire. And the private Soldiers had their Eyes intently fix'd on the immense Treasures of Gold which *Alexander* left behind him, and which they hoped to share among them. For there were at that time fifty thousand Talents in Bank; and three hundred thousand coming in yearly by way of Tribute and Custom.

On the other side, the conquered Nations would not at first give Credit to the Report of those who

who carried the News of *Alexander's* Fate. For they thought he must needs be immortal, whom they had always found invincible. But when Couriers upon Couriers had removed their Incredulity, bringing fresh Expresses from *Babylon* they mourned for him, not with bare Outward Ceremonies, as for an Enemy that had subdued them; but with real Sorrow, as for a Father that had protected and cherished them.

More especially the Grief of *Darius's* Mother was remarkable; who, though ~~she~~ had lost eighty of her Brethren, with their Father, all cruelly murder'd by *Ochus*; though ~~she~~ had lost *Darius*, the only surviving of seven Sons; and was her self cast down from the Height of Majesty to the abject State of a Captive; yet she bore all with an even Mind, till *Alexander's* Death; whose Indulgence alone whilst living, had supported her under so many grievous Calamities. But as soon as he had forsaken the Earth, she grew weary of tarrying any longer on it too. Not that she esteemed an Enemy above her Father, Brethren, and her Son, but because she had experienced in him whom she dreaded as an Enemy, the Goodness and Piety, the Modesty and Regard of all these Relations.

This great Monarch being dead, and not having appointed a Successor, there were almost as many Kings as there were Governors of Provinces, and Leaders in the Army. Hence sprung innumerable Confusions, Wars and Disorders in the Empire. There were Tumults and Insurrections in *Greece*, especially at *Athens*, where the Citizens under the Conduct of *Leosthenes* their Captain, invited the rest of the *Grecians* to assert their Liberty by taking Arms. Nor were there less Stirs in *Asia* and *Egypt*. Every where Mens Minds were unsettled, and desirous of Novelty. *Ptolomy* had *Egypt* for his Share of the cantonized Empire. There he estab-

blished himself and Posterity by the Name of Kings. *Seleucus* took Possession of *Babylon* and *Syria*, with the same Title. *Cassander* reign'd over *Macedon* and *Greece*. *Antigonus* govern'd *Asia*, and *Lysimachus* *Thrace*. But *Antigonus* soon lost his Empire, being overcome and kill'd in a Battel by *Ptolemy* and his Comrades : So did the rest either in their own Persons, or in their Posterity, yielding to the prevailing Fortune of their Enemies, till at length all these shatter'd Remains of the *Macedonian* Empire became Provinces of the *Romans*. Of which I will say something in my next.

In the mean while, I triumph to think that the *Ottoman* Empire is now become more formidable, large and victorious, than all that went before it. May God increase the Felicities and Honours of True Believers, till the Day of the final Metamorphosis.

Paris, 7th of the 5th Moon
of the Year 1678.

L E T T E R II.

To Mufu Abu'l, Yahyan, *Professor*
of Philosophy at Fez.

I Received thy venerable Dispatch with great Satisfaction, and am glad to find thou art so far from being tired with what I have already said concerning *Constantinople*, that thou challengest me with a Promise I formely made thee, of giving thee a farther Account of what I have observed there most remarkable.

In

In describing this Imperial City, I have imitated the Painters, who, when they would draw a Beauty to the Life, do not go arithmetically to work, or observe any Order in their rough Draughts. But following the Conduct of a wild and strong Fancy, they draw their Pencil here and there, as that volatile Fancy inspires them, regarding only the Symmetry of the Picture, without preferring one Part to another, or being curious in delineating every little Singularity. So I in pourtraying this Queen of Cities, this superlative Beauty of the whole Earth, draw my Strokes at random; not designing to present thee with an Anatomy Lecture over her, or to unveil all her interior Secrets: But only to give thee a transient View of those Parts which appear most eminent, and attract the Eyes of all Travellers. And this I do not perform all at once (it were too great a Task) but even like them, by Fits and Starts, as I find my Opportunities.

I have hitherto presented thee with a Prospect of very magnificent and curious Objects; as Temples, Mosques, Aquæducts, Columns, Obelisks, Bazars, &c. Now prepare thine Eyes for an Entertainment of another Nature. I will shew thee Things, though perhaps not so illustrious to outward Appearance, or strutting with Royal Grandeur, yet sufficiently great and splendid, to perpetuate the Memory of the Founders, and to convey their Fame to all Generations. Things also of publick Use and Service; Designs of Charity, Policy, and generous Wisdom; Undertakings of a noble and heroick Character; as thou wilt perceive by the following Account.

No Traveller can survey the Streets of Constantinople, and not have his Eyes arrested here
and

and there by most capacious and ample *Carvansera's*, where all distressed Foreigners, and such as are destitute of a more convenient Lodging, may in any of these find a Shelter and Sanctuary from the Injuries of open Air, from Night-Robbers, and other Inconveniencies. These *Carvansera's* are in Number three hundred and three, built at the Expences of *Ottoman* Princes and *Bassa's*.

There are also in this City ninety Hospitals, where the Poor are nourished, and the Sick attended with extraordinary Piety and Care.

Besides all these, there are five Colleges where the Sciences are publickly professed and taught; and where a certain Number of young Men are educated, and maintained at the *Grand Seignior's* Cost, being constant Stipendaries to the *Sultan*. There are many such Colleges scatter'd up and down *Caramania*, *Natolia*, and throughout *Greece*, and the *Lesser Asia*: So that the Number of Students, in these Countries, is computed to be above Nine thousand; not reckoning those in *Arabia*, *Syria*, and *Egypt*, where flourish innumerable Seminaries of Divine and Human Wisdom.

But to return to *Constantinople*; the next Thing worthy of Observation, is the *Serayan*, or House of Equipages, where are made all sorts of Trappings for Horses, especially Saddles of immense Cost, and admirable Workmanship. This Place is also environ'd with high Walls, and shut in with strong Gates. There cannot be a more agreeable Sight to such as take Pleasure in Horses and Riding, than to see Four thousand Men here daily at work in their Shops, each striving to excel the rest in the Curiosity of his Artifice. You shall see one busy in spangling a Saddle with great *Oriental* Pearls, and Unions intermixed, for some *Arabian* Horse, belonging perhaps to the *Vizier Azem*; another fitting a Curb, or Bit
of

of the purest Gold to a Bridle of most precious *Russian* Leather: Some adorn their Trappings with choice *Phrygian* Work; others with Diamonds, Rubies, and the most costly Jewels of the *East*. In a word, there is so illustrious a Variety of these Accoutrements, that the Eye is astonished at the Sight of them: And I have heard many Travellers acknowledge, that the like is not to be seen in any City of the World beside *Constantinople*. I know not what may be in your Cities of *Morocco* and *Fez*, in regard the *Moors* are great Cavaliers.

There are, moreover, two finer Places in the City, encompassed with peculiar Walls. In these the *Janizaries* are posted, who are the *Guards du Corps* to the *Grand Signior*. They are under the Command of *Decurions*, without whose Leave no *Janizary* dare set a Foot out of the Place.

Next is the *Arsenal* of the City, built on the Seashore, containing a Hundred and eighty Arches; under which are very elegant *Portico's*, or *Piazza's* where People walk. There are above Forty thousand Men daily at work in this *Arsenal*; and Eighty great Gallies lie there always in Readiness for any sudden Expedition.

Besides, there is another in the Suburbs, wherein there always lie a Hundred and fifty great Galeons on the Stocks; and Sixty fitted up with all Necessaries, constantly lie in the Water.

The Granaries, or Store-Houses for Corn, present themselves next. They are built in a Corner of the City toward *Pera*, where the Walls are far stronger than in any other Part, and the Gates are of Iron. Here is always laid up an immense Quantity of Wheat and Barley, as also of other Grain, as if it were to serve for many Years; yet it is changed for new Corn every three Years. They say, that in the Reign of

Amurath

Amurath III. there was an incredible Abundance of Millet found there; whose Virtue was much admired, in that it had lain there eighty Years sound, and free from any Corruption.

I have purposely omitted to speak of the two Royal *Serails*, since the least of them will require a large Letter by it self, to be described exactly. Only this I will say in short, that the least is a *French* League in Circuit, or three *Italian* Miles; and the biggest, wherein the *Grand Signior* dwells, is a League and two Thirds, or five *Italian* Miles. The former is called *Eschi Saray*, or the old Palace; the latter is named *Bryuch Saray*, or the Great *Serail*. If thou desirest a farther and more particular Description of these Royal Courts, I will send it thee in future Dispatches; for it will be too large for one.

In the mean Time I must not forget the *Mosque* of *Jub*, where our *Sultans* receive the Sword when they first come to the Crown. This is a Building of great Antiquity, seated in the farthest Angle of the City near the Haven. Over against it are the *Sultan's* Stables, having very fair Gardens adjoin'd to them. Not far from thence is the *Topana*, or Gun-Yard, where there lies a vast Number of Brass Pieces of Ordnance without Carriages; of which some are turn'd directly against the Haven.

As you pass from this Palace, it is impossible to avoid the Sight of a Pillar, which shoots up from the Top of a Rock, at some Distance from the City. This Column is all of white Marble, and was erected by *Cn. Pompey*, as a Monument of his Victory over *Mithridates*, the King of *Pontus*. On this Side of the City, there is nothing hardly to be seen for eight Miles together, but Houses built for Pleasure and Delight, with most beautiful Groves and Gardens.

Over

Over against the City stands *Pera*, an Arm of the Sea coming between them. This Suburb or Borough is inhabited chiefly by *Grecians*, and *Western Franks*.

Round about this Suburb are many pretty Country-Houses, Farms and Granges most deliciously seated in the midst of high Tufts of Trees, with Green Fields, and Crystal Streams adjoining to them; where the Ambassadors of Foreign Princes make their Abode sometimes.

I will not carry thee from *Nience* to *Scutari*, tho' a great and stately Village, within the Liberty also of the *Imperial* City. I will not detain thee with the Singularities of *Thracian Chersonesus*, or drill thee along to *Calipolis*; tho' this were the first Town in *Europe*, which *Amurath* took in the Year 1363. My Design is altogether at *Constantinople*: Therefore having survey'd *Pera*, which is also called *Galata*, let us cross the Water, and return again to the Mother City; that we may know what manner of Government there is in it, and how the Laws are executed.

The Chief Magistrate is called *Stambal Cadisi*, or Judge of *Constantinople*: Before him are pleaded all Causes both Criminal and Civil. He has four Deputies under him, who separately govern the four Chief Precincts of the City. There is likewise an Officer called *Sebassi*, whose Business is to take Cognizance of every one's Crime that is seized in the Streets or Houses, and to refer it to the *Supreme Vizier*. He has also four Deputies under him; and all Men are bound to assist him in Case of Difficulty.

The Common Prison of *Constantinople* is divided into two Parts, the Upper and the Lower. The Upper is only for Civil Offences, and has an airy Green Court in the middle of it, with a Fountain continually spouting up Water; which something diminishes

diminishes the Squalidness of the Place. The Lower is for Capital Crimes, and is a very Sink of Horror and Loathsomeness.

Flower of Philosophers, I pray God, who gave us our Senses, always grant them agreeable Objects, and defend us from all noisome Scents, especially from the pestilential Fumes of Hell; which, they say, at certain Times transpire thro' the Chinks and Crannies of the Earth, infecting this Upper World with deplorable Contagions. May the Odours of Paradise refresh us for ever, O sensible *Musu*!

Paris, 19th of the 4th Moon
of the Year 1678.

L E T T E R III.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

EVery Year the *French* gain Ground of their Enemies; they make prosperous Campaigns, and always come off Conquerors.

In the beginning of the 3^d Moon, the King caused *Ghent* to be besieged by the Marechal *d'Humiers*. This City is the Capital of all *Flanders*, and is divided into several Quarters or Isles: So is the Country round about it, by certain Rivers and Channels, which render it of extreme difficult Access, and spoils all Communication. It is one of the greatest Cities in *Europe*; and is defended by a Counterscarp, a large Ditch, good Ramparts, and many Bastions. The Inhabitants boast that it was founded by *Julius Caesar*. They have been able to raise an Army of Fifty thousand Men among themselves, whenever they have

have been inclined to revolt from their Sovereign. Yet they could not hold out above ten Days against the present Arms of *France*; but seeing the Vigor with which they were attack'd on all Sides, and despairing of any Succours, they surrender'd on Articles.

Next to this, the City of *Ypres* was surrender'd to them on the 25th of the same Moon, after a Siege of eight Days. This is another considerable City in *Flanders*.

Nor have the *French* Arms been unsuccessful in *Catalonia*, under the Command of the Duke de *Noailles*: This General having taken *Puicerda*, the Capital City of that Province, and a Place of great Strength; being seated on the Top of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, and defended by a Castle built on a Rock. The Prince of *Conde* won it in the Year 1664, but it was afterwards restored to the *Spaniards* again by the Treaty of the *Pyrenees*; who fortified it anew with all the modern Forms. This City has under its Command above eighty Villages; and draws Contributions from all the Province of *Cerdagne*. It secures the Possession of *Roussillon*, covers the Frontiers of *Languedoc*, and is esteemed second only to *Barcelona*, of all the Cities in these Parts.

From *Germany*, and the Provinces bordering on the *Rhine*, Fame transports hither successive Relations of Battles fought between the *French* and the *Imperialists*, wherein the former always get the Victory. The *Mareschal de Crequi* engaged with him first near *Grotzingen*; where the Prince of *Baden*, and forty Officers of Note were wounded on the Enemy's Side: The Count of *Liqueville*, a Commander under the Duke of *Lorraine*, with many others, were taken Prisoners. The *French* took from them a great Number of Standards, kill'd abundance of their Men, and in fine, remain'd Masters of the Field.

No less Advantage had they in the 9th Moon, on the Plains of *Rheinfeldt*, near the River *Rhine*; where they killed above 800 *Imperialists* upon the Spot; and the Bridge of *Rheinfeldt* was so crammed with dead Bodies, that they served as a Barrier to stop the *French* from pursuing their Victory to the Gates of the City.

The *Mareschal de Crequi* also defeated a Body of 6000 Horse and Dragoons, commanded by the Duke of *Lorraine*, near to *Offembourg*; which was followed by the Taking of *Ortamburg* Castle, and the Fort of *Keil*, which the *Mareschal* razed to the Ground. He took also the Fort of *Zolhausen*; and encountering the Duke of *Lorraine*, near a Place called *Laughterburg*, he set upon him, and kill'd 400 of his Men, as they were passing a Bridge of the *Rhine*, and took 300 Prisoners.

If they go on at this Rate Year after Year, it will be difficult to set the Limits of their continually growing Empire. Only we need not fear that they will ever be able to juggle the *Faithful Osmans* out of the Patrimony appointed them by Destiny.

Serene Minister, the *Crescent* out-shines the Cross; the *Alcoran* supersedes the Bible; and all Things yield to the invincible Arms of *True Believers*.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1678.



LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Dalimalched, the Widow of Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Customs, and Superintendant of the Arsenal at Constantinople.

THOU mayest be assured it is no Compliment, when I tell thee, I condole thy Loss. He that is dead was my Brother, as well as thy Husband: And the Friendship which was between us, united us more closely than did our Blood. We never thought any Thing too much to perform in the Service of each other, provided it did not entrench upon our Honour; but we greedily snatched every Opportunity of demonstrating our mutual Affections.

He is gone to infinite Joy, to a Place of Refreshment, where he banquets on the Reversion of his good Works in this Life; he revels at large, and without Contradiction, or Murmuring of Women, in full Bowls of the *Ambrosia* of Paradise. No peevish Female interrupts his Joy, or turns his Smiles to Frowns by her unworthy Carriage. He lies stretched out at Ease upon the Crimson-Beds of *Eden*, with Pages waiting on him; whose Eyes are like the polished Pearl. Each bears a Golden Goblet, crusted with Saphyrs in his Hand, full charged with Wine, which mortal Kings would give their Kingdoms for. Those heavenly Youths perform their Parts with admirable Grace, and dutiful Exactness: They wait the Minute of their Lord's Desire. With humble Resignation, the fair *Cupids* stand encompassing his Bed; each being emulous of the rest; all striving with an agreeable Generosity, who shall serve their Master first, and with the greatest Promptness.

When

When *Pesteli* pleases to divert himself with Women, it is but to wish, and one more fair than e'er *Apelles* drew, presents herself, chaste as *Diana*, yet as kind as *Venus*. No coy Demurs protract the Enjoyment of his Wish, nor is there the least Sign of Impudence to pall it. But in perfect Love they meet each other, and unite their Hearts: and so they pass their Time in constant unrepented Bliss.

He traverses the pleasant Walks of *Eden*, and sits him down upon the Banks of her immortal Rivers: Rivers that stream with Wine, and Milk, and Honey. Under the Shade of happy Trees he lies upon the flowry Green, in the Caressees of some lovely Daughters of Paradise. Whilst *Aromatick* Winds inspire him with diviner Passions than *Endymion* felt in the Embraces of *Diana*. O happy State of separate Souls that part from Earth in Purity! Their Pleasures know no Bounds, no End!

For, what I have said is only emblematical, describing in sensible short Figures those Raptures and transcendent Joys, which cannot otherwise be express'd. Whatever elevated Fancy can conceive of Bliss, is all by infinite Odds surpassed in the Enjoyment of the Happy Souls above. There is no Number, Weight, or Measure of their eternal and superlative Felicities. They pass from Joy to Joy, and sport in endless Circles of Beatitude. O Region ever to be desired? O Gardens of incomparable Beauty; where the liberal Monarch of the Universe regales the wearied Souls of Mortals with Banquets of inestimable Price, and unmatch'd Delicacy, after their toilsome Pilgrimage on Earth.

If *Pesteli* could hear, I would congratulate his Happiness, instead of condoling thy Misfortune in losing such a Husband. He has escaped the Shipwrecks of this lower World, this Sea of Grief

and Tragedies. He is got safe into the Harbour of eternal Rest, the Port of Peace, and landed on the Strand of the Omnipotent's Serail, where Guards of Angels waited on him to the Throne of *Allah*, with *ten thousand Flambeaux burning in the Walks of Eden.*

But tell me, *Dalimalched*, were not you something in the Fault, that the generous *Pesteli* left us both so soon? Did you not fret and teaze his high-born Soul with Words which might have well been spared to a Man of so quick Sense? Doubtless he needed not your fuming Lectures, and more silent Discipline of Pouts. If he committed Faults, (as who does not?) he was soon sensible without a Reprimand. There was no Occasion to keep him half a Moon in *Paroxysms* of Melancholy and Grief. This was too hard a Penance for his Spirit to bear. But you Women have Ways by yourselves, unintelligible to our Sex. Your Windings and Turnings are intricate as those of Serpents. *Dadalus* himself, were he now alive, though once the Glory of Labyrinth-Makers, yet would be puzzled to trace your Sex, in all your secret, wild, unknown Meanders. Ye are all the very changeable Things of the Earth. *No body knows what to make of you.*

Dalimalched, I tell thee, *A Woman never commands a Man, unless he be a Fool, but by her Obedience: that way she wins his Heart, and makes a thorough Conquest of his Affections.* She wheedles him out of his Sovereignty by cunning Complaisance and proper Capitulations, or at least, by this Method she saves herself. She will not thwart him in the Torrent of his Passion, but meekly yields to the mighty Stream, and will not suffer her Tongue to move but in the Eddy of his Wrath.

In a word, *A good Woman consults her Husband's Pleasure in all Things*: And if thou hast done so, the World has nothing to say to thee. But if otherwise, I advise thee to remain a Widow, lest the next Man that marries thee, should revenge the Injuries my Brother receiv'd at thy Hands; *For this is one Way of taming Shrews.*

Paris, 27th of the 10th Moon
of the Year 1678.

L E T T E R V.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

I Hope thou wilt pardon me, most illustrious Minister, that I have thus long delay'd to give thee a farther Account of the States of *Europe*: But now I will proceed; and according to thy Command, begin where I left off.

Having already discours'd of *Germany*, I will descend into the *Netherlands*; which is as natural, as for a Man that has survey'd the Upper Town of *Buda*, or any other City seated like that, to fall into the Lower. For so the *Netherlands* seem to be a kind of outlying Borough, near the Suburb to the *German Empire*.

They are called the *Netherlands*, by reason of their Low Situation near the Sea; which makes the Country appear like a Marsh or Moor. They contain Seventeen Provinces; ten whereof are under the Jurisdiction of the King of *Spain*. The other seven

make up a distinct and independent Republick among themselves.

The Circumference of the seventeen Provinces is a thousand *Italian* Miles: And within that Compass, there are two hundred wall'd Towns and Cities; an hundred and fifty other Places, which enjoy the same Privileges and Power as the former: And there are six thousand Villages.

In the Time of *Julius Caesar*, this Tract of Ground was called *Belgick Gaul* by the *Romans*. It was inhabited by a warlike People, impatient of Servitude, and stout Assertors of their native Liberty; as the same *Caesar* found by Experience, when he warr'd among them. Nay, and since that time, the *Mussulmans* themselves have felt their Valour. Witness the famous Expedition of *Godfrey of Bullen*, to recover the *Holy Land* out of the Hands of the *Saracens*; And that other of *Baldwin the Fleming*, who made himself Master of *Constantinople*, and the *Grecian Empire*.

The ancient *Romans* used to say, That the *Gauls* fought for their Liberty; the *Germans* for Booty; and the *Dutch* for Glory and Honour. Hence it came to pass, that *Roman* Emperors in those Days had always a select Guard about their Persons, chosen out of these Provinces. Also the *Hollanders* and *Friezelanders* were call'd the Friends and Associates of the *Romans*.

But, tho' these Provinces had formerly each a distinct Sovereign, with a peculiar Government and Laws; yet, afterwards, they were all reduced under the Dominion of the Dukes of *Burgundy*: From whom they devoluted to the Arch Dukes of *Austria*; and last of all, to the Kings of *Spain*; who claim a Title to ten of them at this Day: But the King of *France* has Possession of a great Part. As for the other seven, they are quite emancipated and free. It
being

being an established Maxim with them, That the longest Sword gives the best Title to a Government. And for ought I see, this Principle is practised throughout the World.

The Inhabitants of the *Netherlands* are generally tall and strong-bodied People; comely, civil, open-hearted, courteous, prompt and laborious: More addicted to Wine than Women; equally forgetful of Benefits and Injuries; great Musicians, expert Seamen, cunning Merchants, accurate Painters, and very ingenious in all Arts. They are not jealous of their Women, as most Nations are; but suffer them to walk abroad openly, and converse with Men in the Streets. Neither will any of these Females refuse an Invitation to a Bottle of Wine. As soon as you come into any House, the Daughter of the Family meets you with a Bottle of Wine, or other strong Beverage in her Hand, and drinks it off to you; and if you do not very readily answer, and pledge her, it passes for a Sign of Rudeness and ill Manners.

These People are very rich, by reason of their Merchandise and Traffick with other Nations; for they export the Product of their Soil, and their own Manufactures; vending or exchanging them, at a prodigious Advantage in the remotest Regions of the Earth.

They have strong Forts and Castles up and down the Country, with Cities which are in a manner inexpugnable. As for the Religion of the *Netherlands*; the ten Provinces, which are subject to the King of *Spain* or *France*, are called *Catholicks*. The other seven represent the celebrated Tower of *Babel*, where the Languages were first confounded, as *Moses* relates: For such is the Hotch-potch and Gallimaufrey of Religions tolerated in *Amsterdam*, *Leyden*, and other Cities of *Holland*; and in gene-

ral, throughout all the seven United States. Neither have they much more Regularity and Order in other Matters. Wonder not therefore if my Pen observes no Method in treating of a Country, which is the very Emblem, Proverb and Centre of Ataxy and Confusion. However, I will now begin to make more particular Distinctions than in the former Part of my Letter.

Zealand has a bad Air, especially in the Summer Time, when the Sun exhales stinking and infectious Vapours from the Lakes and Pools, of which there is a great Number in that Province; yet it has an excellent Soil, abounding with Wheat, and other Corn; also with good Pasturage for Sheep and Cattle. There is little more to be said of this Province.

Holland has this observable in it, that frequently the Earth trembles there, under the Burden of Coaches, Waggon, Horses, &c. Which is an Argument that the Ground is hollow underneath, and full of Caverns. To confirm this Opinion, they say, *That a Cow once falling into a Gap or Chasm, in the Earth, was found dead three Days afterwards in the Sea, being known to the Owner to be the same.* Hence a Part of *Holland*, in the Language of the Country, is called *Waterland*; which at first hearing sounds like a Contradiction: But they mean by it a Land situated in the Waters. For so indeed the whole Province appears to be, divided into small Islands by innumerable Canals, Lakes and Pools, that they every where expose themselves to your Eye. This Province deserves most properly of all the rest, the Appellation of *Netherland*; it being sunk so low, that in many Places, the Sea rises higher than it: Which compels the *Hollanders* to fortify their Shores with high strong Banks; which with great Cost, they continually keep repair'd.

They

They have but little Corn or Fruit of their own Growth, being supplied with those Things from *Germany, Poland,* and other Countries. But there is an immense Quantity of Grass to nourish Millions of Sheep, Oxen, and Horses. And what I have said of these two Provinces, may be in some Degree applied to all the rest, *Friezeland* only excepted; which is the more fertile of Corn, yields abundance of Pulse and Salt, and is well clothed with Woods.

As to the Manners of these People: The *Zealanders* are of a ready Wit, provident and subtle: Of Stature, generally very tall; as will appear by a Woman of this Province, whom *William* Count of *Holland* sent to the Nuptials of *Charles* the fair, King of *France*. She was of so vast an Height and Bulk, that the *French* look'd like Pigmies or Dwarfs in Comparison of her. And such was her Strength, that she could lift from the Ground a Beam, and carry it on her Shoulders, which eight labouring Men could hardly stir.

'Tis observ'd of *Gelders*, That it was the First of these Provinces which submitted to the rising Fortune of the *Roman* Empire: And again, the first that shook off the Yoke, when that Empire was in its Wane.

In *Utrecht* there are Abundance of Nobles, who are softer and politer in their Conversation than the rest of the *Hollanders*. The Women of Quality there go veil'd.

The Publick Affairs of all these Provinces are managed by those whom they call the States General of the United Provinces. These are a Convention or Assembly of the Chief Nobles, Principal Magistrates, and most eminent Citizens in every Province.

Courteous *Effendi*, These are the chief Things which I know of the United Provinces, unless thou wouldst have me write their Compleat History: Which would be too tedious for Letters. Accept of my Labours, which tho' mean, yet are voluntary, chearful, and done at a Jerk.

Paris, 4th of the 12th Moon
of the Year 1678.

LETTER VI.

To the same.

THou wilt say, I am all upon the Extremes. In my last I dragg'd thee thro' the most dirty, nasty, abject Valley of all the Earth; I mean *Holland*, with the rest of the United Provinces. Now I am going to lead thee out of these fenny Bogs, and give thee a Breathing up the salubrious Hills and Mountains of *Helvetia* or *Swisserland*. 'Tis true, this cannot be done without a considerable Leap over many Provinces of *Germany*, Part of *Lorrain* and *Alsace*. But having spoken formerly of the Empire, and from thence in my next, by a kind of natural Descent, fallen into the Low-Countries; the Consideration of their Form of Government put me in mind of the other Republicks in *Europe*. Among which, that of *Swisserland* lying next to the United States, I chose to make it the Subject of this Letter, designing to give thee an Account of *Venice*, *Genoa*, *Lucca*, and the rest in Order.

Know

Know then, that *Helvetia* or *Swisserland* was once a Province of *Germany*, but now 'tis a Commonwealth subsisting by it self, and not subject to any Foreign Power. It is divided into thirteen Cantons or Provinces. I will not trouble thee with the Names of each District, or with their several Characters. The whole Country in general looks like a great Bunch of Rocks and Mountains, separated by small, but very pleasant Vallies. And tho' the Mountains seem rough, yet their Tops and Brows flourish no less with all sorts of Trees and Herbage, than the fairest Plains. The Inhabitants nourish abundance of Sheep on them, besides Goats, Hinds, Horses, with many other Kinds of Beasts. For there is great Plenty of Animals in this Country, both wild and tame. The Air is piercing and serene; the Soil, tho' not of it self fertile, yet is made so by Industry of the Inhabitants. In some Parts they have Vineyards which produce a Grape of wonderful Delicacy: The Wine of which is much esteemed in those Parts. The Lakes also and Rivers abound with Fish of all sorts; neither is there any Scarcity of Fowls, or of any Thing else, which immediately serves the Necessities of Human Life. Only Things tending to Luxury, and other kind of Wantonness, are not to be found in this happy Region. It is a second *Scythia* or *Tartary*. And indeed the Inhabitants of *Swisserland* are thought to come out of those more Northern Regions.

They have ever been famous for their invincible Constancy and Valour in War. *Julius Caesar* himself was afraid of them, and built a Wall to hinder them from going into *France* or *Gaul*; when he remember'd that *L. Cassius*, a Roman Consul, was vanquish'd by them, and his whole Army routed. Some Authors affirm, that in the

Times of Old, the Inhabitants of the *North of Europe*, were so prodigiously multiply'd, that some of them were forced to seek new Seats. Wherefore rushing thro' *Germany*, and passing the *Rhine*, they were met by the *Gauls*, whom they overcame and defeated. Upon which News the neighbouring Nations being terrified, sent Ambassadors to them, desiring Peace. The Conqueror reply'd, they came not to wage War, or disturb the Peace of Mankind. That they only sought a Place to live in quietly, where they might manure the Ground, without hurting any body. Then *Helvetia* was granted to them, where their Posterity live to this Day.

As to the Manners of the Modern *Swiss*, they answer exactly the antient Character; being wholly addicted to War; hardy to bear all Inconveniences of Hunger, Thirst, Cold and other Afflictions of Nature, Providence, Destiny, or Chance. A little Money serves their Turn to defray the Expences of eating, their Diet being very plain and ordinary, consisting chiefly of Milk and Cheese. If they are chargeable in any Thing, 'tis in Wine and other strong Liquors. For you shall find but mean and squalid Houses, and contemptible Furniture; and they wear Garments answerable to the rest: But they are given to Drinking above Measure. They will consume whole Days and Nights successively, without Intermision in their drunken Debauches. Nor can any Friendship be contracted among them, but over their Cups. For he who drinks most, and is most frolicksome and debonaire, he is taken for a Man of Integrity. Whereas he that seems timorous of his Health, or makes any frivolous Excuses, he is look'd upon as a sneaking Fellow, not worthy of such good Company. Nay, sometimes their Madness grows to
that

that Height, as to set a Dagger to his Throat, who refuses to pledge in his Turn.

And yet after all this Reproach, it must be confess'd, that these People are very prudent and circumspect, both in their private and publick Affairs. For notwithstanding the Pleasure they take in liberal Compotations, yet every Man, when the Frolick is over, is intent on his Business, using double Industry and Diligence, to make good the Expences of his last Vanity. They work to drink, and drink that they may better work again: So in the Publick, 'tis evident, that they are not defective in Policy, since they have been able for so many Centuries of Years, to maintain their Union, and Confederated Liberties, against so many Princes, who have endeavour'd to bring them under a Foreign Yoke: And not only so, but such is the Singularity of their Conduct, that the most mighty Monarchs in *Europe* are glad to enter into a League with them, and send yearly vast Sums of Money.

Thou wilt not, after what I have said, expect to find in *Switzerland* the Riches of *Aravia* and *Babylon*; nor the rest of the luxurious and magnificent Superfluities of the *East*. The Situation of the Country, and Nature of the Soil, denies these glittering Vanities. It is sufficient that it brings forth enough to nourish the Inhabitants.

They fear no Foreign Invasion, both on the Account of this National Poverty, and the inaccessible Heights of the *Alps*, with which they are on all Sides environ'd as by a Wall. Add to this, the invincible Resolution of the People, who abhor and fear Subjection more than Death it self. So that no Prince in *Europe* dares or thinks it worth his while to carry a War into this Country; knowing, that if he should conquer it, the Revenues, with all the Spoil of his new-gotten Possessions,

would not counterbalance the Expences of one short Campaign. Besides, their Union is so strict and close, that it is almost impossible to break or dissolve it. Then they have some very strong Cities, Castles, Forts, and other Places of Defence, which would give no small Diversion and Incumbrance to him who should undertake such an Expedition. In fine, such are their Circumstances, that all the Courts round about them, think it safer to court this untameable Nation, than to threaten or huff them.

I will relate to thee a Story by way of Instance or Example. From whence thou may'st comprehend more clearly the Humour of this People.

In former Times, as I have already said, *Switzerland* was a Province of the *German* Empire, or at least reputed so. And there were certain Prefects or Governors set over them by *Cesar*, one succeeding another. Some of these, for their Insolence, were driven out of the Nation; others were kill'd by reason of their tyrannous and cruel Practices. Among the rest, one of these Governors, being disgusted at a certain *Swiss*, commanded him to be yok'd with Oxen that drew Burthens in a Cart. But when neither by fair nor foul Means they could force him to this vile Condescension, he commanded his Eyes to be put out. Which was done accordingly. This was murmur'd at: But being the first Essay of his cruel Disposition, they wink'd at it.

A while after, the same Governor commanded a Woman in her Husband's Absence, to prepare a hot Bath for him. Which when the chaste Matron refus'd to perform, till her Husband came home, he struck her dead with an Axe. This also, tho' heightning the Choler of the *Swiss*, was pass'd by in Meditation of future Revenge.

At last he grew so foolishly proud and imperious, that walking one Day in the Streets of the City, he stuck his Cane in the Ground, and plac'd his Turbant or Bonnet thereon; commanding all that pass'd by to give Honour to it. Which when a certain honest *Swiss* refused to do, he commanded him to strike off an Apple from his Son's Head with a Shot from his Cross-bow. The good Father for a long Time refused thus to hazard his Son's Life. But being overcome by the Tyrant's importunate Menaces, he rather ventured to trust to Providence the Life of his Son, than to sacrifice both that and his own to the implacable Malice of a *Barbarian*. So he shot, and hit the Apple off without touching his Son's Head. The Governor seeing this, and taking Notice that he brought two Arrows with him, asked him the Reason of it. To whom the *Swiss* answered, *If I had shot amiss and hurt my Son with the first Arrow, I was resolv'd to have pierced thy Heart with the second.* Upon this, all the People gave a Shout, and running together, seiz'd upon the Governor, and tore him to pieces. Neither would they ever afterwards endure or admit any Man into their Cities, from the Emperor, unless he came in the Quality of an Ambassador.

Serene Minister, if these Memoirs are in the least acceptable to thee, 'tis but to command, and thou shalt find I have a Stock not easy to be exhausted.

Adieu, adieu, for the present. May the Curtains of God's Pavilion be unfurl'd about us, to skreen us from the Injuries of *Demons* who hunt by Night for Mortals: For, 'tis now their Hour.

Paris, 6th of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1679.

L E T

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou at Damascus.

I Could hardly believe my own Eyes, when I first read thy Letter, and understood that thou art turn'd Husbandman at last, and settled in a Place the most delectable on Earth, the very Centre and Rendezvous of all Pleasures, and whatsoever is agreeable to Mortals. Thou art a wary Man, resolv'd to be sure of one Paradise at least, tho' it be by Mortgaging thy Title to the other. Thou wilt not suffer God Almighty to go upon Tick with thee; nor trust all his Promises for Heaven in Reversion. Yet I cannot discommend thy Cautiousness. We know not what shall befall us after Death; and therefore Nature prompts us to secure to our selves some Share of Happiness in this Life, and to antedate the Uncertainties of a future Bliss, by carving out our own Heaven on this Side the Grave. However, I wish thou may'st not surfeit on thy present Enjoyments, and so render thy Soul incapable of the Voyage to Eternal Beatitude. I tell thee, my *Dgnet*, thou art a bold Man, to venture on a Place by Choice which the Messenger of God purposely shunn'd as the most dangerous on Earth. But I would not discourage thee. That City was then in the Hands of Infidels, a Seat of Prophanation and Idolatry; now 'tis sanctified by the Presence of True Believers, by the Preaching of the Law brought down from Heaven, and by the Mosques of perfect Holiness.

As for the manner of Life thou hast made Choice of, I highly applaud it, as the most Primitive, Innocent, Delightful, and Happy above all others. Many great Princes and Kings have exchanged the
toilsome

toilsome Glory and Royal Fatigues of Empire, for the sweet Tranquillity and Ease of a Country Farm, and wholesome Exercises of Agriculture. Thus *Dioclesian*, a Roman Emperor, quitted his Throne for the Sake of a private Life; and those Hands which had been accustomed to wield the Sceptre, became at last voluntarily familiar with the Spade, the Plough, and the Harrow. So the Grand *Cyrus*, Monarch of the *Persians*, used to boast of the Gardens planted and sow'd with his own Hands. And 'tis certain, that the *Fabii*, the *Lentuli*, the *Cicero's*, the *Piso's*, with many of the noblest Families in antient Rome, derived their Names from those kind of Vegetables which they signify, and which their Fathers took Delight in Planting.

How many great Authors have writ in Praise of Husbandry? *Attalus* and *Archelaus*, two Kings, extoll'd it: *Xenophon* and *Mago*, two Generals, patroniz'd it; and *Oppian* the Poet celebrates it in Verse; besides *Cato*, *Varro*, *Pliny*, *Columella*, *Virgil*, and many others. Some have plac'd Supreme Felicity in this kind of Life: *Virgil* pronounces Husbandmen Fortunate; and *Horace* calls them Blessed. Hence it was, that the Delphick Oracle declared a certain Man, nam'd *Aglaus*, to be the happiest of all Mortals; because he was busied in nothing but manuring and cultivating a little Farm; never molesting himself with vain Cares or Passions, nor increasing the Miseries of Human Life, by tampering with foreign and unnecessary Pleasures; which, tho' full of Blandishments, and sweet in the Front, yet carry a Sting in their Tail, embittering all our Joys.

Thou art situate in the most pleasant Suburb of *Damascus*; for I have survey'd that City, and all its Precincts, with no small Curiosity. The House is encompass'd with lovely Gardens and Meadows. It was formerly the Seat of *Abul*
Mecha-

Mecharib the famous Shepherd; who took Sanctuary there from the Persecution of *Ismel Beglerbegh* of *Diarbehir*.

Thou know'st the Story; and I need say no more, than to wish thee as good Fortune in possessing that rich Spot of Ground, as he had, who, as 'tis recorded in the Register of *Damascus*, died worth a hundred Purfes of Gold; most of it got by the Increase of his Cattle in those lucky Fields.

For my Part, I cannot pretend to have Skill in these Things; but it appears to me like a good Omen, that thy Predecessor was so prosperous in that Farm. I advise thee to take his Measures, and stock thy Ground with Sheep, Oxen, Camels, Horses, and other Animals of Profit. Think no Scorn, to follow an Employment ennobled by the Examples of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*, the first Founders of the Roman Empire; of *Paris*, the Son of *Priamus*; of *Anchises*, the Father of *Æneas*; of *Endymion*, the Beloved of *Diana*; who were all Herdsmen, or Shepherds. So was *Polyphemus* and *Argus*: So was *Apollo*, who tended the Flocks of *Admetus* King of *Thessaly*. What shall I say of *Mercury*, the first In-venter of the *Hautboy*, and Prince of Shepherds; and of *Proteus*, another Divinity? Was not *Ibrahim*, the Father of *Mussulmans*, a Herdsman; and *Moyse* the Prophet familiar with God, and *David* the Prince of Poets? In a word, my Friend, the most Illustrious Heroes among the antient *Greeks*, *Romans*, and other Nations, were all Keepers of Sheep, Goats, Oxen, &c. as the *Arabians* are at this Day, with the *Tartars*, and other Nations of the East.

Doubtless, the Rural Life, as it is the most Antient, so it affords the sincerest Pleasures, and most unrepented Joys in Nature; provided a Man enjoys it with Innocence and Justice.

stice. But I would have thee avoid the common Temptations to which this Kind of Life is more expos'd than any other; that is, Hunting and Fowling. These are really detestable Exercises, Tragical Sports, and altogether inhuman. It is a Labour unworthy of Men, to watch from Day to Day, and one Night after another, the Haunts of our Fellow-Animals, that we may destroy them. It is a cruel Pleasure, that must be maintain'd at the Expence of so much innocent Blood; and a barbarous Triumph, to insult over a poor mangled Hare, or Hind, after you have harass'd them up and down the Country for many Hours together, with an Army of Dogs and Men.

'Tis recorded that the *Thebans* were the first Inventors of this unhappy Sport; a Nation infamous for Deceit, Thefts, Perjuries, Murders, and Incests: from whom it pass'd to the *Phrygians*, a People no less wicked, but more foolish and easy, light and credulous; and for that Reason they were despised by the *Athenians*, and *Lacedemonians* at first. However, those graver Nations in a little Time learn'd the Trade of Hunting of them: *So infectious is the Company, and very Neighbourhood of ill Men; so prevalent are the Examples of such as are bold to lead the Way in new Paths of Vice.*

By the God whom I adore, my Dgnet, it appears to me so foolish a Pastime, an Exercise so unbecoming the Majesty of a rational Spirit, to run Yawling with a Parcel of Hounds, perhaps a whole Day together, after some timorous Animal, that I wonder Men are not asham'd to practise it; especially Great Men and Princes, who shou'd excel others in the Justice and Clemency of their Nature; yet these are most guilty of Rapine, Injuries, and Spoil.

My Dear Friend, imitate not their pernicious Examples; but tread in the Steps of just and holy

ly Men, whom the Birds and Beasts would obey at a Nod, because they could not smell the least Odor of Evil in them. How many Prophets have been fed by Ravens, Hinds, Cats, and other Animals? Nay, the very Serpents and Dragons of the Defart, with the Amphibious Monsters of *Egypt*, have quitted their native Venom, to serve an innocent Man: And when *Omar* the *Caliph* was hard pursued by a Troop of *Egyptian* Idolaters, even to the Banks of the *Nile*, he commanded a Crocodile, which he spy'd in the River, to come and ferry him over on his Back; and the pious Beast was obedient to his Word. Doubtless this was a singular Grace in the dumb Creature; and he was translated to Paradise, if our Doctors say true.

Dgnet, I bid thee Adieu, and wish thee a plentiful Harvest; which is the most seasonable Prayer I can make for thee at this Time of the Year.

Paris, 14th of the 2^d Moon
of the Year 1679.

LETTER VIII.

To Achmet Cupriogli, the Most Exalted and Sage Vizier Azem.

THE Face of Affairs here in the *West* is now quite changed. A General Peace is establish'd between the *Nazarene* Princes and States. *France*, which a while ago was at mortal Jars with the *Hollanders*, *Spain*, and the *German* Empire, is lately reconcil'd to them; whilst new

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Friendships and Alliances have banish'd all Thoughts of former Enmities and Feuds. This Year commences a Civil *Jubile* in *Europe*.

There has been a Treaty of Peace in Agitation at *Nimeguen*, and Conferences held about it any time these four or five Years; whereof I formerly gave a Hint in one of my Letters to the *Porte*. The Conclusion of it is owing to the powerful Mediation of the King of *Great-Britain*, who is made Guarantee of the Articles; and the submissive Addresses of the Bishop of *Strasburg* to the King of *France*, contributed not a little to the Universal Agreement. For this Great Monarch is slow in his Advances towards an Accommodation with those who have injur'd him, or his Allies. He affects to imitate the stately Reservedness of the *Eastern* Princes; thinking His Majesty would be violated, should he condescend too soon, and on too easy Terms, to the Proposals of his Neighbours. He has learn'd this from the Maxims of the Sublime *Porte*, the Refuge of Mankind, whose Arms are ever open to receive and embrace all that sue for the *Grand Signior's* Friendship and Protection, in a Way not intrenching on the Glory of the *Ottoman* House, a Family destin'd to subdue the World!

This Temper of the *French* King is so well known and observed in these Parts, that he has got a new Character by it both among *Foreigners*, and those of his own Nation: For they spare not to call him *The Most Christian Turk*, by way of Mockery; and this is the satyrical Style even of his Subjects, in their seditious Cabals, when they are a little warm'd with Wine, and each Man as Great as a King himself, in his own Conceit.

By the swift Flashes of Lightning, which cause the Heart to pant, and dazzle the Eyes of Mortals; by the astonishing Noise of Thunder, which raises the Vapours of the Spleen, and fills us with Hypochondriack Dread; I swear the King of *France* is a great Hero, and deserves the Honour which these Infidels have unfeignedly done him, in lik'ning him to the undoubted Arbiter of the Earth. He really determines the Differences and Quarrels of a great Part of it. And though he be a Christian in Profession, and stil'd, *The Eldest Son of the Church*, yet he is no Enemy to the Followers of *Mahomet*, who vouchsafe him their Friendship. Thou know'st he is the most Primitive Ally of the *Ottoman* Empire, among the *Western* Princes of the Law of *Jesus*. He has establish'd a more remote Friendship, for the Sake of Commerce, and spreading his Renown, with the *Grand Mogul*, and the King of *Persia*. His Fame strikes all the *East* with Admiration and Respect; for they have heard of his continual Victories, and successful Exploits, even to the utmost Borders of the Continent. Yet the same Fortune procures him only the Spite and Envy of the Princes of the *West*.

However they are glad to dissemble their Malice at this Juncture, and enter into an Agreement with him, almost upon his own Terms.

The Treaty between *France* and *Holland* was publish'd in this City on the first of the Tenth Moon, the Year precedent. Now to assure the World that there is a perfect Amity and Peace, the *Dutch* have sent their Ambassadors Extraordinary, to acknowledge, That the King has preferred the Repose of *Christendom*, to the Glory which his Victorious Arms acquir'd him; and that the United States of the *Low-Countries* being the first who have felt the Effects of his Generosity, they

they thought themselves obliged to prevent others in the Earliness of their Application. Yesterday was also publish'd the Peace between *France* and the Emperor.

I take my *Congè*, most Magnanimous *Vizier*, and Friend of *France*, in the humblest Posture of Adoration; wishing thee Honour, Riches and Pleasures, which shall have no End.

Paris, 27th of the 4th Moon
of the Year 1679.

LETTER IX.

To Mehemet, an Exil'd Eunuch, at
Alcaire in Egypt.

There are certain Critical Periods in our Lives, whether ordain'd by Fate, or falling out in an Eternal Circulation of Chances, I am not able to determine. But this I perceive, That at such Seasons, something very strange and unusual happens to us, above, or beside the ordinary Course of Nature; or at least appearing so to me. I will not pretend to unravel the Web of Destiny; or describe the incomprehensible Fineness of that Artifice, which has fram'd the Worlds. I will not undertake to discover the Secrets of God, the Mysteries of Nature, and those Things which are, under a Seal, shut up from Mortals in inscrutable Darkness. I will not, by a vain Presumption, and impious Arrogance, claim to my self the Right of Omniscience, and dive into other Mens Constitutions and Thoughts. Suffice it, that I comprehend my own.

Thou

Thou know'st, my *Mehemet*, that I have been a Man of many Circumstances, subject to various Changes and Vicissitudes in this mortal State: My Life has been alternately chequer'd with Good and Evil. Virtue and Vice have had their Turns in the Series of my Actions; Prosperity and Adversity in the Course of my Years: And I would fain find out the Man, that can with Truth boast the contrary. Doubtless we are all born to the Adventures which happen in the Pell-Mell of Human Conversation. *Fates-Errant* encounter one another: Sometimes they are agreeable and complaisant; at other Seasons they will clash and tilt, break Lances, draw Swords; and all the Weapons of Nature's Pride and Fury shall be us'd in mere Defence of *Idiosyncrasies*, Conceits, Antipathies, Self-Interest, Preservation, or any Thing but what is generous and good.

O horrid State of Men! A Life to be deplor'd, beyond the salvage Course of Lions, Tygers, Wolves and other Beasts of Prey; who always, in extremest Hunger, spare their proper Species? Yet Man in perfect Wantonness, devours his Brother, and glories in his Cruelty and Injustice.

As for me, I have not been guilty of any of these black Crimes, which make a Riot in the Tranquillity of the Soul, disturb its Peace, darken its Light, and cover it with a Cloud of guilty, desperate Thoughts. No: If I have been Enemy to any body, it has been to my self. The very Beasts cannot challenge me with Oppression, or any barbarous Usage; much less would I torment One Individual of our Human Race. But I have had my Frailties, as well as other Men; and there's all can be said of it. Thou art

art acquainted with my Temper; and no body knows any worse. 'Tis true, I have had to do with Abundance of People in my Life-time: I have Bull'd it, Lion'd, Lamb'd, and sometimes Fox'd it in the World. I have always pursu'd the Chace of Nature. Come Life, come Death, I have made no Baulks in the Appointments of Fate, or ever put the Eternal Destiny to a Stand. I never halted, boggl'd or fram'd a Stumble, at a Generous and Noble Action, a Bold and God-like Enterprize. But, from my Cradle, I disdain'd and cherish'd Infant Abhorrencies for an Inhuman, Barbarous, Perfidious, Cowardly Thought.

Indeed, I have been too great a Lover of Good Company; too easy, flexible, and free in drinking Wine, and other inebriating Liquors; whose Use is taught from Heaven, and is the Genuine Product of Eternal Reason: But the Excess is sure deriv'd from Hell, the Seat of Everlasting Evil, Vanity, and Error. And yet, to whom, or to what Cause or Principles, shall I ascribe the many Extravagancies of this kind, that I have committed? I! that have suffer'd the Thaws of a Thousand putrid Fevers; let all my Radical, Essential, necessary Juices and Humours, (tho' never so well and firmly congeal'd, by the Force of an Excellent and Happy Constitution of Body) melt and dissolve away, in horrid Fluxes, Sweat, &c. rather than baulk my Friends, or the *Gnand Signior's* Cause, rather than sneak away from Boon Companions, in a Principle of sordid Prudence! To speak all; I am no Starter from the Juice of the Grape, when 'tis handed to me by Men of Sense and Good Humour; especially when it is to serve my Sovereign. And I know not how to perform that Service better, at some Times, than by

by giving Nature an *Escapade*, as the *French* call it, from the too severe Restraints of constant Sobriety. I was not sent to *Paris*, that I should lead the Life of an *Hadgi*; but to dive into the Secrets of the Infidels; which a Man cannot do better, than over a Glass of Generous Wine; for that unlocks the Cabinets of the Heart, and reveals all Secrets.

I tell thee plainly *Mehemet*, I drink Wine liberally and frequently; finding no Devil in the Quality of it, but only in the Excess. And such a Devil appear'd to me last Week, in the Night-Time. I had carous'd it like a *German* for some whole Days together, in order to the carrying on an Intrigue of Moment; yet I found my self no ways disorder'd; neither could any body else perceive, by one false Step in my Carriage, that I was more than civilly and chearfully elevated.

It was the hottest Season of all the Year; which prompted me, and those that kept me Company, to regale our selves after the most refreshing Manner we could invent. Our Drink was an Artificial Mixture of the Wine, Water, the Juice of Lemons, Odoriferous and Cephalick Herbs, Fruits, and whatsoever else could render it cooling and delicious to the Palate, medicinal to the Brain, Heart and Stomach.

I will not detain thee in Impatience, with any more Particularities; only I thought it necessary to acquaint thee with the Method of my Drinking, that thou may'st form the more accurate Judgment on the Consequence, which I am going to relate.

It was in the Evening of the Day dedicated to *Saturn* by the *Gentiles* (which is the same as the *Jews* Sabbath;) Our Drinking ended the Day before; and I, in a very melancholy Humour, went to Bed. I slept till Midnight

pro-

profoundly; but then awaking, I was surprized with the Apparition of an old Man much resembling my self. He seemed to look very studious, and full of Care; sitting in a Chair, and leaning on the Table, in just such an Habit as I wear, with such a Beard, and every Thing that can be called my true Portraicture. I lay musing and gazing for the Space of twenty Minutes on this amazing Object. I mustered up all that little Philosophy I am Master of, to consider the Nature of the Phantasm. I argued with my self, summon'd all my Reason, subpoena'd my Senses, sat up in the Bed, took my Polvita, reach'd my Head as far as I could without tumbling out of the Bed; and the more I roused my self, the plainer did this familiar Figure of my self appear by the Light of a Lamp, which always burns in my Chamber.

Yet, being naturally incredulous of the common Stories of Ghosts, Apparitions, Hobgoblins, &c. I still suspected that I was either all this while in a Dream; or at least, if awake, that my Imagination was vitiated and imposed upon. Wherefore, to satisfy my self more thoroughly, I jumped out of the Bed. No sooner had my Feet touched the Floor of the Chamber, but a sacred Horror possess'd my Nerves; I trembled at the now more apparent Vision. However, resuming Courage, and resigning my self to God, I went forward, and approached so near the uncouth Spectre, that it was within the Reach of my Hand, which I stretched forth to touch it, thinking this way to undeceive my self. But, O my *Mehemet*! No Tongue nor Pen can ever express the dreadful Metamorphosis I saw. For instead of the same Face which I saw before, my Eyes were now accosted with the dreadful Countenance of a *Lion*, gnashing his Teeth, and darting perfect Sparks of Fire from his Looks; besides

besides the horrid Twirling of his Head, and Manly Beard; with all the other natural Motions of that Animal in its Fierceness.

I know not what would have become of me, if a good-natur'd *Ape* had not come in to my Relief; who peep'd and grinn'd upon me over the Lion's Shoulders. Nay, thought I, if you are so merry in such Company, I will not disturb you, good Mr. *Ape*! And so I fairly took my Leave, turn'd my Back, and went to Bed again.

It is my Nature not to be afraid, or shrink from the Imagination of a Ghost or Spectre, or what you please to call it. (For I am satisfied, there is no more than pure Imagination in it.) But I retir'd in Complaisance to my own Fancy, which I perceived was upon the creative Frolick. Had I stood still, perhaps a *Dragon* had started next, or some more dreadful Animal. Or, it is possible, I had been terrified with a Herd of *Lynxes*, *Leopards*, *Tygers*, *Bears*, and whatsoever else is salvage and morose in Nature. For I tell thee, I was then in a Condition to paint the Walls with any Figure, which should rise within my over-heated Brains.

At such a Time, there are Emissions from the Eyes, forcible as the Pencils of a Limner. A Man's fermented optick Nerves will draw the Portraicture of Saints or Devils, or any Thing that can be named, except the Everlasting SOURCE of all Things.

He indeed is altogether ineffable; who cannot be expressed by Tongue or Pen, or by any other Way, but humble Negatives. There runs a silent Fountain by the Depth of his tremendous and inviolate Recess: Of which the castrate Angels drink at certain set appointed Seasons; and then the Universe is all inebriated with the Reversion of his

his Cup. For it is the Ceremony of the Court above, that he should leave no Snuffs, or Supernaculum behind him; but scatter them abroad, to treat the thirsty World below. Blessed is the Man who has a Share in this Celestial Comotation.

Pardon me for thus digressing in perfect Piety. For we ought not to name the High and Holy One without additional Reverences.

In short, I lay but the Space of half an Hour gazing on this kind of Apparition, which had now resum'd my Physiognomy again: At last it vanished all on a sudden, whilst my Eyes were intently fixed upon it. It is impossible to express exactly the Manner how it disappeared. But according to the best Idea, and properest Form of Words I have, it seemed to be dispersed just as a Smoak or Vapour is resolved or rarefied into the purer Air, or as the Moon's Light which shines within your Chamber, is unawares extinguished in Appearance by some intervening Cloud. So did this Spectre fade and melt away.

If thou wilt have my Judgment in this Case, I think there is nothing in it but the pure Force and Energy of my over-agitated Spirits; which darted the Impression of their own Ideas on the next solid Body that was within the Sphere of their Activity. The Air it self at such a Time is more than ordinary flexible and ductile: It yields by Sympathy, and is conformable to the transient Image. It helps to patch up the Defects and ragged Forms of our frail Fancies. Millions of Atoms run to relieve the weaken'd and half-spent Efflux of their attractive and magnetick kindred Particles; pell-mell they rush together, yet fall into their proper Ranks without Disorder or Confusion. Every one stops a Gap, prevents a *Vacuum*; and so the abortive Fi-

gure is compleated. Nature is sometimes pleased thus to divert herself with strange *Chimera's*. Even to this World of ours was form'd, if we may believe *Democritus* and *Epicurus*

Thou and I, my dear *Mehemet*, are but two different Lumps of Particles, tack'd and stitch'd, and glew'd together, by the Birdlime of Chance.

I wish when that Glew shall be dissolved, we may scamper at large in the endless Element of Light.

Paris, 3d of the 7th Moon
of the Year 1681.

L E T T E R X.

To the Cadilesquer of Romeli.

MY Mind is at this Time in astral Disposition, as they call it, tender, and receptive of any Impressions. I am like a young Libertine newly converted from his lewd Courses and Impiety, whose Heart a devout Compunction and Remorse of Sin has soften'd, open'd, and as it were dissolv'd like Wax: So that it becomes equally capable of any new Stamp, whether of Vice or Virtue. Thus pliable and ductile am I at present through a kind of fatal Supineness or Inactivity of Spirit, which takes from me the Power of forming one substantial, lively Thought of my own, or exerting any strong and laborious

laborious Act of Reason; yet at the same Time lays me open to the Invasion of all Foreign Ideas, and exposes me to be taken Captive by every bold Argument, or sly Ambush of Human Sophistry. In a Word, I am of a sudden so weak and unmortified, that I dare not enter the Field of Religious Controversies, or so much as stand and behold the Battel between the different Sects that are perpetually disputing against one another in the World; lest a random Shot from one Party or other should reach my unguarded Soul, and give my Intellect a Mortal Wound.

Forbearing therefore to enlarge in giving thee a particular Account of all the nice Differences that are of late Years sprung up among these *Western* Infidels, in Matters of Opinion and Church Discipline; I will only inform thee in short, that those who first revolted from the Bishop of *Rome*, still retained an inviolable Attach and dutiful Reverence for their own National Bishops; submitting to their Conduct, and owning them as Fathers and Guides of their respective Churches.

But as there is no End of Divisions, when once the Unity of a People is broken, which is the only Cement that fastens all Societies; so this first Separation from the *Roman* Episcopacy soon begat another from all Episcopacy in general, through most of the Reform'd or Protestant Nations in *Europe*: Especially in *Scotland*, the Theatre of many Bickerings and Animosities on this Account, of bloody Combats and Civil Wars; and finally, now in this Year, the Stage of a barbarous Murder committed on the Person of the Chief Mufti, or Archbishop of that Nation.

He was a Man of an accurate and extraordinary Spirit, and in his very Youth gave early Mark of a refined Genius in Sciences; to which he

brought no small Reputation and Honour through the Vastness of his Abilities, his profound Judgment, and dextrous Sagacity in all Things that he undertook.

This is the Character given him by those of his Nation resident here in *Paris*, of whom there are always great Numbers; and the Kings of *France* were formerly never without a select Guard of *Scots* about their Persons: Which Custom had been observed ever since the Reigns of *Charles the Great*, and of *Achaisus* King of the *Scots*; between whom this was agreed upon in solemn League, and was observed through the Reigns of One and Forty Kings of *France*, and Six and Forty of *Scotland*. The *Scots* also used to send them auxiliary Forces in time of War. Nay, so great the Affection and so constant the Fidelity of that People to the *French*, that when at one time a War has threaten'd *France*, they have drawn it into their own Country, have suffer'd the Loss of Ten thousand Men in one Battel, and seen their King taken Captive; at another Time fighting for the *French* against the *English*, though inhabiting the same Island with themselves, they have had fourteen thousand of their Soldiers, with their King, kill'd upon the Spot.

And that nothing might be wanting to confirm and establish the Friendship of the Nations; it was customary to make reciprocal Marriages one with another, that so the *French* and *Scotch* Blood might be mutually mix'd in both Countries.

Thus *Lewis XI.* when he was *Dauphin* of *France*, married *Margaret*, Daughter of *James I.* King of *Scotland*. At which time, the *Grandeess* and *Courtiers* of *France*, in Imitation of the *Dauphin's* Example, (such is the Force of *French* Complaisance) married above an hundred and forty *Scotch* Ladies
of

of illustrious Birth and Quality; among whom were two Sisters of the *Scotch* Queen; one becoming Wife to the Duke of *Little Bretagne*, the other to the Count of *Flanders*. The *Scotch* Nobility on the other hand married many *French* Ladies of great Extraction, transporting them to *Scotland*, where they settled and bore Children.

The Kings of *France* being moved with Gratitude for the frequent Aids and good Offices they received from the *Scots*; as also regarding the Losses which the *Scots* had sustain'd in their Quarrels, and the strict Affinities that were made between the Princes, Nobles, and other People of both Nations; resolved to testify to the World, how acceptable this Obsequiousness of the *Scots* was to them, by honouring them with Benefits and Privileges above all other Nations.

Therefore some of the *Scotch* Grandees were made Great Constables of *France*; which is the greatest Office and Dignity in the Kingdom, next to that of the Sovereignty it self. Others were made *Marshals*, Dukes and Peers of *France*, Generals of the *French* Armies, Viceroy's of Tributary Provinces and Kingdoms. All the *Scots* in general were had in high Honour and Esteem at the *French* Court, and enjoyed the same Rights and Immunities as the very Natives themselves, by the special Grant of *Henry II.* But with this Condition, that they should persevere in their Fidelity and Friendship to the *French*; and that the *French* who dwelt in any Part of *Scotland* should enjoy the same Rights and Privileges as the Natives of the Country. The Parliament of *Paris* subscribed to this Grant; and it was confirmed by *Henry IV.* about the Year 1599.

Likewise *Charles XI.* confirmed to the *Scotch Merchants* all those Privileges and Immunities which their Ancestors had enjoyed: That they should be free from all Exactions, Imposts and Customs which are usually paid for Merchandises.

As to the Original Rise of the *Scotch Guards* about the *French King's Person*, I will tell thee as briefly as I can.

Louis, who acquir'd the Title of Saint for warring in *Perion* against the *Mussulmans*, when he marched towards *Palestine*, appointed four and twenty *Scotch Soldiers* to have the Guard of his Person Night and Day. *Charles V.* augmenting their Number to seventy six; yet still reserving this Honour for the first four and twenty, that they should have the Command of the rest.

Thus the Custody of the King's Body remained with the *Scots* for the Space of seventy Years and upwards. But *Charles VII.* being willing to oblige the *French*, appointed a Guard of them to be about his Person under one Standard; *Lewis X.* added another Standard; and *Francis I.* adjoined a third: But without entrenching on the Prerogatives of the twenty four *Scots*, which they still enjoyed by Right of Antiquity and Prescription; as also by the Sanction of *St. Louis*, for whom the *French* profess a great Veneration. These twenty four *Scots* kept the Keys of the Royal Palace after Sunset. They alone guarded the King when he was in the Temple at Mass. They alone carried the King, when the Laws of the Land, and the Ceremonies of State requir'd him to be carried on Men's Shoulders. They guarded the Ships when the King went by Water. And to them were the Keys of every Town delivered through which the King pass'd in his Travels by Land, with many other singular Honours.

But

But after the Death of *Henry II.* when the Earl of *Montgomery*, the last Commander of the *Scotch* Guards, was removed from his Office, and a *French* Officer placed over them in his Stead; that Command always fell into the Hands of *Frenchmen*, who by Degrees substituting those of their own Nation in the room of the *Scots* who died, it came to pass at length that there remained but a very few *Scots* in the Guards, and those were bereft of all their ancient Privileges.

Pardon this tedious Digression, Great Patriarch of the Faithful, since it contains some curious Memoirs in it; and I naturally fell into it by speaking of the *Scots*, who are very numerous in *Paris* to this Day; and from whom I learn'd the foregoing Character of their murder'd Archbishop, who was the Prime Patriarch of all the Land; his ordinary Title being Archbishop of St. *Andrew's*.

This great and highest Ecclesiastical Dignity was given him by the present King of *England*, at his Return from a Twelve Years Exile, as a Debt to his Great Abilities, and a Reward of his Merits and Services, in labouring Might and Main to effect the King's Restoration.

From the Moment that he acquir'd this Honour, such as were equally Enemies to the Government of Kings and Bishops, persecuted him with Slanders and Invectives. The Streets swarm'd with Libels against him, and Mens Tongues were as busy as their Pens in railing at him, because he was resolv'd to endeavour his utmost; that Episcopacy might be restored in *Scotland*, as it was in *England*; though it had been subverted in both Nations, during the Usurpation of *Oliver* the Tyrant. 'Twas this drew upon him the Malice and Revenge of the Seditious; and they spared not in Publick to threaten Death. Nay, some Years before he was murder'd, one of these Furioso's shot at him in the open Streets

of *Edinburgh*, but miss'd him. Then the Seditious published Libels, wherein they gloried in the Attempt, and only were sorry that it took not Effect. They also prophesied that he should die a violent Death: And it was easy for them to presage this, which they were resolved to execute themselves.

Accordingly in the 3d and 4th Moons of this Year, they were ready to give the Fatal Blow, but his Watchfulness prevented them. However, on the 3d of the Moon of *May*, as he was Travelling with his Eldest Daughter in his Coach, with Two or Three Servants attending him, he was set upon at Mid-day by Nine of these Religious Ruffians; who having first wounded his beloved Daughter to enhance his dying Grief, then hack'd and hew'd him in a Butcherly and Barbarous Manner, till at length they left him dead on the Spot.

Venerable *Cadilesquer*, I pray God defend thee from popular Envy, Malice and Revenge; from the Wounds given by the Pens of Libellers, and the Tongues of the Spightful. But above all, I pray Heaven guard thee from being massacred by Religious Assassins, and bloody Zealots.

Paris, 17th of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1679.

L E T T E R XI.

To Hebatolla, Mir Argum, Superior of
the Dirviches at Cogni in Natolia.

Doubtless, there never was any Creature form'd of Flesh and Blood comparable to the *Messias*: No Mortal like the Son of *Mary*, *Jesus*, was replenish'd

plenish'd with all the Natural Excellencies and Perfections of the Universe.

I am not so prophane or presumptuous, as to think or say any Thing in Contempt of *Mahomet*: tho' I take the Liberty to celebrate the high Praises of the Word Incarnate, the First-born, and most Illustrious of all Beings, *on this Side the Eternal Father. The Holy Ghost it self comes behind him.*

When the Everlasting Intellect had from Indeterminate Ages lain dreaming on the soft and downy Bed of *CHAOS*, or the First Matter, in the Grand Cabin of uncircumscribed Darkness, and enveloped with the shady Curtains of old *NIGHT*: When he had tumbled, toss'd and rowl'd from side to side: When he had stretch'd his Endless Limbs for Ease, to seek one Corner of the Infinite Expanse, where he might abate the Sempiternal Heat of Love; at last he fix'd his Foot upon the cool Idea of this World of ours.

Then sprang the *WORD* from the all-fertile Womb. The melancholy sad *Abyss* rejoyc'd; for, in the *WORD* was Light and Life; which darting through the Eternal Heap of sluggish and unactive *MATTER*, with Divine Chymisttry first drew an Extract of the purest Parts which form'd the Firmament. Next rose the Sun, the Moon and Stars; and then the grosser Elements with all their different Productions.

These are the Generations of the Universe; when God made the Heavens and the Earth, and the Angels started out of the Grand *Energy* like *Volatile Spirits* from *Balneo Marie*.

All Things Visible and Invisible proceed from the *WORD*; and the most excellent of created Beings owe their Originals to *HIM*, that was the only Instrument by which the Eternal Architect contriv'd and fram'd this vast Machine, so Incomprehensible and Glorious.

O *Hebatolla* ! Who can enough admire this mighty Product of the Eternal Mind ? And yet the greatest and most excellent Theatre of Beings is hid from Mortal Eyes. Therefore leaving those high and lofty Speculations, let us descend to the Word Incarnate, or the Breath of God walking and conversing on Earth with Men in the humble Disguise of Flesh and Blood. The same was the *Messias* of the Christians, as the *Alcoran* in several Places assures us. And the Christian Gospel of the Eagle confirms it, where it says, *In the Beginning was the WORD, and the WORD was with God, &c. and the WORD became Flesh, and pitch'd his Tent among us.*

Doubtless *he was conceived of the Virgin Mary* by the Smell of a Rose, which the Angel *Gabriel* brought to her from Paradise. For, he was not begot by the Will of Man, or through the Lust of Concupiscence ; but by a sudden Infusion of the Divine Virtue. The Power of the Omnipotent overshadowed, surprized and ravished the Holy Maid in a Transport of Joy ; she took the Flower from the Hand of *Gabriel* which she had no sooner smelt to, but she was ready to dissolve and faint away in an Extasy of Love. But the Angel cherished her with comfortable Words, and she became resign'd to the Will of the *All-merciful* and *Gracious*.

At the End of Nine Months *Jesus* was born of her, not after the Manner of other Children. For as the Book of Mysterious Secrets tells us, *He came forth from between her Breasts wrapt up in a Mantle of Aromatick Roses.*

The Daughters of *Paradise* came down and waited on the *Virgin Mother* at the Hour of her unspeakable Child-Birth. They took the Holy Infant in their Arms, and over the Vesture of his Nativity they put on Garments brought from

from *Eden*: Robes of their own Handy-work. And then they fed him with the Wine and Milk of Paradise. After they had perform'd what was necessary to the Infant *Messias*, and his immaculate Mother, the Heavenly Maids returned to their blissful Seats above; and sent down *Ariel* with a Choir of Angels, to declare the Birth of *Jesus* to this World below, and to celebrate the High Praises of God. They were seen in the upper Regions of the Air, by certain Shepherds who watch'd their Flocks by Night. Their Voices were also heard from afar, chanting aloud the Hymns of *Eden*, and the select Anthems of Paradise. Great was the Astonishment of those rude and ignorant Mortals: Their Eyes were dazzl'd at the Lustre of the Heavenly Troops, and their Ears were ravish'd with the superlative Sweetness of the Musick. Those that were upon the Roads of *Judea*, the Caravans of *Arabia*, *Syria*, and *Egypt*, the Travellers from *Damascus*, *Tyre* and *Sidon*, saw the surprizing Vision, they were equally seiz'd with Wonder and Joy. They heard the harmonious Tongues of Angels warbling forth immortal Melodies. Then their Hearts melted within them, and they prostrated themselves on the Earth, and prais'd the most High, the King of all Things.

The Fame of such Extraordinay Events soon spread through the adjacent R^egions, and to the utmost Border of the *South*. The *Magi* of *Persia* made a Pilgrimage to *Bethlem*, to visit the Infant *Messias*. They fell down at the Feet of the Holy Babe, presenting him with Gifts, Gold, Incense and Myrrh.

Thus *Jesus* grew up, increasing in Wisdom, Knowledge, and Virtue.

I will not run over the History of his Life, having done that already in one of my former papers. Let

Letters to thee. All that I aim at in this Dispatch, is to testify the profound Veneration I have for that most Holy Prophet, who was no other than the BREATH and WORD of God Incarnate. It becomes all Good *Mussulmans* to speak of him with Honour and Reverence; for he is seated on High, and in Paradise where are the Approaches to God.

O *Hebatolla*! pray for *Mahmut*, that the Entanglements of this Mortal Life may not hinder him from sitting with *Jesus* and *Mahomet* in the Kingdoms of Everlasting Bliss.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon
of the Year 1679.

LETTER XII.

To Kerker Haffan, Bassa.

THou requirest an Account of the present State of *England*, with a Character of their King; in regard there are various Rumours among the Merchants at the Imperial City, of certain Commotions and Rebellious Essays of *Malecontents* in that Island.

The Name of the King who reigns there at present is *Charles II.* Eldest Son of *Charles I.* and Heir Apparent of the *British* Crowns. For, his Empire consists of Three Kingdoms which he has in actual Possession; besides many vast Territories and Dominions in *America*, not to insist on his Titular Claim to the Realm of *France*.

He is a Prince of great Wit and Policy; nor of less Courage, where a just Occasion requires the Discovery of that Virtue. He underwent innumerable Hardships and Misfortunes during
his

his Twelve Years Exile from his native Throne, forc'd to fly into Foreign Countries by a prevailing Faction of Rebels, Tyrants, and Usurpers. Of Humour Debonair, and Amorous: Much addicted to Wine and Women: Munificent in his Gifts and Rewards to Persons of Merit, and to those who have the Happiness to please him in his Recreations; especially to his Concubines, who are most of them nobly extracted. By these Females he has had several Sons, who are all Dukes and Peers of the Realm. He is in Peace with all the World abroad, except the *Moors of Sallee*: Yet this Prince cannot be call'd Happy, in that he is harass'd at Home by Domestick Seditions, Factions, Plots, and Conspiracies of his own Subjects.

Here is a Report, That the *Roman Catholicks* of that Nation have lately attempted to take away the Life of this Monarch: Whilst others say, this Accusation is forg'd by their Enemies, to render them odious; and that to this End, they have suborn'd false Witnesses to swear against them. One does not know what to believe among so many contrary Rumours. Neither does it much concern us that are *Mussulmans*, whether Party of these Infidels be right or wrong.

This Prince, as I have said before, has several Nations under his Dominion; and 'tis thought he scarce knows the just Extent of his Territories in *America*. There is a Region in that Continent inhabited by a People whom they call *Tuscorards* and *Doegs*. Their Language is the same as is spoken by the *British*, or *Welsh*; a Nation that formerly possess'd all the Island of *Great-Britain*, but were by degrees driven out of it into a Mountainous Corner of the Island, where their Posterity remain to this Day.

Those

Those *Tuscorara's* and *Doegs* of *America* are thought to descend from them, being the Posterity of such as follow'd the Fortune of one *Madoo*, a *British* Prince; who, about Five or Six Hundred Years ago, being discontented at Home, resolv'd to seek Adventures Abroad. Wherefore being provided with Ships and all other Necessaries, he made a Voyage towards the *West* over the *Atlantick* Ocean, not knowing what would be the Event of his Undertaking. However, the Moon had scarce twice compleated her Voyage through the *Zodiack*, when an End was put to his on the Sea, by Landing in *America*; where he planted a Colony of *Britons*, and then return'd to his Native Country. But soon after he put to Sea again and sail'd directly to the same Place. What became of him afterwards is not certainly known: But the Inhabitants of that Province have a Tradition, That he liv'd to a great Age, and saw his People multiply'd to many Thousands before he died. For the Second Voyage he carried over *British* Women with him for the Sake of Posterity. They shew his Tomb to this Day; with Beads, Crucifixes, and other Relicks.

It's certain, That when the *Spaniards* first conquer'd *Mexico*, they were surpriz'd to hear the Inhabitants discourse of a Strange People, that formerly came thither in *Corraughs*, who taught them the Knowledge of God, and of Immortality; instructed them also in Virtue and Morality, and prescrib'd Holy Rites and Ceremonies of Religion. 'Tis remarkable also, what an *Indian* King said to a *Spaniard*; viz. " That in foregoing
 " Ages a Strange People arriv'd there by Sea, to
 " whom his Ancestors gave Hospitable Enter-
 " tainment; in regard they found them Men of
 " Wit and Courage, endued also with many o-
 " ther

“ ther Excellencies: But he could give no Account
 “ of their Original, or Name. ” And *Montezuma*,
 Emperor of *Mexico*, told *Fernando Cortez*, the *Spanish*
 King’s Ambassador, and General in those Parts,
 “ That his own Ancestors landed there as Stran-
 “ gers, being conducted by a certain Great Man;
 “ who tarried there a while, and then departed,
 “ having left a considerable Number of his Fol-
 “ lowers behind him. After a Year, he returned
 “ again with a greater Company; and that from
 “ Him the Emperors of *Mexico* deriv’d their Pe-
 “ digree, and his Subjects from the rest. ” The
British Language is so prevalent here, that the
 very Towns, Bridges, Beasts, Birds, Rivers, Hills,
 &c. are called by *British* or *Welsh* Names. And
 a certain Inhabitant of *Virginia* (a Place subject
 to the King of *Great Britain*) straggling not
 long ago into the *Wilderness*, by chance fell a-
 mongst a People, who, according to some Law
 or Custom of theirs, condemn’d him to Death;
 when he, in the Hearing of them, made his Prayer
 to God in the *British* Tongue; upon which he
 was releas’d.

Who can tell the various Transmigrations of Mor-
 tals on Earth, or trace out the true Originals of
 any People? The whole Globe has suffer’d divers
 Changes; and every particular Nation has had its
Metempsychosis. What grows obsolete and anti-
 quated in one Country, becomes a New Disco-
 very in another. The Houses of the Living are
 built on the Bones of the Dead. Children lay
 the Foundation of their Grandeur in the Ruin of
 their Fathers. And the Generation to come will
 practise this Chymistry on our Relicks, that are now
 living: They will extract their Fortune out of our
 Ashes.

By the white Stone which *Adam* brought with
 him out of Paradise, and which fell by Inheri-
 tance.

tance to *Abraham*, *Ismael*, and his Offspring for ever; that Stone which at this Day lies under the *Mosque* at *Mecca*, and grows black by the Touch of Sinners; I swear, the *Arabians* are an *Aboriginal* People, a Nation establish'd from all Antiquity; a stay'd Race; not canted up and down, hither and thither, by every Caprice of Fortune.

Wherefore be assured, noble *Arab*, that besides my particular Obligations, I honour thee for the Sake of thy Descent, and purify'd Blood, and pacifick Temper: Wishing for nothing more ardently, than the Happiness of kissing the Border of thy Vest in this Life, or at least of seeing thee in the Paradise of perpetual Rest, from whence there are no farther Transmigrations.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1682.

LETTER XIII.

To the Most Magnanimous and Invincible Vizier Azem.

IN the 4th Moon of this Year, I sent thee an Account of the Treaties concluded and publish'd between *France* and the *Hollanders*, as also of a Peace establish'd with the *German Empire*. Now I shall acquaint thee, that a like Agreement is publish'd with *Spain*. The two haughty Monarchs seem perfectly reconcil'd; and to convince the World that they are so really, the King of *Spain* has married this King's Daughter.

The Marquis de *Balbases* made his Publick Entry into *Paris* on the 11th of the 6th Moon, in Quality of Ambassador Extraordinary from the
Catholick

Catholick King; and his chief Business was, To testify the sincere Joy and Satisfaction his Master took in the Hopes he had of seeing a lasting Peace settled, not only between these two Crowns, but also throughout Europe; that so the Christian Princes, whose Arms had been hitherto employ'd against one another, to the general Detriment of Christendom, might now be united against the Common Enemy; by which he means the Faithful Osmans. In order to this, he desired that the Daughter of France might be given to his Master in Marriage, as a Confirmation of the Peace between them.

This was soon granted him; and the News was no sooner arriv'd at Madrid, but the Spanish King express'd a more than common Complacency; causing their *TE DEUM* to be publickly sung, to give God Thanks for so great a Happiness. The Streets of Madrid were illuminated also with all manner of Fire-works; but the Ceremony of Betrothing was not performed till the 8th Moon. It was done at *Fontainebleau*, the Court being there at that Time, and the Marquis de Balbases was the King of Spain's Proxy. After which time, *Madamoiselle*, as they call'd her before, held her Rank at Court as the Queen of Spain: And in that Quality she receiv'd the Compliments and Addresses of the Archbishop of Paris, at the Head of his Chapter; as also of the Parliament, the Chamber of Accompts, the Court of Aids, the Court of Monies, the University; and so of the Great Council, and the French Academy. Now, this Great Princess is gone towards Spain, to take Possession of her New Royalty; which is no better than a splendid Servitude, or glorious Imprisonment during her Life. For the Laws and Customs concerning Women are as severely observ'd in the Court of Spain, as in any Part of that Country; and the Queen herself is no more exempted from keeping them, than
the

the meanest of her Subjects. There are certain set Hours, out of which she cannot see so much as the King himself. For his Time is parcell'd out, and divided between the Service of the Publick, and of his own personal Necessities; the Affairs of State, of Religion, and of Nature. So that the Queen must be altogether shut up from the Sight of Men; unless it be when any Ambassador has Audience of her, or when she goes to Church, or to see the publick Sport of Bull-baiting, with such like Spectacles; or lastly, when her *Confessor* comes to visit her. At other Times, she is only a Companion of Women, a mere Recluse, chamber'd up in her own melancholy Apartment, without the Liberty of ranging the Palace. Whereas, in *France*, the Women converse with Men, and go abroad when they please, with an unrestrain'd Freedom: They discourse of State-Matters, and of Religion: They undertake to censure both Civil and Canon-Laws, correct Philosophy, and reform the Morals of the Antients. In a Word, the *French* Ladies take a particular Pride in appearing very Learned and Knowing, as if they had been educated in the Academies. They also go a Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, and Fowling, even as the Men. There is hardly any Game or Exercise, Study or Recreation, which is not common to both Sexes. Whereas the *Spanish* Females are kept in Ignorance, and have no more Liberty than Captives. Only, as I said, the Queen is permitted to see the Bull-baitings; but it must be in Company with her Husband, as well as other Ladies.

This celebrated Sport of Baiting, or Coursing the Bull, is so well known to thee, who hast been an Eye-witness of it at *Tunis*, and other Cities of *Barbary*, that I need say no more of it, but to observe, that the *Spaniards* first learn'd it from the
Moors,

Moors, when those *Africans* dwelt among them, having conquer'd that Kingdom.

But to return to the servile Life which the Queens of *Spain* lead. They are obliged to go to Bed at a certain precise Stroke of the Clock every Night; with this only Difference, *That it is an Hour later in Summer than in Winter.* Besides her, there is no other Marry'd Woman suffer'd to lie in the King's Palace; so that the Queen is attended only by Virgins, or Widows. Neither can she her self ever marry again after the King's Death. And so naturally jealous are the *Spaniards* of their Wives, that if the Queen fall into any Disaster, by Chance or Conspiracy, as to be thrown down by her Gennet, even to the breaking of her Limbs, and Hazard of her Life; none of her Pages, nor any other Man whatsoever dares to lift her up, or any other Way assist her; nay, not so much as by stopping the Horse, if he should drag her in the Stirrup. Judge now, Magnificent *Vizier*, whether it be not a desirable Thing for a *French* Princess to be made Queen of *Spain*? A Princess bred up in a Court abounding with all sorts of Genteelnesses, Gallantries, and delightful Liberties, must needs think her self in a Monastery, or some worse Place of Confinement, after she has been but a Day or two in the Court of *Spain*. But Reasons of State supersede all these Inconveniencies. 'Tis the peculiar Unhappiness of the Princes here in the *West*, that they marry for Interest more than for Love.

There is another Match going forward between the *Dauphin* of *France*, and Princess *Anna-Maria Victoire*, Sister to the Duke of *Bavaria*. These Infidels are uniting their scatter'd Strengths and Interests. It looks as if they had some secret Design against the *True Believers*.

Illustrious Prince of the Princes who serve the *Grand Signior*, I pray that the Empire of the Faith-
ful

ful may be exalted, and stand firm till the Angel of the Cave sound his Trumpet.

Paris, 10th of the 12th Moon
of the Year 1679.

L E T T E R XIV.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THAT I may give thee a clearer Idea of *Rome's* Original, it is necessary to step farther backward in Antiquity; and cast our Eyes on the Ruins of *Troy*, set on Fire by the *Greeks*, and laid in Ashes, after a War of ten Years, to revenge the Rape of *Helena*, Wife to *Menelaus*, whom *Paris* the *Trojan* Prince, and Guest to *Menelaus*, carried away with him by Force.

From the deplorable Flames of *Troy*, *Antenor* and *Aeneas* escap'd, and got to Sea: The former being forced by Distress of Weather on that Part of *Italy*, which is now under the Dominion of *Venice*, where he built *Padua*: The latter came with a Fleet of Two and twenty Ships to *Latium*, now called *Campagna di Roma*, and *St. Peter's Patrimony*, being the Estate of the Church.

At that Time, *Latinus*, the Son of *Faunus*, or, as some say of *Hercules*, reign'd in *Latium*; before whom there had been but four Kings in the Country. Those were *Janus*, *Saturnus*, *Picus*, and *Faunus*. Whilst *Janus* reign'd, *Saturn* being expell'd by his Son *Jupiter*, fled to *Italy*; where being hospitably receiv'd, he built a Castle, calling it after his own Name *Saturnia*. At length he obtained the Kingdom of *Latium*; which he left to his Son *Picus*, and he to *Faunus*.

In

In his Time, *Evander* sail'd out of *Arcadia*, and came to *Italy*, sixty Years before the Destruction of *Troy*. He built a Town call'd *Pallantium*, where afterwards *Rome* was built. Much about the same time, the *Pelagians* went out of *Theffaly* into *Epirus* and *Dodona* first; and then passing over into *Italy*, join'd themselves with the *Aboriginal Arcadians*, who were got thither before them. These united their Forces, and expell'd the *Sicilians* from the Country, who passing over to *Trinacria*, or the Island of *Three Capes*, gave to it the Name of *Sicilia*, which it retains to this Day. When *Evander* had been five Years in *Italy*, *Hercules*, with a Company of *Greeks*, landing on the same Shore, was kindly entertained by him.

At length the Kingdom of *Latium* fell to *Latinus*, in whose Reign *Aeneas* came thither; and having enter'd into a League with *Latinus*, marry'd his Daughter *Lavinia*: From whose Name, he call'd a Town which he built in those Parts, *Lavinium*. Then *Turnus*, King of the *Rutuli*, being angry that *Latinus* had given his Daughter to a Stranger, rather than to him who was a Native, and to whom she was before betroth'd, invaded his Country. But the *Rutuli* were overcome in Battle, and both *Turnus* and *Latinus* lost their Lives: So that the Kingdom fell to *Aeneas*. But he enjoy'd it not long; for the *Rutuli*, at three Years End came against him, under the Conduct of *Mezentius* King of the *Tyrrhenians*, now call'd *Toscans*. And *Aeneas* being kill'd in the Battle, his Son *Ascanius* took Possession of the Kingdom. He having made Peace with *Mezentius*, and quell'd the rest of his Enemies, built a City which he call'd *Long Alba*, the 30th Year from the Building of *Lavinium*. In this City of *Long Alba*, there reign'd after *Ascanius* fourteen Kings, even to the Time of *Romulus*, and the Foundations of
Rome.

Rome. The fourteenth of these Kings was *Amulius*, who over-reach'd his Brother *Numitor*, to whom the Kingdom belong'd by Right of Primogeniture. And to be secure of all Things, he made *Sylvia*, the only Daughter of *Numitor*, a *Vestal*; that he might have no Fear of *Numitor's* Posterity. Yet *Sylvia* was got with Child by somebody, and brought forth Twins, who were called *Romulus* and *Remus*. These were expos'd to the wide World by the Command of King *Amulius*; and privately nourish'd by *Faustulus*, till they came of Years. Then being inform'd of their Birth and Extraction, with the true State of Things, they flew *Amulius*, and restor'd their Grandfather *Numitor* to his Kingdom: In the second Year of whose Reign, *Romulus* built the City of *Rome*.

In the eighteenth Year of his Age, *Romulus* was saluted King, when he had kill'd his Brother *Remus*, for leaping in Contempt over the Ditch he had made round the City. Thus he consecrated the Fortifications of the City with his own Blood. But all this while *Romulus* had built but the Shadow of a City, since there were no Inhabitants to people and defend it. However, he quickly pitch'd upon a Method to supply this Defect. There was a Grove hard by, which he made a Sanctuary for all Persons in Distress, and who were willing to make their Fortunes upon Hazard. This was proclaim'd in the neighbouring Regions; and an innumerable Multitude of Criminals, Debtors, and Malecontents, flock'd thither from all Parts; besides Shepherds, and other Persons, who only, through a natural Inconstancy, sought a Change of Life. So that there was a *Gallimaufry* of *Trojans*, who came over with *Æneas*; of *Arcadians*, who follow'd *Evander*; and of several other Nations; besides the Natives of *Toscany* and *Latium*. Out of these,

these as out of so many Elements, *Romulus* extracted the Body of a *Commonwealth*. But he considered withal, that this new Republick could not subsist beyond the Age and Lives of those Men who form'd it; they being without Hopes of Posterity, as having no Women among them. To provide for this Inconveniency, they treated with the bordering People about Marriages: which being denied them, they had recourse to Stratagems and Violence. They invited the *Sabines* and other Neighbours to come and see some Plays, which they promised to exhibit in Honour of *Neptune*.

The Bait took; and Multitudes of both Sexes, especially the Younger Sort, throng'd thither to be Spectators of the *Roman* Novelties. When on a sudden, a certain Signal being given, the *Romans* leap'd from their Places, and rushing among the Strangers, every Man seized the Female that best pleased him, or that first came to Hand, and made her his Wife.

This was the Cause of speedy Wars: For the neighbouring People, who had been thus robb'd of their Women, took up Arms to revenge the Injury. But they were routed, put to flight, and one of their Towns laid waste. The *Romans* also took rich Spoils from them, which they consecrated to their Gods.

In the mean time, the City of *Rome* was delivered into the Hands of the *Sabines*, by *Tarpeia* a Virgin; who, as some say, was corrupted with Gold, by *Tatius*, the Captain of the *Sabines*; Whilst others affirm, that she did it innocently, and with a Design to save the City, instead of betraying it. For she ask'd as a Reward of her supposed Treason, the Shields of the *Sabines*; thinking that being thus in part disarmed, they might easily be overcome by the *Romans*. But they sensible of her Stratagem, promised what she demanded; and

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perform'd

perform'd it accordingly; but in such a Manner, as plainly discover'd their Revenge of an Injury, rather than their Gratitude for a Kindness: For they threw their Shields so thick upon her, that they press'd her to Death.

Then entring the City Pell-mell, there commenc'd a furious Battel between the *Romans* and the *Sabines*. The Streets flow'd with Blood, 'till the Wives of the *Romans*, for whose Sake this War began, came tearing their Hair, and running between the Two Armies, at length brought them to a Truce and Agreement. Then a solemn League was made between *Romulus* and *Tatius*. And what is more wonderful, the *Sabines* leaving their Native Seats, came with all their Wealth to live in *Rome*; communicating Part of their Riches to their Sons-in-Law, by way of Dowry.

The Forces of the *Romans* being thus increased by the Accession of the *Sabines*, *Romulus* applied himself to the Publick Administration with all Care and Policy. He appointed the Youth to be always in Arms on Horse-back, that they might be constantly upon their Guard, and ready equipped against the Surprizes of War: That the Chief Council of the Commonwealth should consist of the Seniors; who were called Fathers for their Authority, and Senators for their Age.

Affairs being thus disposed, one Day, when there was a full Senate, *Romulus* being present, was on a sudden taken from their Sight. Some think he was murder'd by Conspiracy, and cut into small Pieces by the Senators: Others say, he was poyson'd. But the general Report was, that he was Deified. *Julius Proculus* was the Author of this; who taking Notice that there arose a violent Tempest at the same Instant that *Romulus* disappeared, and that the Sun was just then eclipsed, insinuated to the People, that *Romulus* was become a God. Nay, he took an Oath,

Oath, that he saw him in a much more August Form, than whilst he was a Mortal : And that *Romulus* commanded them to adore him for a God ; affirming that he was called *Quirinus* in Heaven ; and assuring them, that *Rome* should conquer the whole Earth.

Numa Pompilius succeeded *Romulus*, being invited to the Kingdom by the *Romans*, who had a Veneration for him on the bare Fame of his Sanctity and Religion. He taught them Holy Rites and Ceremonies, with whatsoever pertain'd to the Worship of the Immortal Gods. He divided the Year into Twelve Months, and appointed the Holy-days. He ordain'd the *Pontiffs*, *Augurs*, *Salii*, with other Ranks of Priests. He gave them the *Ancilia* and *Palladium*, which came down from Heaven : And he instituted the Vestal Fire. In a Word, he persuaded them, that whatsoever he taught them, he receiv'd from the Goddess *Ægeria*. And this wrought so efficaciously on the Minds of the rude and ignorant People, that they came at length to govern that Empire with Justice and Religion, which they got by Robbery and Oppression.

Prince of the *Musti's*, I will reserve the rest of the *Roman* History for another Dispatch.

Paris, 9th of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1680.

LETTER XV.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of
Austria.

THY last Letter appears Magisterial and peremptory, like a Summons from the Inquisition. Thou requirest an Account of my Faith, and what Idea I have of Religion; suspecting that I am inclined to Heresy. This proceeds from the Freedom I formerly took in discoursing against the Pope's Infallibility, the newly canoniz'd Saints, and the Doctrine of *no Salvation out of the Roman Church*. I see thy Zeal makes thee peevish and morose. Indeed it is a Grace that soon turns fowre, if it be not kept in a clean Heart, and a temperate Air, free from the Vapours of Superstition. However I am willing to satisfy thy Demand as well as I can; and transmit my Soul to thee in Effigy.

Tho' we cannot pourtray Negatives, yet every Picture has its Backside, whereon the cunning Painter may draw the Reverse of his first Design; or at least, the Spectator's Imagination may supply the Painter's Office, and form Idea's quite contrary to the Original Piece. That thou mayest therefore the better comprehend what I am in Point of Religion and Faith, I will first represent what I am not.

Conceive then, that I am no Narrow-Soul'd Jew, who confines Salvation to the Lineage of *Jacob*, and lays an Hereditary Claim to Heaven, because, for the Wickedness of his Execrable Race, he is not allowed to possess a Foot of Land on Earth: Who, to strengthen his Title, produces the Scheme of his Genealogy; proving that he descended in a Right Line from one of those Parricides, who murdered the

the *Messias*: and for that Reason avouches, that Paradise is entail'd to him, among the rest of his Brethren, on the Score of his Forefather's Merit.

Neither am I a Christian Hypocrite, who mocks himself and all that see him, with his empty Formalities: who constantly calls upon *Jesus* every Morning, to sanctify his Resolution of sinning against God before Night. Who tires out the Patience of the Saints and Angels, with the *Crambe* of his vain Repetitions; His *Ave Maria's*, *Ora pro nobis's*, and the rest of his Religious *Fargon*. Who goes to Church, that he may get the Whip-hand of the Devil; and meeting him on Holy Ground, may whisper Treason against God Almighty over his Beads, or his Prayer-Book; as the *Germans* do against the Emperor, over their Bottle, *sub Rosa*, without any Observators, or Tell-Tales.

I am no Worshipper of Images, Pictures, Old Rotten Worm-eaten Bits of Wood, or other pretended Relicks of Christ and his Saints. I cannot be persuaded, that God is well pleased to see me make a Fool of my self, and trot up and down in Pilgrimage, to honour Five or Six Sham-Heads of St. *John the Baptist*; for in so many several Places do they pretend to shew that one Sacred Relick, which cannot be multiplied. Neither can I believe the Miraculous Vegetation, and constant Growth of the Cross: which they pretend to shew whole and entire at *Casarea*, whilst it is exhibited also in Millions of Pieces throughout *Christendom*. So that there is scarce a Christian Gentleman of any Quality in *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, or *America*, who does not boast his Share of this wonderful Relick. If all which Pieces were put together, they would probably make a Thousand such Crosses, as that which is kept in *Palestine*, for the supposed True Cross whereon *Jesus* suffer'd Death; and yet they are all said to be cut off from That. Indeed, Fa-

ther William, I have no great Stomach to swallow down these Great Wooden Fables : The very Chips are enough to choak me. But then comes the Milk of the Blessed Virgin to my Relief, with which I may rinse my unbelieving Throat, almost in every Parish, or Monastick Church, I come at. For I dare say, there is more of this to be found in such Places, than an *Hungarian Cow* would give in Seven Years together. But it curdles in my Stomach and makes me sick. The very Idea of these Child-Aburdities is as operative, as the Draught of an *Antimonial Cup*.

It would be too tedious to turn up all the Negative Side of my Religion ; and explain in an Hundred more Particulars, what I am not : Let us now therefore traverse the *Tablet*, and see what I positively am.

And here I am at a Loss for a compendious Title or Name to give my self, saving that of a Christian : For I know not to what more particular Predicament I belong. As for the distinguishing Characteristicks of Papist, Protestant, Lutheran, Calvinist, Socinian, &c. I esteem them no otherwise than the Brands of so many Religious Factions in the Church. And the particular Title of *Roman Catholick*, looks like a *Solacism* in Common Sense. I would therefore be taken for a Christian, who neither makes Parties, nor Sides with any. But, honouring *Jesus* as our common Lord and Master, I endeavour to obey his Laws peaceably, and like a Loyal Subject.

I lay for a Foundation of all my Practice toward Men, this Golden Rule, which he gave us : *Not to do that to another, which I would not have done to my self*. Upon this Basis is built the whole Fabrick of Human Justice. I endeavour to regulate my own Passions, and to bear with those of others : To be angry with my self for the least *Peccadillo* ; but

but to frame Excuses for the Errors and Offences which my Neighbour commits. Here rises the Superstructure of all Virtue; supported by Patience, Hope and Faith; cemented by Charity, Meekness, and Temperance; and adorned all over with good Works.

In a Word, *Father William*: The Sum and Substance of my Religion consists in these few Rules: *To Fear God, Serve my King, Honour and Obey my Parents, Love my Friends, and to do Justice to all Men*: without troubling my self about empty Formalities, and needless Ceremonies: Or being concerned in what Nation, Climate, or Society of Christians I live; since God regards not one Man more than another for these exterior Differences.

Reverend Monk, Adieu: And from what I have said, conclude me a Catholick in the properest Sense.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1680.

LETTER XVI.

To Murat Bassa.

They are extremely merry here in *Paris*. Nothing but Dancing, Singing, Roaring, Drinking, Ringing of Bells, making of Bonfires and other Illuminations, Shooting of Guns, Flirting about Squibs, Crackers, Serpents, Rockets, and all manner of Gun-powder Compositions. If it should hold but two Hours longer, I believe they would be in Danger of running all Mad. This is the Hour of Midnight, and yet they are in the

Height of their Jollity, which is not customary in these *Western* Parts, tho' no wonder in the *East*. I wish there were an Army of *Ottomans* near us; I'd give them the Signal, and shew them the Way, when and how to enter the Town, and take Possession of the richest City in *France*: For they suspect nothing, and the very Guards themselves are all drunk. 'Twere an easy Thing to surprize 'em, and take them napping. But there is a Time and a Chance for all Things under the Moon: And this is their lucky Season.

Would'st thou know the Occasion of all this Joy and Security? 'Tis double; of one Side the News comes rowling from *Spain* of the New Queen found there. And on the other Hand they are transported with the Marriage of *Monseigneur*, the *Dauphin* of *France*, with the Princess *Anne Marie Victoire*, Sister to the Duke of *Bavaria*.

I mention'd the Advances were made in order to this Match the latter End of the foregoing Year. The same was compleated in all its Ceremonies on this very Day.

The *French* King parted from *Versailles* about the Beginning of this *Moon*, with the *Dauphin* his Son, to meet the Princess. Their first Interview was at a Place called *Vitry*. As soon as the *Dauphiness* (for so we must call her now) saw the King alight from his Horse, she leaped out of her Coach, and threw her self upon her Knees. But he soon rais'd and embrac'd her with Royal Caresses, expressing the mighty Joy he felt at this first Sight of her, on whom rested the Hopes of *France* for Heirs to the Crown. Then he presented the *Dauphin* to Her, who also was not wanting on his Part, to discover the Sentiments he had for a Princess of so great Birth, Merit, Wit and Virtue.

The Queen did not see her Daughter-in-law, till they came to *Chalons*; and there she caressed her

with

with all Tenderneſs imaginable, in outward Appearance. But GOD knows what is in the Hearts of theſe Royal Souls, or how long their Friendſhip may laſt.

The Ceremony of the Eſpouſals was performed at that Town Yeſterday, by the Cardinal of *Bouillon*, Grand Almoner of *France*, in the Chapel of the Biſhop's Palace: And to Day, as I have ſaid, he finiſhed the whole Buſineſs in the Temple of the *Virgin Mary*, the chief Cathedral of this City, in the Preſence of the King and Queen, with divers Lords and Ladies of the Court. There were other Biſhops to aſſiſt him, whoſe Titles I have forgot: But I think they were of *Orleans* and *Condon*. This laſt makes a conſiderable Figure in the Kingdom, and is created firſt Almoner to Madam the *Dauphineſs*. He appears very zealous in converting the *Hugonots*; and I have a great deal more to ſay of him, than I have time to write now.

Aſſure thy ſelf, that I cherish a profound Reſpect for thee; and that as I never was, ſo I never will be defective or tardy in ſending thee thy Proportion of *Western Intelligence*: For I muſt divide it among the *Baſſa's*, and other Miniſters of the Porte.

Reſt contented with thy Share, and in the Name of GOD, Farewel.

Paris, 8th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1680.



LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. VIII.

BOOK IV.

LETTER. I.

*To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal
Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*



Y the *Mosque* of *Sultan Jub*, I swear, these petty Republicks of the *Franks* are not worth a *Mussulman's* Thought. However, to satisfy thy curious and inquisitive Genius, I will say something of each, as briefly and compendiously as I can.

In my Two last, I discoursed of the United *Netherlands*, and the *Swiss Cantons*. Now I will ferry thee over the *Leman Lake*, and land thee in *Geneva*, the Mother, Nurse, and Centre of the *Calvinists*. These are a sort of *Protestants*, dissent-
ing

ing from the Opinions of *Luther* and his Associates, who was the first Author of what they call the Reformation here in *Europe*.

The City of *Geneva* is very antient, and was not young in the Time of *Julius Caesar*, as appears by his Commentaries ; where he makes mention of its being seated on the River *Rosus*, just at the Entrance of the *Leman Lake*. It stands very pleasantly, and has a fertile Soil round about it ; where *Ceres* strives to out-do *Bacchus* in her Liberalities. For tho' there be very good Vineyards in these Parts, yet not in so great Plenty, as to match the Abundance of Corn, Pulse, Hay, Oats, Melons, and all manner of Herbs and Fruits that the Climate usually bears.

The Air is pure and wholesome: The Winters not so cold as in *Germany*, nor the Summers so hot as in some Parts of *France*.

The People are generally corpulent, morose, inhospitable to Strangers, especially to those of the *Roman Church*, whom they always suspect as Spies. They are very frugal, continent, and sober. And above all Things, they affect a singular Gravity in their Carriage and Garb.

As for Riches they can boast but little; and were it not for their Art in making Silks and printing Books, of which infinite Quantities and Numbers are exported to other Nations, this Commonwealth could not support its own Charges.

Indeed their Military Strength is considerable for the Bigness of the Place ; the City being fenced by Nature as well as Art, with impregnable Fortifications. They keep an exquisite Watch on the Walls, and at the Gates. Neither can any Foreigner have Entrance or Lodging there, without undergoing a severe Scrutiny. They have a Magazine in the City, furnish'd with all sorts of

Arms, and with every Thing that is necessary to sustain a long Siege. Add to this, the Friendship and Patronage of the *French* Kings, who have for many Years shelter'd this little Republick from the Invasions and Incroachments of the Dukes of *Savoy*, who claim a Title to it.

There were formerly three Forts near the Town, in the Possession of the *Savoyards*, which much annoy'd the Inhabitants, and threaten'd the Ruin of the City it self, with the Shot of great Brass Ordnance, which were plac'd there for that Purpose. But *Henry IV.* of *France* took one from the Duke of *Savoy*, and demolished it in the Year 1600. He also caus'd another to be pulled down, which equally endamaged the opposite Side of the City. And a third the Inhabitants themselves laid even with the Ground, being aided by the *French*.

If thou would'st know by what Title the Dukes of *Savoy* pretend a Right to *Geneva*; I will tell thee in a few Words. In former Times, there was a Feud between the Counts of *Geneva*, and her Bishops, about the Government, each claiming it as his Due. At length a certain Bishop procur'd the Principality of *Geneva*, from *Frederick I.* Emperor of *Germany*. This occasioned a Civil War between him and the Count of *Geneva*, which lasting many Years, and consuming the Money and Forces of the Town; the Inhabitants, with the Consent of the Bishop, implored the Protection of the Count of *Savoy*. He rais'd an Army, and march'd against the Count of *Geneva*; taking many Towns and Fortresses from him, which belong'd to the Republick. Then he advanced with the Army near to the Walls of *Geneva*, more like an Enemy than a Friend to the Bishop and People. For
not

not content with his new Conquests, he demand-
ed as much Money as would quit the Charges he
had been at in this Expedition. The Bishop re-
presented to him, "That he ought to be con-
tent with those Places he had won, and that
"they should be acknowledg'd Feudatories of Sa-
"voy." But this did not satisfy the greedy Count,
who threaten'd the City, if they would not reim-
burse him with Money. The Inhabitants being
poor, and fearing worse Consequences, shou'd they
provoke this Prince too far, at last agreed with him,
"That he shou'd possess as much Right in the
"City, as the Counts of *Geneva* had done before
"this War begun." And this was done by way of
Pledge or Mortgage. The *Savoyard* therefore en-
tring the City with his Forces, oppress'd the In-
habitants with cruel Tyranny. So that being pro-
vok'd to desperate Courses, they conspir'd to-
gether, and chose rather to call back the Count of
Geneva to his native Possession, from which he
had been violently cast out by the Usurping Bishop,
than to submit to a Foreign Jurisdiction, which
began so early to afflict them with insupportable
Calamities.

But this, instead of a Remedy, prov'd an Ag-
gravation of their Misfortunes. For the Count of
Geneva, coming against him of *Savoy* with some
Forces, was overcome in Battel, and so *Geneva*
was reduc'd to greater Streights than before.
For the *Savoyards* entring the Houses of the Ci-
tizens, drew the Conspirators from their lurking
Holes, and kill'd them, committing a thousand
other Insolencies against the Inhabitants. Nor
did this cease, till the whole Race of the Counts
of *Geneva* was quite extinct. Then *Amadeus*, the
Count of *Savoy*, finding that still the Bishop of
Geneva gave him as much Trouble as the Counts
had

had done before, obtain'd of the Emperor *Charles IV.* to be made Vicar of the Empire in his Provinces ; thinking by the Greatness of his Title and Authority to suppress the Power of the Bishop. But the Ecclesiastick Prince so strongly opposed the Secular, that he maintain'd his own Jurisdiction, and the Liberty of the People, till the Time of *Amadeus VIII.* who was his Successor, and the first who was created Duke of *Savoy*, being afterwards elected to the Papacy, which he enjoy'd by the Name of *Felix*. Before his Assumption to this Height of Ecclesiastick Dignity, he had obtain'd of Pope *Martin* the Jurisdiction of *Geneva* in temporal Matters. But he found as much Trouble in it, as his Predecessors had done before. And so have all his Successors to this very Day. For, tho' they boast of the Title, yet they have no more Authority in the Town than the King of *Bantam*.

This City is govern'd by a Sindick, and Twenty five Senators, who meet every Day to consult about the Affairs of the *Commonwealth*, and to decide all Causes, whether Criminal or Civil.

It is their chief Interest to hold a good Correspondence with *France*, without whose Protection they would suffer many Injuries. Therefore the better sort, as it were by way of Flattery and Complaisance, dress themselves after the *French* Fashions, and make use of that Language, tho' imperfectly, in all their Letters and Conversation. But the *Vernacular* is the same with that of *Savoy*.

Accomplish'd Minister, in regard thou complainest of the Length of my Letters, I will hereafter be more concise ; and refresh thee often with brief Accounts of the States in *Europe*, yet remaining to be spoke of.

In the mean time, think of doing poor *Mahmut* some Kind Office in the *Divan*, for I am macerated with Zeal, Care, Sicknefs, and old Age. Surely I cannot live much longer ; or rather, I shall not be much longer a dying ; *For this mortal Life is but Death in Masquerade.*

Paris, 4th of the 6th Moon
of the Year 1680.

LETTER II.

To Achmet Bassa.

SOME Maxims of State or Religion, which you please, for they are much at one, have moved the King of *France* to publish a Decree, which they call a Regulation ; whereby he restrains the *Hugonots* from certain Liberties and Privileges which they enjoyed before.

If thou would'st know the Character of these *Hugonots*, I will give it thee as well as I can ; not perfect and full thou may'st swear, but true, as far as it goes.

In the first Place, therefore, it is necessary for thee to know, that about two hundred Years past, a certain Fryar, or *Dervise* in our Stile, nam'd *Martin Luther*, being offended at his Lord and Master the Pope, or Bishop of *Rome*, set up for himself, as the only Preacher, Doctor, Reformer, and Apostle of that Age. He drew abundance of People after him, and not a few Princes and Nobles. The known scandalous Vices of the *Roman* Clergy on one side, and the epidemical Inclination which Mortals have for Novelty on the other, facilitated his Innovation.

He

He grew famous in *Wirtemberg*, *Augsburg*, and other Parts of *Germany*, where he liv'd. In a word, his new Doctrines were like an Earthquake to the whole Empire. He stagger'd many wise and honest Men, and overthrew whole thousands of Fools and Knaves.

Among the rest of the last Gang, one *Calvin* embrac'd *Luther's* Tenets, a very learned Man, and of great Abilities; but very partial, revengeful and austere in his Humour. At first he was very zealous and uniform in all Things, according to the Model of his upstart Master; but upon some Dispute between them, he takes Snuff, flings off the Yoke, and revolts from his new Director. There have been several such hot-headed Sparks since that time, every one aspiring at the Character of an Apostle or Prophet; *Zuinglius*, *Oecolampadius*, *Melancthon*, *Bucer*, *Beza*, and a Rabble of other new Lights and Saviours of the World.

Now the *Hugonots*; as I am inform'd, are the Disciples of *Calvin*: So is the Commonwealth of *Geneva*; with some Part of *Swisserland*, *Holland*, and the Country of the *Grisons*. As for *England*, *Sweden*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Saxony*, *Brandenburgh* and *Hesse-Cassel*, they are all *Lutherans*: Saving that the *English*, whom I first mentioned, have made twelve several Alterations in their Religion, since the Days of *Luther*.

It is observable of that Nation, that they are flexible, and receptive of any foreign Impression. The *French* say, *The English would as soon embrace Mahometanism, as any other Religion, could ye but once get the Length of their Foot*. This is an *English* Adage. 'Tis certain they are a very mutable, inconstant, rebellious People: They surfeit on the Plenty which Nature hath given 'em; which makes them still uneasy, discontented, and delicate. They spew out their own Happiness, to ease the Stomach of that intemperate

Na-

Nation, and prepare it for foreign Sham-Banquets of Magicians. Of old they were brave, and stedfast to their Principles: Then their Renown was spread far and wide: *When a Baronet of England (as 'tis recorded in the Histories of France, which must be impartial in this Point) kill'd five and twenty Frenchmen, among whom were two Marquises, four Knights, and nine Nobles of the lesser Order.*

But now they have quite lost their ancient Fame and Valour: They are corrupted with a thousand Debaucheries. They are as fickle as the Wind, and as moveable as the Dust it raises in the Streets. In fine, they are nothing at all, but the Obloquy and Scorn of other Nations.

But to return to the *French Hugonots*, and *Calvin* their Master. I was once acquainted with a very ancient *Dervise*, or Fryar, when I first came to *Paris*, who confidently affirm'd, That he had often heard his own Father say, "That *Calvin*,
" in his Presence, once thrust his Right Hand
" into the Fire; wishing it had been burnt to
" Ashes, when it directed his Pen in writing
" against the Real Presence of the *Body of Jesus*
" the *Messias*, in the *Sacrament of the Altar*. But
" since he had writ that fatal Treatise, he could
" do no less in Honour than defend it to the last." And yet this is one of the cardinal and most important Points in Controversy between the *Catholicks* and the *Hugonots*; whereon the whole Body of Religion depends, and is turn'd to the Right-hand, or to the Left. So that in the main, the *Hugonots* have no other Ground for their Separation from the *Roman Church*, than the confess'd Obstinacy of their Ringleader. And I tell thee plainly, they are the Disciples of his Humour, as well as of his Doctrines. There is not such a pertinacious Sort of People living; so singular,

gular, partial, self-conceited, wilful and incorrigible. We must always except out of this Character, some of the Gentry, most of the Nobles, and all the *Beaux Esprits* of that Profession, as they call 'em ; that is, the Men of Sense. For they despise the Bigottry of their Brethren, and go to their publick Assemblies, rather in Complaisance to their Parents, Friends, and Kindred, or for the sake of Interest, than out of any real Regards for a Religion of so young a Date, so mean and contemptible a Figure, and which is shut up within such narrow Limits.

They are, in short, so bad, or at least grown so odious at the Court, that the King is quite angry with them, and resolved to extirpate them and their new-fangl'd Heresy out of the Nation. In order to this, he proceeds gradually, like a Politician ; being not willing to tempt them to a general Revolt, by provoking the whole Party at once, and rendring them desperate. No, no ; he's cunninger than to draw a Civil War upon himself and his Kingdom, by giving so loud an Alarm to a People who are very rich, potent, and whose Interest is much interwoven with that of the *Catholicks*. I believe, to speak modestly, they are able to keep fifty thousand Men of Arms in Pay, as they can contrive the Business among themselves. Therefore, knowing that though the Preachers all profess the same Religion, yet every one is not so zealous as another in defending and propagating it ; he has made such a politick Decree, as only touches those particular *Mollahs*, (or Ministers as they call them here) who are convicted of proselyting any *Catholicks* to their Heresy. Whereby also is threaten'd to the *Catholicks* themselves, who shall forsake the Religion of their Fathers, perpetual Banishment, the Loss of their Right Hand, which was lifted up

up in their Abjuration, and other grievous Penalties.

In the mean time, the Bishops and inferior Priests are very industrious to confirm the *Catholicks* in their native Faith and Obedience, and to convert the *Hugonots* from their supposed Errors. I call them supposed Errors, because it is much at one to us that are *Mussulmans*, and Followers of *Mahomet*, whether one Party of the *Nazarenes* be in the right of it, or t'other : Only we must regard the Interest of the *Ottoman* Empire. They are all equally Hereticks and Infidels, so long as they are Enemies to the Messenger of G O D, the Seal of the Prophets.

He that is the most vigorous, and takes the greatest Pains in converting the *Hugonots*, is the Bishop of *Meaux* ; a Man of prodigious Eloquence, Sense, and Wit. This Age does not afford his Equal, in the Perfections of the Mind and Intellect : He is profoundly learned, a Man of universal Reading ; skilful in most Languages ; an Oracle in Philosophy, Astronomy, and other Sciences of Nature. He is the *Laureat* among the Poets, the Crown of Orators ; the very *Encyclopadia* of human Knowledge.

'Tis true, he is very zealous for the Authority, and infallible Veracity of the *Roman* Church : But he asserts these Things with so much Grace and Moderation, with such a Masculine Reason, and with all the Symptoms of a sincere Piety ; that I, who regard no one Sect of the *Franks* more than another, cannot but admire the natural Abilities and Perfections of his Soul. He's learned as *Abdel Melec Muli Omar* at *Fez* ; pious as *Hebatolla Mir Argun* at *Cogni* in *Natolia* ; abstinent as *Mohammed* in *Arabia* ; holy as the abstracted *Mirmadolin*, *Santone* of the Vale of *Sidon*. A Man every way accomplish'd, and inspir'd with Divine Munificences.

O great

O great *Bassa*, accuse me not for this *Eulogy* of a Christian: But let thou and I, and all True Believers, profit by the best Examples, where-ever, or in whatsoever Religion we find 'em, whether they be *Giaurs*, or *Mussulmans*.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1680.

LETTER III.

To the venerable Mufti.

SO long as thou dost not complain of my too frequent Letters, I shall not murmur at the Pains of writing them. 'Tis a Pleasure thus to revolve the Histories of past Ages. And whilst I with my own Hand consign them to Paper, they adhere the faster to my Memory. I should not be sorry, if I were to spend the Remainder of my Days in epitomizing all the authentick Records and Memoirs that are extant in the World. Such an Exercise would be a constant Relief of Melancholy, by lighting abundance of Flambeaux and Lamps in the Soul to disperse the Mists and Darkeness which naturally make it sad. I ended my last Letter with the Reign of *Numa Pompilius* over the *Romans*: Who, as if he had made the Kingdom Hereditary only to Men of Virtue, was no sooner dead, but the People elected *Tullus Hostilius* for their King, in Consideration of his excellent Endowments and Merits.

He

He instructed the *Romans* in a more perfect Military Discipline, and improved the Art of War. So that having train'd up the Youth to a wonderful Promptness and Skill in Arms, he ventur'd to send a Defiance to the *Albans*, and invade their Territories, tho' they were a stout People, and had lorded it a long Time in *Italy*. But when many Battels had been fought between them, with equal Damage to both Sides ; at length, to put an End to the War, and make the Losses of the Vanquished more compendious, they mutually agreed to decide the Victory, by a Combat of three Brothers on one Side, against as many of the other. Those on the *Roman* were called *Horatii*; the *Alban* Brothers, *Curatii*.

The Fight was fair and dubious; and had an admirable Event; for all the three *Curatii* were wounded, and two of the *Horatii* killed ; so that it seemed difficult to determine which had the Advantage ; one sound and untouched *Roman*, or three faint and weakened *Albans*. However, the surviving *Horatius* not presuming too much on his own Strength against such an unequal Number of Enemies, added Policy to his Courage, and made use of this Stratagem :

He counterfeited a Flight, that so he might separate his Adversaries, and engage with them singly, one after another, according as they overtook him. His Plot took, and he vanquished all three : But he sullied his Victory with the Blood of his Sister ; whom at his Return he killed, because she met him not with Joy and Triumph, but with Grief and Tears for the Loss of her Spouse, who was one of the three *Alban* Brethren. He was call'd in question for the bloody Fact, but his Merit superseded his Crime ; and the Fact, which at another time would have cost him his Head, now served but to augment his Glory.

Not long after this, there broke out a War between the *Romans* and the *Fidenates*, a People of *Latium* or *Tuscany*. The *Albans*, according to their late League, were obliged to aid the *Romans* in their Wars. Wherefore they sent Auxiliary Forces, under the Command of *Metius Suffetius*. But this Captain proved treacherous : For just as the two Armies were going to enter Battel, he withdrew his *Albans* to the Top of a Hill ; where they stood *Neuters*, to behold the Fortune of the Fight, that so they might join the strongest Party. Which when *Tullius* perceived, he politickly cried out with a loud Voice, in the Hearing of both Armies, *That Metius had done this by his Command*. Then the *Romans* took Courage ; and their Enemies being struck with Terror, were soon routed and overcome. After which, the *Roman* King caused the Traytor *Metius Suffetius* to be tied with Cords to two Chariots, and torn in pieces by wild Horses. He also ruin'd and quite demolish'd *Alba* ; not looking on that City now as the Parent, but the Rival of *Rome*. However, he first transported to *Rome* all the Riches of *Alba*, with the Inhabitants : that so the City might not seem to perish, but only to remove its Situation, and be incorporated with *Rome*.

Ancus Martius succeeded *Tullus Hostilius*, being the Grandchild of *Numa*, by his Daughter. He inherited his Qualities also, as well as his Blood. He encompassed the City with Walls, and join'd the Banks of *Tyber*, which ran through the middle of it, with a Bridge. He likewise built the Port *Ostio*, just by the Mouth of the River, where it flows into the Sea ; planting there a Colony of *Romans*, as if he had then presag'd what afterwards came to pass ; that the Merchandizes of the World should be brought in thither, as into the Maritime Store-house of the City destin'd to conquer all Things.

Him succeeded *Tarquinius*, afterwards surnam'd *Priscus*. He was of foreign Extraction, yet obtain'd the Sovereignty by his Elegance and Wit. For, being the Son of *Lucumo*, a *Corinthian*, who abandon'd his Country, and fled into *Tuscany*, where he was made King; this *Tarquinius*, polishing his *Greek* Nature with *Italian* Arts, insinuated so far with the *Romans*, that they chose him for their King. He augmented the Number of Senators, and added three hundred Soldiers to the Troops that were already established: Which was all he durst do, in regard *Attius Nevius*, an *Augur*, in high Request among the *Romans*, had forbid any greater Number to be added. These *Augurs* were a sort of Diviners, who foretold Things to come, from the Chirping, Flying, Feeding, and other Actions of Birds. *Tarquinius* one Day ask'd this *Attius Nevius*, *Whether the Thing could possibly be done, which he then thought upon?* The *Augur*, consulting his Art, answer'd, *It might be done.* Then said the King, *I was considering whether I could cut this Whetstone with a Razor.* Yes, you may, replied *Attius*. And the King did it. From that time, the College of *Augurs*, first founded by *Romulus*, was held in sacred Esteem by the *Romans*. I should have called them the *Triumvirate* of *Augurs*; for there were but three at first, one out of every Tribe. But *Servius Tullius*, the next King, added a fourth. They were all Nobles. But afterwards they were increas'd to nine; and last of all, to fifteen, in the Dictatorship of *Sylla*.

To return to *Tarquinius*. He was no less prosperous in War, than in Peace; for he subdued twelve Cities of the *Thescans*, with the Territories belonging to them. He invented Robes, and Ensigns of State; the Ivory Seats of Chariots, wherein the Senators were carried to the Council; the Gold Rings, and magnificent Horse-Trappings,
which

which were given to the *Roman* Knights, as Badges of Honour : Also, the Purple and Scarlet Robes ; the Triumphal Chariot of Gold ; the painted *Phrygian* Robe, worn by a victorious General, when he celebrated a Triumph ; with many other Ornaments and publick Decorations, to set forth the Majesty and Grandeur of the *Roman* State.

Tarquinius being mortally wounded, his Wife *Tanaquil* perswaded the People, that all was well with him ; that his Wounds were not dangerous : That he was only laid in a Slumber ; and that in a little time they should see him well again : In the meanwhile, she said, it was his Will and Pleasure that they should obey *Servius Tullius*, a Favourite of her's ; who would administer Justice, and govern the People wisely, during the King's Illness.

This *Servius Tullius* was the Son of a Prince of *Latium* ; who being kill'd in a Battle with the *Romans*, his Wife was carried Captive to *Rome* ; and being presented to Queen *Tanaquil*, liv'd free from Servitude under her Protection : And being with Child, was deliver'd of *Servius Tullius* in *Tanaquil's* Palace. The Queen took a singular Fancy to the Noble Infant, and gave him Royal Education ; presaging from a Flame which she saw environing his Head, that he would be a famous Man in Time. 'Twas for this Reason she perswaded the People to receive him as the King's Substitute, or Deputy for a while, not doubting but that after they had tasted the Sweetness of his Government, and the Death of *Tarquin* should be known, they would easily submit to him as *Tarquin's* Successor. Her Stratagem had its desired Effect ; for *Servius Tullius* improved his Time so well in pleasing the People, that the Kingdom, which he obtain'd by Craft, was acknowledg'd by all as due to his Merit and Vir-
tues,

tues. He first brought the People of *Rome* under an Assessment, whereby every Man's Estate was valued: He divided them into Classes, Wards, and Colleges. And the Commonwealth was brought into such Order, by the exquisite Policy of this wise King, that the Difference of every Man's Patrimony, Dignity, Age, Trade, and Office, was register'd in publick Tables; which render'd the Oeconomy of this great State as regular and easy, as that of a private Family or House.

The last of all the Kings was *Tarquinius*, surnam'd the *Proud*, for the morose and disdainful Haughtiness of his Temper. He married the Daughter of *Servius Tullius*, in hopes of succeeding in the Kingdom. But he not having Patience to wait for the natural Death of his Father-in-law, hired Ruffians to murder him, and then seized upon the Kingdom by Violence. Neither did he govern the State with less Wickedness and Cruelty, than that by which he obtained it: For he denied Burial to his murder'd Father-in-law; saying, *That he deserv'd not better Usage than Romulus, who perish'd without a Sepulchre.* He also slew the Chiefs of the Nobles whom he suspected to be of *Servius's* Interest. And his Wife *Tullia* was as bad as he: For as soon as she had saluted her Husband by the Title of King, she caus'd herself to be driven in a Chariot over the dead Carcass of her Father. Both of them exercis'd great Cruelty, and massacred many of the Senators. But the Pride of *Tarquin* was intolerable to all. Till, at length, when he had spent enough of his Rage at home, he turn'd it against his foreign Enemies abroad, and took many strong Towns in *Latium*. However, notwithstanding all his Vices, he gave the World this Proof of his Piety; that out of the Spoils which he took from his Enemies, he rais'd Money, and finish'd therewith the Temple of *Jupiter* in the

Capitol, which his Father *Tarquinius Priscus* had begun. The Story says, that as they were laying the Foundations of this Temple they found the Head of a Man; which they interpreted as a good Omen, That *Rome* should be the Seat of a vast Empire, and Mistress of the whole Earth; as it afterwards came to pass.

The People of *Rome* bore with the Pride of *Tarquin*, but would not bear with the Lust and Tyranny of his Sons; one of which ravish'd *Lucretia*, a Woman of admirable Beauty and Virtue. The chaste Matron, expiated the Disgrace, by stabbing her self: And, as she breath'd her last, she charg'd *Brutus* and *Collatinus*, two Princes, to revenge her Cause. Wherefore they stirred up the People to assert their Liberty, and abrogate the Kingly Government: Which was as readily done, as mention'd. And here was an End put to the Tyranny of Kings.

In my next I will relate the Increase and Progress of the *Roman* State under the Government of Consuls and Emperors: Which will comprehend the most memorable Events of Peace and War, even to the Catastrophe of the Empire.

Paris, 22d of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1680.



LETTER

L E T T E R IV.

To Orchan Cabet, Student of the Sciences, and Pensioner to the Sultan.

A Bout the Soul: That's the Thought I'm upon. That's the Word I'm going to write. Whether it shall, after the Grand Divorce from the Body, go to Heaven or Hell, (as they are commonly represented) or whether it shall not rather be more happily or miserably disposed of: Or if less, yet at least in a more proportionate Order of Eternal Justice. Methinks I taste and feel the Original Meaning of the Word *Nemesis*: Which though it pass for primitive *Greek*, among the most Learned of the *Western* Scholars, yet I can prove it to be a *Phœnician Derivative* from the *Chinese*. And I can demonstrate likewise, that it is full of Mysteries.

Every Syllable of it is sacred and mysterious as the MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN of *Beltshatzar*, *Numeravit*, *Numeravit*, *Appendit*, *Divisit*, That's the Sense of it. So are Words become the Eternal Mind.

The very Letters which compose Words, (I should have said the Syllables first, in good Manners) are all the Products of the Mathematicks; I mean, of the Original Science; not of those paultry Fragments, Scraps, and Offals, that are taught in Schools and Academies: Such as the Elements of *Euclid*, the Rudiments of *Algebra*, *Benazer*, *Kifud*, or any other learned Pen. There's something more within the Verge of Human Science, than what has been divulged hitherto in the World, or at least, more than what is now extant, and has

escap'd the Ruins of Fires, Floods, Earthquakes, and the Jaws of all-devouring Time.

Learned *Orchan*, I will not be prolix: But answer me one Question about the Soul. Canst thou believe the Stories of the Priests concerning Purgatory, Hell, and the two other Limbo's? Hast thou Faith enough to swallow the ridiculous Figments of the Book entituled, *Speculum Exemplorum*; a Tract so highly celebrated and magnified among the superstitious *Nazarenes* of the *Roman* Church? Believe me, these Doctrines are the pure Effects of *Anthropomorphism*, or the Religion of those who represent God under the Form of a Mortal Man. For they, poor Souls, are so incapable of rising above this gross and Earthly Thought, that they even presume to draw and paint the Effigies of the Eternal Divinity, which has no Figure or Resemblance. They pourtray him like a very old Man, with grey Hairs on his Head and Beard; and then they set the Idol up in Temples to be ador'd. The rude and ignorant Vulgar dare not contradict their Guides, whom they revere as Oracles. They bow before the sacred Vanity, paying Divine Honours to the Work of human Art. Thus Superstition and Error spread abroad and take Root in the World. From hence the duller part of Men derive their Notions of Man's Soul.

They cannot conceive how it should subsist after Death, without just such a Body of Flesh and Blood, as it has in this Life. And yet they contradict that very Opinion, by asserting, that it cannot have such a Body till after the general Resurrection; whilst at the same Time they assert, that it shall enjoy all the Pleasures, or suffer all the Pains, which none but Corporeal Beings are capable of. Doubtless, the Infidels are involved in a Labyrinth of Heresies.

We Mortals know not the State of departed Souls, whether they go upwards or downwards; to the *East* or *West*, *North* or *South*. We are wholly ignorant of the Climates wherein the Blessed and the Damned are separately disposed of. Perhaps the Doctrine of Transmigration, taught by *Pythagoras*, *Empedocles*, and all the *Eastern Indians*, may be true: From which Belief few *Mussulmans* do dissent. Or it may be, we shall, as the Gentile Poets wrote mysteriously, fall into *Lethe's* Lake, into the Region of Forgetfulness, where we shall be as though we had never been. This is the Soul's unactive State, if any such there be in Nature for an incorporeal Spirit. And then the *Millenaries* or *Chiliasm*s among the Christians, may be much in the right on't, who taught the Sleep of the Soul until the Resurrection. Indeed, in my Opinion, this Life itself, wherein we think our selves so much awake, to hear, see, taste, smell, feel, and revel in the Pleasures of the Universe, is but a Dream or Trance: A grand *Deliquium* of the Soul: The Universal Apoplexy of human Nature. For the true genuine Life is only to be found above, in the pure Regions of the Air, or more refined Skies; or if not there, at least and lowest Rate, in the superlative Heights beyond the Stars, remote from narrow and polluted Matter, where perfect Essences do bask eternally in the grand *Halo* of the Godhead; or shroud and cool themselves under the shady Trees of Paradise, whose Roots spring from the deep Abysses of Eternity; and are wash'd by Springs and Streams warbling along the verdant Banks of sweet *Chioschs*, and elegant Borders of the Groves in *Eden*.

Such are the Pleasures which God, the Fountain of Munificence, is pleas'd to treat his Creatures with. He studies to regale his Favourites with infinite Beatitudes.

There are in *Paradise*, Rivers broad and long as the *Danube*, *Volga*, *Niger*, *Nilus*, or any other noted Current upon Earth. Their Streams run all with Honey, Wine, and Milk, or more delicious Liquors, if any such there be.

They are not deep, that timorous Men need fear to drown themselves; yet deep enough for foreign earthly Souls to swim in everlasting Pleasures. Moreover, thou knowest the Saying of the Prophet, *That we shall have Women there, whose Beauty no Painters can e'er express; who shall not glance a Look upon another Man beside their own.* Women whose Beauty shall exceed the Lustre of Diamonds, Rubies, Hyacinths, and whatsoever is precious in the *East*.

He promises likewise, *That we shall be stretch'd out at perfect Ease, on stately Beds, under Pavilions of magnificent Structure.* Where Pages fair and beautiful as Pearls, shall wait upon us; whilst gentle Zephyrs fan the ambient Air with their immortal Breezes, making a soft and grateful Sound among the Leaves and Boughs of those tall verdant Copfes, Woods, and Thickets, which are planted here and there throughout the Fields of *Paradise*.

O *Orchan!* by all these Allegories we are to understand the supreme Felicity of virtuous Souls, who die in Faith and Love. This is a certain Rule, *That whatsoever is pleasant and agreable to any good Man upon Earth, shall be either superlatively augmented in Specie, or improved by an infinitely more pleasant Change in Heaven.* So that no Man that dies well, can possibly be baulk'd of his Fill of Happiness.

Shall I discourse frankly and after the manner of Friends? I think, when *Atropos* has done her Business and ours, when she has cut the Thread of earthly Life; our Souls will then awake as
from

from a tedious Slumber mix'd of Joys and Griefs, of Fears and Hopes, Pleasures and Pain. And we shall soon experiment the Truth of all our anxious Forecasts. Every Man shall be dispos'd of, according to his Rank in the Heraldry of Fate. I will not presume to calculate particularly, where or how: Only in general, this is my Faith, that there are Paradises of all Sorts and Degrees prepar'd with exquisite Proportion for the various kinds of good Men: And Hells as accurately fitted and equally adjusted, for the Punishment of the Wicked, to whatsoever Class or Order. For it appears to me a grand Solœcism, a perfect Blunder in Divinity and Reason, to assert or imagine, That as soon as the Breath is out of the Body, our Souls must either swiftly pass through all the Elements and Orbs above, and in a Moments Time be seated in the *Cœlum Empyræum*; or else must tumble headlong in an Instant, to the lowest Hell. Methinks, if I were to go upwards, I would tarry by the way, and divert my self a-while in the upper Region of serene and balmy Air; there to converse with courteous *Dæmons*, and perhaps with Souls of Gentile Old Philosophers and Poets. I would enquire at least for *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and *Lucretius*; for *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, and by the bye for *Sappho*. I should be ambitious also to see or hear of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Porphry*, and some other of the *Grecian* Sages. Neither would I forget the Name of any renowned wise Man of past Ages; for I think the Earth has born but few of late, that deserve to be mention'd. But above all, I should be diligent and curious to find out the thrice great *Hermes*, Father of Wisdom and Science. 'Tis ten to one but I should visit *Horace*, and ask for a Bottle of his beloved *Champaign Muscadine*, if he has any there.

When I had thus refresh'd my self in the *Paradises* of this sublunary World, I would take my Conge, and travel to the Orb of the Moon. I would kiss the Hand of *Menarchus* who rules all the Inhabitants of that Planet. If I found him in a good Humour, I would humbly beg his Pardon, and intercede for the silly *Arcadians*, who boasted *That their Country was older than the Moon*. I would represent their Case as favourable as I could; putting him in mind that they were only a Company of poor ignorant Shepherds, who first broach'd that blasphemous Libel; and that their Nation is quite extinct on Earth: Therefore they are not worthy of his farther Revenge or Anger; since every *Arcadian* who had asserted this in his Life-time, has for his Penance, been forc'd to dig in the Mines of the Moon, from the Hour of his Death. Perhaps these poor Fellows might fare the better for my Apology: Who knows? But, if I found that my Request was granted, and these unfortunate *Arcadians* being releas'd from the *Sub-Cynthian* Dungeons, were permitted to return to Earth again, I would charge them to have a care how they affronted such a potent Neighbour next time.

Having done so good a Work, I would slip through the Orb of *Mercury* as nimbly as I could, lest that cunning Thief should steal the Teeth out of my Head. And just paying my Respects to Lady *Venus en passant*, I would shut my Eyes, and glide in a Trice through the scorching Sphere of the *Sun*. As for *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*, I have nothing to do with them. But what Work would I make with the Beasts, and Monsters of the 8th Sphere? I'd cer-
 * *Aries*. tainly fleece the * *Ram*, and make
 † *Taurus*. the † *Bull* run mad. If I pass'd by.
 the

the † *Twins* in Pity: I'd eat the † *Gemini*.
 ‡ *Crab* for a *Viaticum*. The Shell I'd ‡ *Cancer*.
 throw to the * *Lyon* to stop his * *Leo*.
 Mouth, lest he should serve me in
 the same manner. But what a confounded Stop
 and Pause shou'd I make when I
 came to the *Virgin*? What Qualms *Virgo*.
 of Love should I have? Till weigh-
 ing her in the *Balance* of Reason, I *Libra*.
 should find her too light. And shou'd
 rather venture on the *Scorpion*: But *Scorpio*.
 I'd first charm him with the My-
 sterious Versicle of the *Alcoran*: And to make sure
 of him, I'd pray for *Noah* and all his Posterity, ac-
 cording to the old Rule of the *Arabians*: And then
 I might safely pass by, without being stung. Had
 rash *Phaeton* been acquainted with these Secrets,
 when he drove the Chariot of the Sun so madly; he
 might have rid over the *Scorpion*, without Danger of
 Burning the World. Neither had he been Thunder-
 struck by *Jupiter*, and Drown'd in the River *Po*,
 nor his poor Sisters been turn'd into *Poplars*.
 However, as he fell out of the Coach-Box, he
 dropp'd his Turbant on the Frontiers
 of *Sagittary*; which I would take up *Sagittarius*.
 to shield from the Shafts of that
 spiteful Archer. As for *Capricorn*, *Capricor-*
 he's a good Harmless Monster; and *mus*.
 any Body may pass by him without
 Danger. Then I'd quench my Thirst
 with *Aquarius*, after eating the *Crabs*, *Aquarius*.
 and so prepare for another Banquet on
Pisces. *Pisces*.

If thou thinkest, I am too much
 in jest with the Heavenly Signs, I tell thee there
 is nothing in Nature more ridiculous than these
 fictitious Forms and Names assign'd them by the
 Ancient Poets.

However, my Soul begins to be tir'd with thus pursuing those Beasts of the Sky. So I'll put an End to the Chace, wishing thee and my self a good Repose: For it is above an Hour past Midnight. *Adieu.*

Paris, the 17th of the 10th Moon
of the Year 1680.

L E T T E R V.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IF thou wilt turn over the Register of the Empire thou wilt find some of my Letters wherein I have describ'd the City of *Venice*, according to the best Information I had from *Adonai*, a *Jew* residing there as a Private Agent for the *Grand Signior*. Therefore, avoiding all Particularities concerning the Incredible Magnificence of the Palaces, Temples, Bridges, Colleges, and other publick Buildings, where nothing is to be seen but Marble, Jasper, Porphyry, Silver and Gold, and other Precious Ornaments which every where dazzle the Eyes of Strangers; I will only take Notice of such Things relating to this City and Republick, as I formerly omitted.

The *Venetians* possess several most ample, rich, and flourishing Cities in *Italy*; besides abundance of smaller Towns, Castles and Fortresses. The Names of those Cities which are of chiefest Note, are, *Bergamo*, *Crema*, *Brixia*, *Verona*, *Trent*, *Aquileia*, *Vicenza*, *Padua* and *Terviso*. As for the Towns, they are too many to insert in a Letter.

Towards the North of their City, they are Masters of almost all *Friuli*; with *Istria*, which is
the

the utmost Province of *Italy*, on that Side. They are also Lords of the greatest Part of *Dalmatia*; with the Isles belonging to it. In the Mouth of the *Adriatick* Sea, they possess *Corfu*, *Cephalonia*, *Zante*, *Cerigo*; with many more of less Note. Not to speak of *Candia*, so well known to the *Mussulmans*.

From all these Territories, the Republick has a Yearly Income of Two Millions in Gold: which is not treasur'd up for any long Time, but is employ'd in the Publick Expences; as in maintaining Military Forces, by Sea and Land; in building and rigging up their Fleets; in raising and repairing Forts and Castles; in paying the Stipends of Magistrates, and Publick Ministers; with other Expences, too tedious to be nam'd.

They have other Ways to raise Money in Extraordinary Cases; as in Time of War, or the like. For, then they double or treble the Taxes, and Tythes, and Imposts. And all are liable to answer the Demands of the Republick; the Noble as well as the Vulgar. Neither do they seem unwilling, when the extream Necessities of the State require. But, if this be not sufficient to defray the Publick Charges; then the Magistrates, and Publick Ministers, are oblig'd to wait for their Salaries and Stipends, till the *Commonwealth* is in a Condition to pay them. They also at such a Time, are used to sell the Places of Great Trust and Honour to the Nobles; who at other Times enjoy them *Gratis*, as a Reward of their Merits.

If all this will not do the Business, and they find themselves reduc'd to great Extremities; then they borrow of private Persons, such Sums as they want, on the Publick Faith. And if any Wealthy Citizen refuse, or appear unwilling to lend his Money, they use Force and Violence; seizing

Seizing his Goods, whether Moveable, or Immoveable, and sell them for Ready Money. At the same Time, the Republick declares her self Debtor to these Men; and pawns her Faith to pay them, with Interest, after a certain Number of Years, or when the War is finish'd, according as she is able. And that which is most admirable is, that all this is done without the least Tumult or Sedition, or any Exterior Symptoms of Discontent. Nay, This People are so prompt and ready to assist the State in such Exigences, that it is common for many of the Nobles, and wealthy Citizens, to make a Voluntary Tender of their Money to the Senate: And some will sell their Plate, of their own Accord; with all their Wives Jewels, and other Ornaments; turning them into Money, for the Service of the Commonwealth.

Besides, not only the Inhabitants of *Venice* contribute thus to the Publick Treasury, but also the other Cities and Towns under their Jurisdiction; each according to their Ability. Therefore it matters not much, whether the Republick have any Bank of Money by her, or no; since her Private Subjects are rich enough, and she can make use of their Wealth without any Difficulty, or Ill Consequences, whenever she has Occasion.

As for the Strength, and Military Forces of the *Venetians*, it may be said, that there is scarce a Prince in *Europe*, who has Better and Larger Fortifications than this Republick. To defend which, and all her other Possessions, she makes use of the Inhabitants; every Province being oblig'd to furnish so many Thousand Soldiers, as are sufficient to fill the Garrisons, and guard the Country from Foreign Invasion. Thus, in the Province of *Lombardy* alone, there are Twenty Five Thousand Foot kept constantly in Arms. Besides these, in Time of War they raise Extraordinary Armies,

Armies, both in their own Territories, and in *Germany*, or among the *Swiss-Cantons*: From which last, they generally have an Aid of Thirty or Five and Thirty Thousand Mercenaries: Who are partly bestow'd on Board their Fleet, and partly in their Forts and Castles; whilst some of them guard the Bridges, and other Passes of the Country. As for the Cavalry of this *Commonwealth*, it is very small and inconsiderable for their Number: But being most of them the Sons of Nobles, they are valued for their Blood; which inspires them with Heroick Resolution and Bravery.

When they are to wage War by Land, they usually invite some Foreign petty Prince, to be Generalissimo of their Armies: Him they endear with most ample Gifts and Honours; giving him two Senators for his Collegues, Men who have been signally faithful and serviceable to the *Commonwealth*. These are called *Proveditors*, or *Supervisors-General*. Without whose Consent and Approbation, this Generalissimo cannot give Battle, or do any Thing else of Moment, from which the *Commonwealth* may receive Profit or Damage.

I forbear to speak of the Arsenal of *Venice*, which is one of the Wonders of the World; in regard I have already given a Description of it to the Ministers of the Porte, in one of my former Letters, which thou wilt find register'd.

Illustrious Scribe, I aim at Brevity in all my Dispatches, that I may not weary out thy Patience: But sometimes my Subject carries me beyond my Limits; otherwise I should be forced to conclude some of my Letters in the midst of a Relation, which in my Opinion looks like a Botch.

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Therefore to avoid this Solœcism, I must not close up my Dispatch, till I have given thee an Account what Rites and Ceremonies are used in electing the Dukes of *Venice*. Which take as follow:

The Day of Election being appointed, all the *Venetian* Senators that are Thirty Years of Age, meet together in the Palace, where the Gates being shut, an Urn or Chest is placed in the Middle of the Assembly: Into which are thrown as many little Balls, as there be Senators present. These Balls are of Two Colours: For Thirty of them are Gilt, the rest are White. Every one of the Senators takes a Ball out of the Urn. Those who get the Thirty Gilt ones, are carried into another Conclave; whilst those who have the white ones, remain in the same Place. In the second Conclave is also placed an Urn, into which Thirty Balls are cast. Among which Nine are Gilt, the rest White. Those who get the Nine Gilt ones, name Forty Men, who are called *Electors of the first Election*: These Forty Men, throw into the Urn Forty Balls; of which Twelve are Gilt, the rest White. Those who get the Twelve Gilt Balls, are called *Electors of the Second Election*: For they name Five and Twenty other Men. These Five and Twenty throw into the Urn, Five and Twenty Balls, of which Nine are Gilt, and they who get them, are called *Electors of the Third Election*. For these name One and Forty Men, in whose Power it is, to create a Duke or Prince of the Republick. And they do it after this Manner.

They chuse from among themselves Three Senators more venerable than the rest, whom they call the *Chiefs of the Congregations*, and Two Secretaries. Then there remain Six and Thirty, who gave in their Votes after this manner.

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The Three Chiefs sit in so many Seats, more eminent than the rest: Then the Secretaries call the Six and Thirty others in order before them; where every one throws into a Box, in Presence of the Chiefs, a little Piece of Wood, on which is written the Name of him whom he would have to be Duke. Then every one of the Six and Thirty retires to his Place; whilst the Secretaries read the Schedules before the Chiefs: And as many as they find there nam'd for Dukes, so many new Schedules do they make. These are thrown promiscuously into a Cap, or Bonnet; from whence after a Shake or two to mingle them, they are drawn out, and laid in order on a Table. But before they draw them all out, the first Schedule is read; and he whose Name is written on it, is bid to go into the next Conclave. Then the *Chiefs of the Congregation*, as they are called, ask the rest, If any Body there can object against the Election of this Man? For if they can, and he does not give a satisfactory Answer, he is excluded from all Possibility of being Duke. But if he acquits himself well, he is acknowledged, and has the Ducal Crown put on his Head. The present Duke of *Venice* is the Hundred and ***** inclusively, from *Paulutius Anifestus*, the first that ever had that Honour; being elected in the City *Heraclea*, in the Year 697 of the *Christian Hegira*.

The *Venetians* are, in all their Actions, very grave, using few Words, especially when they are at Table. If they are not so lively and inventive as some other People of *Italy*, yet they perform all Things with mature Deliberation and Judgment; which is the Cause, that their Affairs for the most part succeed very happily.

The *Italians* have a common By-word current among them, That the *Venetians* are magnificent, crafty,

crafty and discreet; those of *Verona* are studious and faithful; those of *Padua* light and fickle; those of *Vicenza* revengeful. Again, they say, The *Venetians* bring Money, *Terviso* Swords, and *Brixia* Pioneers to the Wars. And that the *Venetians* are good Seamen, the *Paduans* good Horsemen, and those of *Bergamo* excellent at an Ambush.

Of the Women they have another Proverb: That those of *Crema* are fraudulent; they of *Vicenza* constant; they of *Venice* proud and insolent; they of *Verona* gracious; those of *Brixia* diligent; those of *Terviso* jealous; and those of *Bergamo* crafty. They say likewise, that *Bergamo* has many Slanderers; *Padua* many good Soldiers; *Vicenza* many Counts; and *Brixia* many obdurate Misers.

Courteous Minister, thou wilt bear, I hope, with my Tedioufness in discoursing of this Great Republick; which cannot be handled in a few Words.

As to the manner of their Government, it is admirably mild and gentle, wise and just; seeking Peace, but not refusing War, when they have a just Provocation. It is worthy of any Man's Consideration, how this Commonwealth has stood firm and unshaken for above Twelve Hundred Years, amidst so many cruel Wars, and potent Enemies; so that her Subjects, if they be compar'd with others, may be said to enjoy the Golden Age; since they live in continual Ease and Tranquillity, encreasing daily in Riches, Honours, and every Kind of Prosperity.

This is to be ascribed, in the first place, to the most Excellent Laws and Rules of Policy, left them by Men of singular Prudence and Wisdom, who, had they liv'd in the Times of the Ancient *Greeks*, might well have been listed among the
most

most Famous Philosophers and Law-givers.

The Duke, in the Gravity of his Port, the Splendor of his Robes, and the Magnificence of his Palace, seems to exhibit the Majesty of an Emperor. And yet he has no more Authority than any one of the Senators who created him: For he has but one Vote in the Senate, as all the Nobles have: Only it lies upon him to give Audience to Foreign Ambassadors, in the Name of the Senate. He can do nothing without the Consent of the Senate, either in Peace or War. The Senate first decrees, and he confirms their Edicts; which are also publish'd in his Name. It is lawful for him to go into all the Courts of Justice, and Publick Tribunals, where he may pass his Verdict in any dubious Case; yet so as any of the Senators may contradict him if they please.

The Form of Government therefore in this Republick appears to be an Aristocracy, or the Government of a few; nor the Richest, or the most Powerful, but the Wisest and the Best; such as by a long Series of faithful Services, have merited well of the Commonwealth.

These make up the College, or Council of Ten; which being join'd with Fifteen others, and Six Counsellors, the Duke being President, has Power of deliberating and decreeing Things tending to the Safety of the Commonwealth; neither can these Decrees be repeal'd. This is properly the *Divan*, or Privy-Council. There is besides this a Council, or Diet of Two hundred and twenty-five Citizens, who are properly called Senators, and very much resemble those of Antient Rome: For none are permitted to enter this Senate, but Nobles, or the Sons of such. They must also be above Five and twenty Years of Age. The third and last Senate consists of Two thousand five hundred

hundred Men. But in regard a great Part of these have some Offices and Honours abroad, there seldom meet above a Thousand six hundred, when the House is fullest.

These meet once every Week, that is, on the first Day, as also on some of their more solemn Festivals. Here Magistrates are created, and Publick Offices distributed with admirable Order. From hence are chosen the Two hundred and twenty five, who make up the foregoing Senate, as being the most prudent, expert, and conversant in the Affairs of State. These decide all Controversies of greater Moment; as the Affairs of Peace and War; the Care of fortifying their Cities and Castles; of creating Generals and Captains; of sending Embassies to Foreign Princes. Here also are read all the Letters, Dispatches, and Expresses, which are address'd to the Republick from other Parts. In a word, whatsoever is of more material Consideration, is handled in this Senate.

Impartial *Effendi*, thou wilt not condemn me as an Infidel, or an Enemy of the *Mussulmans*, in that I represent to thee in its true Colours the present State of *Venice*. If we ought to give the Devil his due, as the *Christians* say; in God's Name, let us not rob Men of theirs, tho' they be our Enemies.

Magnificent and Learned *Hamet*, adieu for this Time.

Paris, 4th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1680.



LET-

L E T T E R VI.

To Osman Adrooneth, Astrologer in Ordinary to the Sultan.

THE Inhabitants of these *Western* Parts are in a great and general Consternation, at the Appearance of a new Comet, or Blazing-Star. It rises much about the Time the Sun sets, and in the same Quarter of the Heavens. The Body of it looks no bigger than a Star of the first Magnitude; from whence springs a Pyramid of Light, extending it self to the Cusp of the Mid-Heaven, where its Cone seems to terminate.

The Superstitious call it the Sword of God, because of its Form; being not much unlike an old Two-edg'd Rapier. I am sure it does not resemble a *Turkish* Scymetar; for those, thou knowest, are oblique in their Figure, and this is strait.

They are full of melancholy Presages; and the Astrologers themselves give out, that this Comet portends dreadful Calamities to *Europe*, which may not discover themselves perhaps these many Years. Nay, they affirm, *That this Generation shall be quite extinct, before the Effects of this tremendous Apparition shall seize on the Earth.*

I have a great Veneration for the Science of the Stars, and even for Judicial Astrology; tho' I cannot pretend to any Skill in any of them. I have studied them both till I was weary; being discouraged by the Difference of Mens Opinions, and the Uncertainty of their Conclusions, in Matters of so remote, sublime, and mysterious a Nature. Besides, I fainted under the Burden of such vast Speculations, whilst I found my self still wandering, not only in the Blindness of my own proper Intellect.

telleet, but also in the general Darkneſs of human Reaſon.

I conſider'd the Birth-place of theſe Sciences, which all will confeſs to be the *East*: And there I found the *Chaldeans* differing from the *Gymnoſophiſts* of *India*; theſe again contradicting my Countrymen the *Arabians*. To paſs from thence into *Africa*: I perceived the *Egyptians* were of one Sentiment, the *Ethiopians* of another, and the *Moors* of a third. Neither could I diſcern any Agreement between the *Greeks* and *Romans*. As for the *Jews*, they claiſh'd with all.

Plato, *Proclus*, *Ariſtotle*, *Averroes* and many other Sages aſſert, there are but eight Spheres. Yet *Hermes Trimegiſtus*, with ſome of the *Persian Magi*, added a ninth. So did *Axarchel* the *Moor*, and his Countryman *Tebith*. Of the ſame Opinion was *Albert the Great*. Whiſt there are ſome who tax theſe with making a Decimation in the Orbs, and taking a Tythe from Heaven; for they aſſert the Number of the Spheres to be ten.

They not only thus differ from one another, but thro' that Inconſtancy which is inſeparable from the Minds of Mortals, they vary even from themſelves. One Day of one Opinion, the next of a contrary. So *Alphonſus* one while aſſerted nine Spheres, and a few Years after retrench'd himſelf to eight. This is a Vanity, from which the greateſt and moſt Eminent Writers in the World have not been free. Indeed, this Mutability of Opinion is natural to all Men: As if our Minds were ſubject to the Laws of Generation and Corruption, like our Bodies; or as if there was a continual Flux and Reflux of our Thoughts, as there is of our Corporeal Atoms.

Theſe Authors not only vary about the Number of the Celeſtial Orbs, but alſo concerning their

their Motion, especially that of the eighth, which is called the Sphere of the fixed Stars : For, the *Chaldeans* and *Egyptians* held it had but one Motion ; others affirm'd it had more. The *Talmudists* assign it two ; whilst some modern Astronomers among the Christians are more liberal, and allow it three distinct Motions : One of the *Trepidation*, as they call it : And this is its own proper Course ; which it performs, they say, in Seven thousand Years. A second of *Giration* ; which it derives from the ninth Sphere, as one Wheel is roll'd about by another. And this Circuit, according to their Opinion, is not finish'd in less than Forty nine thousand Years. And if that be true, we must not expect the Dissolution of the World before that Term is expir'd. For it would be impious to suppose, that the Eternal Architect, having made this Sphere for a Circuit of so long a Duration, would stop it before its Race were fully run ; much less in the midst of its Career, or by that Time it had accomplish'd a sixth Part of its Revolution ; as the *Jews* and *Christians* believe. The third Motion of this Sphere is call'd Rapid and Diurnal ; for which they say, 'tis obliged to the tenth Orb, or *Primum Mobile*.

Then again they differ in the Measure of the Time they allow for the Motions of the Fixed Stars. One will have them to spend an hundred Years in travelling one Degree : Another brings them to this Station in Sixty six Years ; a third in Seventy five ; a fourth in Seventy eight. The *Jews* in Seventy ; the *Christians* in Eighty : Whilst the *Indians* go beyond them all ; asserting that there are two Stars in the eighth Sphere, diametrically opposite to each other, which do not supply each Place in the *Zodiack* in less than a Hundred and forty four thousand Years. They affirm
also,

also, there are many Motions of the Spheres above, which are yet unknown to Mortals.

If this be so, there may be, for ought we know, other Stars and Bodies also, to which these Motions may agree, tho' we cannot discern either the one or the other, because of the Superlative Vastness of the Height, and the Imperfection of human Art. Of this Opinion were *Alpetrag*, *Phavorinus* the Philosopher, and others.

By all that I have said, I do not pretend to instruct thee in Things whereof thou wert ignorant. I know thee, by general Fame, and the Character of Men of Judgment, to be an accomplish'd Master in this mysterious Science. But I reflect thus on the Inconstancy and Doubtfulness of Mens Reason in these Matters, as an Introduction to the Liberty I will take, of telling thee once again my own Thoughts concerning Comets; which first suggested the Trouble I now give thee in this Letter, as I did once before on the like Occasion.

Suffer me to be a little prolix and tedious; for these Speculations are strong, and not handled with Ease, or in a few Words. I would fain see the Astronomer that has been in Heaven, and can give me an Account, what is the true Motion of the Planet *Mars*; or that has discovered the exact Ingress of the *Sun* into the Equinoctial Points. Let him also reveal to me the Nature of the *Galaxy*; and what Substances, or Qualities they are, which compose the *Milky Way*. These are Subjects which have puzzled all Antiquity; and the Wisest of these Modern Times are as much to seek as their Fathers. O fatal Darknes of this mortal State! What Mists of Ignorance and Error are our Minds envelop'd with? We are perpetually bewilder'd in a Labyrinth and Circle
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of *Scepticisms* and *Ambiguities*. The Sun, by Day, discloses to us the outward Features and Lineaments of these Lower Elements: The Moon and Stars are not backward to shew us the Face of the Heavens by Night; unless sometimes the envious Spirits of the Air draw a Veil of thick black Clouds before the lovely Picture, and leave us all in Darkness. But Fate has hidden from us the Interior Parts of Heaven and Earth, and all the other Beings in the Universe.

Among the rest, I cannot but conceive, we are strangely mistaken in the Nature of these Comets. For if they are only certain Heaps of inflammable Matter, kindled in the Air by the Force of the Sun-beams, or by some other Influence of Nature; how come they to have so regular and distinct a Motion of their own? How come they to rise and set, at certain Hours, every Day and Night, varying only as the Heavenly Bodies do, in appearing earlier or later one Day than another, according to the successive Alteration of the four Seasons of the Year; that so they may pass, like them, through all the Signs of the *Zodiack*? If the Earth moves, and these Comets be in the Air, they must needs be carried round with the Motion of the whole *Vortex*. But it is apparent to Human Sight, that they are not thus whirl'd round with the *Atmosphere*, but have a distinct, and sometimes a quite contrary Motion. They are statick, direct, and retrograde, like the Planets; which is almost a Demonstration, that their Seat is in the Heavens, at least above the intersecting Orb of the Moon. And if so, I should be glad to have an Account of their Generation and Original. For, the Substance of the Heavens being immutable, and not subject to any Change or Corruption; it is impossible,

possible, that any new posthumous Being can be generated there. There may, I believe, in every Age, be disclosed and uncabined, some glittering Forms in the Heavens, which before lay hid, and lock'd up in the Treasures of the most High. But they are as old as the World it self: That's my Creed: Let other Men think what they please.

If I could wonder at any Thing, it would be at the mistaken Piety of those, who, to avoid the *Charybdis* of *Atheism*, which attributes all Things to Nature or Chance, fall into the *Scylla* of Fanaticism and Religious Dotage, whilst they vainly assert, that every new Alteration in the World, is an Effect of God's immediate Creative Power. Not a Child is conceiv'd, but God then and there creates a Soul for it. Not a Plague, Fire, Pestilence, or any other common Calamity happens, but they must disturb the Rest of the Eternal Deity, and make him have a particular chief Hand in the Conspiracy. So of Comets they presage tremendous Things; as if God had immediately created them, to warn this Lower World of some approaching Judgments. Whereas, according to the Dictates of more impartial Reason, they are the Products of his first *Fiat*, when he made the Universe: Only he has reserv'd the Revelation of them, to certain Periods of Time. But these sort of People affront God really, for fear of affronting him. They injure his Goodness, to save his Omnipotence; and, by a Back-Blow, they strike at both, in Defence of his suppos'd Arbitrary Will. *Let not my Soul sit down in their Cabala; nor my Mind listen to the Secrets of their Divinity.*

O Sage *Osman*; I believe that all Things flow from God by an Emanation without Beginning, and subsist on him by a Dependance which shall
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know no End. With him the Causes of all fleeting and decaying Things have a permanent Stability. In him reside immutable Springs of whatsoever is subject to Change. In his *Eternal Essence* do live the Principles and Models of all Being; but he is no daily Labourer. 'Tis a Grand Contempt of the Divine Majesty, thus to invade the Rest and Sabbatise of the Most High, who dwells for ever in infinite and eternal Solitude and Bliss: To make him the Drudge of his Creatures, who has Ten Thousand Thousand Myriads of Angels to execute his Will.

Undoubtedly he has contriv'd the Universe with such Ineffable Art, that his whole Pleasure is perform'd by second Causes. This infinite *Machine* is full of Wheels, and has an eternal Motion; whereof he is the Original Spring. If I may descend to follow a Comparison, observe but the Course of a Miller; when once he has turn'd the Cog of his Mill, he has no more to do but to stand still and look on: The Work goes forward of it self without any more of his Labour, till he stop it. So the Supreme Artist, when he had once set the *Primum Mobile* a going, had no more to do, but to enjoy himself in eternal Beatitude.

It is an Indignity to the Omnipotent God, to say or think he was not able to make a World as perfect as a Mortal Man can frame the Imagination of. Now I think 'tis very easy to conceive, that as a Hand-mill, which continually requires the Attendance of somebody to keep it in Motion, has less of Artifice in it than a Water or a Wind-mill, which go of themselves: So a World, that must always have its Maker Slaving and Drudging, Toiling and Moiling at the Product of every individual Generation and Corruptions of every new Event, or what appears to us to be so, is not so excellent and perfect, as one that can perform its own Task by the necessary

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Force which one contiguous Atom has upon another; like Wheels upon Wheels.

To conclude all, undoubtedly the Works of God are most perfect and full of Wisdom. He made all Things from Eternity, and they obey his Law. He has appointed the Times and Seasons of Good and Evil. The Symptoms whereof appear to Mankind in various Manners. In Dreams and Visions by Night; in ominous Accidents by Day; in Prophecies and General Whispers; in Apparitions, Spectres, and Monstrous Forms; in Heaven, and all the Elements; finally, in Comets.

But, Oh Learned *Adrooneth*! Does it therefore follow, that these Signs, these Apparitions, these Comets, &c. are freshly created for the sake of Mankind? Are there not various Ends and Uses of all Things: Are not the Fixed Stars, and the Planets, according to their different Configurations and Aspects, Signs of Good and Evil, as well as Comets? And are not the Stars as old as the World? Why may not the Comets be so too, though they are revealed at certain stated Periods of Time?

There's one comprehensive Reason for all, in that double Query; and I'll say no more to the Sage *Adrooneth*, for whom a Word is sufficient.

I pray Heaven divert from thee the Influence of Evil Stars; and that whilst thou contemplatest their Order, Motion, and Efficacy, thou may'st not tumble into a Ditch, as did *Anaximenes*, and *Thales* the *Milesian* Astrologer. *Adieu.*

Paris, 9th of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1681.

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LETTER VII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THE People of *Rome* having abolished the Government of Kings, transferr'd the Sovereignty on *Brutus* and *Collatinus*, the Champions of their Liberty, altering both their Right and Title: For they call'd them Consuls, not Kings: And ordain'd that their Power should last but a Year; which being expired, new ones were elected in their stead. And the Reason why they had Two, was, That if one prov'd guilty of Evil Administration, Injustice, or Tyranny; the other, having Equal Power, might curb him, and rectify the publick Affairs. They were also call'd Consuls, to put them in mind that they were to do nothing arbitrarily, but in all Things of Importance, to consult their Fellow Citizens.

So great was the Joy of the *Romans*, upon this Recovery of their Freedom, that they could scarce believe it was true. But as it usually falls out in any surprizing Happiness, all seem'd as a Dream. And so inveterate was their Aversion for Kings, that they expell'd *Collatinus* from the City, only because he was Nephew to *Tarquin* the Proud; whose Name he also bore. *Valerius Publicola* was substituted in his Stead: A Man singularly devoted to the Publick Good. He own'd himself the Creature of the People, and gave Power of Appealing from him to them. And lest he might offend them by the Lofty Building of his House; which also standing on a Rock, seem'd strong as a Castle; he pull'd down the Upper Stories, and made it level with ordinary Houses.

Brutus's Colleague was no less studious than he, to gain the Favour of the Citizens; even with the Destruction and Slaughter of his own Children. For, when he perceived his Sons conspiring to restore the abrogated Monarchy, he brought them forth into the *Forum* or Market-place: and having caus'd them to be scourg'd with Rods, he beheaded them: Thus demonstrating, that as a Parent of the People, he adopted them in the Room of his perfidious Children.

The *Romans* being from this Time made perfectly free; first took Arms in Defence of their new-gotten Liberty, against the neighbouring King; next for the Bounds of their Dominions; then for their Confederates; and last of all, for Glory and Empire: Being on every Side invaded and molested by the adjacent People. For they had no Territories within the Walls of their City: So that they were no sooner out of the Gates, but they were expos'd to the *Toscans* and *Latins*; between whom the City was seated, as it were in the Middle. Therefore resolving to enlarge their Territories, they took one City and Province after another, till at length they became Masters of all *Italy*.

Their first Expedition was against *Porfenna*, King of the *Toscans*; who took the Field with a great Army; having the *Tarquins* along with him, whom he undertook to re-establish in the Throne of their Fathers. He made fierce and resolute Advances, possessing himself of the Hill *Janiculum*, and the Avenues of the City; where he besieged them close, and pressed them with Famine. Yet the *Romans* sustain'd all with admirable Bravery: And their stout Resistance had this Effect, that at length *Porfenna*, when he had almost vanquish'd them, made a League of Peace. He was chiefly

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mov'd to this by those Prodigies and Miracles of Roman Fortitude, *Horatius Cocles*, *Mutius Scævola*, and *Clelia*. The first of which, when he was not able to keep off the unequal Throng of his Enemies, every where crowding on him; at length broke down the Bridge, and swam cross the *Tyber* with his Weapons in Hand. The Second attempting to kill *Porfenna* in his own Camp; when by mistake he had, instead of the King, stabb'd his Vizier or Secretary, and for that Fact was seiz'd; he thrust his Right Hand, that was guilty of the Error, into the Fire, saying, with a menacing Voice, *Think not thy self the safer, O King, because thou hast escaped my Hand, since there yet remain Three Hundred Romans, who have all sworn to make the same Attempt.* *Porfenna* trembled, and was astonished at the Boldness of the Man; whilst *Mutius* stood still, undaunted with his Hand broiling in the Fire, as a Demonstration of his invincible Constancy, and of the Truth of what he affirm'd: Thus did those Two Famous Men behave themselves. And as if a Glorious Envy had fermented the Virtue of the Female Sex; a certain noble Virgin, called *Clelia*, who was given in Hostage to the King *Porfenna*, escap'd her Guards by Night; and mounting a Horse which she found in the Way, swam over the *Tyber* on him. *Porfenna*, as if he were terrified at the Fortune and stupendous Resolution of the Romans, consented to a Peace: But the *Latins* would not let them rest so; for they also attempted to restore the *Tarquins*; not so much in Love to them, as out of Spite to the Inhabitants of *Rome*, being desirous to see that People at least subjugated at Home, who lorded it so Abroad. There was a bloody Fight between 'em; and the Fame goes, that Two Gods, *Castor* and *Pollux*, were present on White Horses, as

Spectators of the Combat. Wherefore, after the *Romans* had gotten the Victory, they built a Temple to these Warlike Deities; as a Stipend or Reward to their Champions. And thus far they fought for Liberty; which having successfully asserted and established, they were involv'd in fresh Wars, about the Confines of their Dominion.

It would be too tedious to rehearse the various Battles and Encounters between them and the Neighbouring Nations, wherein at last they always got the Victory, and extended the Limits of their Empire far and wide. Such also, and so prodigious were the Actions, Exploits, and hardy Performances of this stout People, that when King *Pyrrhus* consider'd it, he brake forth into this Exclamation: *How easy were it, said he, to obtain the Empire of the World, were Pyrrhus King of the Romans; or the Romans Soldiers to Pyrrhus!*

Yet as fast as this Victorious People enlarg'd their Territories Abroad, so did their Seditions and Tumults increase at Home; raised by the Ambition of some, and the Discontent of others; till at length they had entirely subdued all *Italy* to their Obedience: In which Enterprize they spent Five Hundred Years, before they brought it to Perfection.

Then, like a Fire which devours all the Wood it meets in its Way, till its Fury be stopp'd by the Intercourse of some River; so the *Romans* ceas'd not to conquer to the very Shores of *Italy*. But when they consider'd *Sicily*, as a most Rich and Plentiful Island; only rent, as it were by some Injurious Stroke of Time, or Fate, or Chance, from their Continent; they resolved to unite these again by Arms and War, which could not be join'd together by Bridges, or Piers. And a very favourable Opportunity presented it self to them

them for this purpose; whilst the Confederate People of *Messina*, the chief Mart of that Island, complain'd of the Tyranny practis'd by the *Carthaginians*.

At that Time *Rome* and *Carthage* were emulous of each other; Both equally Rivals for *Sicily*, and the Empire of the World. Therefore under a Mask of helping their Friends and Allies, the *Romans* betook themselves to the Sea; but with real Design to enrich themselves with Booty, and adding this Island to their Empire; Whilst the *Carthaginians* appear'd like Open Enemies and Pyrates, without any Disguise. These having lost their Fleets in various Conflicts, their Fate yielding to that of *Rome*, the *Romans* made *Sicily* a Tributary Province, and then reduc'd *Sardinia* and *Corfica*. Thus having expel'd the *Carthaginians* out of all the Islands of the *Mediterranean* Sea, there remain'd nothing for them to Conquer on that Side, but *Africk* it self. Where also they Landed, and took above Three Hundred Places of Strength, in a short Time: Though they were stoutly oppos'd, not only by Men, but also by Monsters. For a certain Stupendous Great Serpent, a Hundred and Twenty Foot in Length, annoy'd their Camp very much, near the River *Bragada*; as if this Dreadful Beast had come into the World on purpose to be the Champion of its Native Country, and defend or revenge Oppressed *Africk*. But *Regulus*, whose Victorious Arms, neither Men, nor Monsters, nor Fate, could hitherto resist; made no stop, till he came with his Army before the Walls of *Carthage* it self, the Root of all this War. Here Fortune began to fall off from him, and prove his Enemy: Yet so as only to give an Occasion for the *Roman* Virtue to appear more Illustrious. For though by the Good Conduct of *Xantippus* the

Lacædæmonian General, Thirty Thousand *Romans* were kill'd in one Fight, and *Regulus* himself taken Prisoner; yet so great a Misfortune could not make him lose himself, or sink into any Passion beneath the Constancy and Fortitude of an Invincible Hero. The *Carthaginians* sent him as their Ambassador to the Senate of *Rome*, to propose a Peace, and the Exchange of Captives. But he was of a contrary Sentiment, and dissuaded the Senators from hearkning to any such Overtures; chusing rather bravely to return to his former Captivity, there to be crucify'd; than be Instrumental in Word or Deed to the least Dishonour or Disadvantage of his Country: So that though vanquish'd, he yet seem'd to triumph o'er his Conquerors. And his lamented Fate had this Influence on the *Romans*, that it made them prosecute the War with more Fierceness and Ardor, to revenge the Blood of *Regulus*, than in Hopes of Conquest. So deep are the Impressions of Love, which a good General, Living or Dead, makes in the Hearts of his Soldiers. Thus the War was renew'd again in *Sicily*, wherein the *Romans* came off Conquerors: And as an Evidence of the Greatness of their Victory, they shew'd an Hundred and Twenty Elephants taken from the Enemy in the Field. Which would have been a great Prey, had they been taken in Hunting; but now serv'd only as a Trophy of a more expensive Conquest. This Victory was obtain'd in the Consulship of *Metellus*; which was follow'd by a terrible Overthrow at Sea, in that of *Appius Claudius*: When the *Romans* seem'd not so much overcome by their Enemies, as by the Prophaneness of their General, or the Divine Vengeance. For he consulting the *Augurs* before he began the Engagement; Chickens were let out of their Coops, to observe

observe the wish'd for Trepidation of the Corn they were to feed on. But when the *Oraculous* Birds would not taste a Grain; the General disgust-ed at the Fatal Omen, commanded them to be drown'd in the Sea, saying, with an impious Jest: *Since they will not eat, let them drink their Fill.* In the same Place was the *Roman* Navy sunk and destroy'd.

There were many such Encounters as these between them, for the Space of Four and twenty Years and upwards; even till the Consulship of *Lutatius Catulus*; when the Enemy seem'd not to advance with a Fleet of Ships, well mann'd and rigg'd with all Necessaries, but all *Carthage* appear'd upon the Sea with the Woods and Forests round about it. This prov'd its Ruin. For they were too heavy for Service: Whereas the *Roman* Navy was light and expeditious, like a moving Camp in the Sea. In a word, they set upon the *Carthaginians* so furiously, and shatter'd their Vessels with such Speed, that all the Sea between *Sardinia* and *Sicily*, was cover'd with the dismal Wrecks. And this Victory was so great, that they had no farther Thoughts of sailing to *Africk*, and razing the Walls of their Enemies; that being counted needless, since *Carthage* was now extinguish'd in the Sea.

After this War was finish'd, the *Romans* enjoy'd a short Rest, as it were to breathe themselves: And as a Demonstration of Peace, the Temple of *Janus* was shut up, it having been constantly open before, from the Reign of *Numa Pompilius*. And this Distinction was the Publick Emblem or Peace and War.

Thou wilt not have the Patience to read their Wars with the *Ligurians*, *Gauls*, *Illyrians*, *Macedonians*, *Syrians*, *Germans*, *Spaniards*; and, in fine, with the most potent Nations on Earth. 'Twill

be as irksome to be detain'd with a Rehearsal of their Domestick Seditions, and Changes of Government. Suffice it to say, that this People grew worse by the Increase of their Empire: And after they had subverted *Carthage*, *Corinth*, *Numantia*, and other Famous Cities of *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africk*: After they had subdued *Gaul*, *Thrace*, *Cilicia*, *Cappadocia*, *Armenia*, *Britain*, and many other most rich and opulent Provinces abroad; they began to make War among themselves; their former Virtues turn'd into Vices: The Seditions, Conspiracies, and Emulations of the *Triumviri*, the *Tribunes*, of *Cataline*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Anthony*, *Pompey*, and a thousand other Popular Commotions, help'd towards the Confusion of this Empire; which seem'd to be the Support of all Things.

Most Divine of the Successors of the Prophets; this vast Empire is now become but as a shatter'd Skeleton of antient *Rome*: And most of the Exterior Members, are fallen to the Share of the All-conquering *Ottomans*. God perpetuate the Victories of True Believers; and yet grant, that their Conquests may not out-last their Virtues.

Paris, 8th of the 3d Moon
of the Year 1681.

LETTER VIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM as waggish as a *Janizary* that has newly received his Aspers. There's more Satire in me at this Time than there was in *Juvenal* and *Persius*: And yet 'tis only the Dregs of what I've vented

vented on some Learned Bigots here in *Paris*, with whom I have been drinking these two or three Hours. I tell thee plainly, I put off the *Mussulman* for a while, and took my Glasses frankly, or like a *Nazarene*.

The Discourse we were upon, was Astrology and the Nature of Comets, &c. But God tumble me headlong into the Lap of *Tagot*, if ever I heard such Blockheads, Dunces, Fools, Sots: I know not what to call them properly. Zounds! How can human Reason be so debauch'd? How can Man become such an Insensible Piece of Stuff, to think as they do? They made me blush for Shame, or Anger: They made me sorry that I was a Man to be rank'd in the same List with 'em. However, I suppress'd my boiling Choler; I bit my Lips and Nails, and did every Thing that Patience cou'd suggest: (For I use to be a very Boon Companion in my Wine:) But at length, as 'tis the Fate of all Disputers, we grew too hot: There was such a Tempest of Words and passionate Expressions, that we could hardly find a Grain of Sense. At last we fell from Words to Blows; and I, tho' old and crazy, held up my Head as well as I could.

Thou wilt believe, at this Age, I have no great Strength: But, I tell thee, my Courage is the same as when I was but Five and twenty; I cannot flinch from provoking Dangers; and when I am thoroughly inflam'd with Wrath, Death it self appears to me in the same Figure which Painters give it; a meer naked Skeleton, which I have more Reason to pity than fear: If I am afraid of any Thing, it is of breaking its Bones, and spoiling its Shape, in the Clash of my Fury. So tender am I even of Death it self; the obdurate and inexorable Destroyer of all Mankind.

One of the Company that was a Priest, and sat right over-against me at the Table, threw his Four-corner'd Cap at my Head, whilst his next Neighbour check'd him for his Insolence. But he was full of Fat, and empty of Reason or Civility: A great hulking Fellow that makes a Figure like the Statue of *Pont Ginello*, at *Catanea* in *Sicily*; only he is a lit le taller: But he has a swinging Tun of a Carcase.

After he had abus'd me thus; he swore, *If he had the Chalice of the Altar in his Hand, he'd do the same Thing: Nay, if he had the consecrated Wine in it, would turn the Blood of Christ into Poison, as he could turn Wine into Blood, to be reveng'd of me.*

There was, by good Chance, an *Armenian* or two in the Company (not any of *Solyman's* Gang) who took him up upon his Menace. They challeng'd him severely to answer his Words before the Archbishop of *Paris*: But the cunning Priest had more Wit in his Anger. When he began to reflect on the bad Consequences of a Summons, he crouch'd, wheedl'd, and fawn'd like a Spaniel. So fearful are they of a Spiritual Court, which is almost as bad in *France*, as the Inquisition in *Spain*.

Then there was a Captain, an old *Miles Emeritu*, a Pensioner, who having not drank such a Quantity of Wine many a Day, took my Part; because he sat on my Side of the Table (for he never saw me before in his Life-time, as I know of.) However, the old Gentleman shew'd himself stout; and demonstrated that he would stand a Push for Souls. But there was no Body would oppose him, save my self: And I did it in *Verbo Christi*; not *Mann* or *Ense Militis*, God knows. I pray'd the good Old Man to be pacified: I laid my Right Hand to my Breast, and heav'd both that and the other join'd to Heaven. I invocated

ted all the Patriarchs and Prophets; I bawl'd at the Saints and Angels; I summon'd God Almighty himself to appear in my Vindication. But nothing would do, save downright Fighting.

To it we went Pell-mell: The Fellows on the other side of the Table were eager: Nothing would satisfy them but Blood; their Rapiers were drawn, and they were upon the Pass: When I started up, and cry'd out aloud; *Gentlemen, 'tis the wrong Minute for ye to fight in; Mars is in the 8th House, in Conjunction with Saturn, and in Quarrel with the Sun; a very Malevolent Aspect!* Upon this, they grew all madder than before. *Damn that Astrologer*, says one; *Curse upon his Stomach*, says another; till at last they all fell foul upon me; only my Side-Captain stood up stiffly for me. I did what became a Man; but 'tis to his Bravery I owe my Life. For one of the opposite Sparks made a full Pass at my Breast, which the noble old Captain parry'd, with a sudden Shoot of his Arm athwart, and a Dexterity which I can never admire enough.

I, that had neither Sword nor Skill in the Science of Fencing, thought it my Part to expose my Body between my seeming Friends and Enemies, since all the Occasion of this Quarrel was on my Account, as an Astrologer. I leap'd upon the Table, and seiz'd upon the Sword of my Captain's Antagonist. I smil'd upon him at the same time, and convinc'd him that I was not in Anger. I twist'd it out of his Hand, with a complaisant Violence: And then the Strife was pleas'd. For 'twas not he that begun the Quarrel, any more than my old Captain; but the Priest was wholly in the Fault; who straggling out of his Sphere, pretended to set up for an Astrologer, and tell us Things that would not square with Reason.

My *Dgnet*, thou know'st me, and all my Inclinations. Thou art sensible, that I cannot stoop to the Magisterial Dictates of Error, nor the bold Impositions of Ignorance: Let 'em approach as near as they will to Truth on the Backside, they are the further off from attaining it: And so let thou and I enjoy our selves in perfect Tranquillity.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon

of the Year 1681.

LETTER IX.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

HAVING in my last spoken of the present State of *Venice*; wherein I omitted nothing that I thought worth thy Observation; I should now in order touch upon *Candia* or *Crete*, the most considerable Island that the *Venetians*, not long ago, had under their Obedience. But since by the Fate of War, it is fallen into the Hands of the victorious *Osmans*; I will say but very little of it, and pass to the other Republicks of *Europe*.

There is no doubt, but since the Conquest of *Candia* by the *Mussulmans*, the Imperial City abounds with Geographical Descriptions; Natural, Moral, and Political Observations on it. But perhaps they were wanting in the History of that Famous Island: In regard the Books of the *Gentiles*, are not much read by the True Believers: And 'tis from these only, we can collect the antient Memoirs of the Nations which were once in their own Possession.

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This Island was once call'd *Crete*, and said to be the Nursery of *Jupiter*, as also his Sepulchre. It obtain'd likewise the Title of *Hecatompolis*, because of the hundred Cities that were in it. And some call'd it the Island of the Archers, in regard the Inhabitants being taught from their Infancy to handle the *Scythian* Bow, grew so expert in that Exercise, that they surpass'd all other Nations.

The *Lacedemonians*, *Athenians*, and other renowned Commonwealths of *Greece*, receiv'd their Laws from Men born in this Island; as *Plato* and *Pliny* testify. And yet *Epimenides*, one of their own Poets, gives them a bad Character, when he says, Κρήτες αὐτὸς ἴδων, κακὸν ἄνθρωπον, καὶ ἀπιστὸν ἀνθρώπον.

They were much addicted also to all Kinds of Sorcery and Enchantments. A fraudulent Race of People; covetous, greedy, idle, and ignorant of ingenious Arts and Sciences.

Yet notwithstanding this, they were so powerful of old, that they could, as with a Bridle, curb all *Greece*. During the Reign of one of their Kings, whose Name was *Cydon*, came up the Use of *Pyr-rhick* Measures; with which the Youth being arm'd *Cap-a-Pe*, danc'd with great Labour and Sweat. And the Inhabitants have all along been so tenacious of this Custom, that it is observ'd to this Day among the *Rustick Candiots*, on their Holy-Days. For at such Times, the Youth of the Island meet together, arm'd with a Bow in one Hand, and a naked Sword in the other, with a Quiver of Arrows hanging at their Backs, and thus they will dance indefatigably in the Heat of Summer, even at Noon-Day, when the Sun scorches all Things with insupportable Fervours.

In Process of Time, this Island became subject to the *Grecian Empire*; and as such, fell into the Hands of *Baldwin*, Count of *Flanders*, and Emperor of *Constantinople*; who gave it to the Marquis of *Montferrat*, by whom it was sold to the *Venetians*, in the Year 1194, for an incredible Sum of Money: And that Republick has held it ever since, till it was lately taken from them by the *Invincible Ottomans*.

It is worth remark, that *Candia*, the chief City of this Isle, (call'd *Castro*, and *Candax*, by the *Greeks*) is a Place of that prodigious Strength, that it sustain'd a Blockade of Twenty two Years, from 1645 to 1667; and after that a Siege of two Years, from 1667 to 1669; in which Space of Time, 'tis thought, 600000 *Mussulmans* lost their Lives before it.

The next Republick, in Order, is that of *Genoa*; a City whose Power and Empire was far greater in former Times, than it is at present. For they extended their Dominions even to the *Black Sea* where *Tanais*, that parts *Europe* from *Asia*, pours her Waters into the *Palus Maotis*. Here they possess'd the City *Theodosia*, or *Cassa*, as 'tis call'd at this Day. They also made themselves Masters of *Cyprus*, *Lesbos*, *Chios*, with other Islands in the *Archipelago*, and even of *Pera* it self, that magnificent Adjunct to the Imperial City.

Yet, from the Beginning, they were Feudatories of the *Roman Empire*, till the Year 600 of the Christian *Hegira*: For then *Litharis*, King of the *Lombards*, took the City by Force, and plunder'd it. But when, after some Years, it had recover'd its pristine Glory again; *Charles I.* and his Son *Pépin*, Kings of *Italy*, and their Successors the Kings of *France*, bore Rule there for almost an hundred Years; placing Governors in the City, who bore the Title of Counts of *Genoa*.

And

And when afterwards the *Saracens* had subdued *Corfica*, *Ademarus* (then Count of *Genoa*) armed out a Fleet of Gallies, invaded the Island; and having defeated the *True Believers*, took Possession of it, and reduc'd it under the Jurisdiction of *Genoa*; whose Power at this Time was very great by Sea.

After the Dominion of *Charles the Great*, his Posterity was by Degrees so diminish'd, that at length it became in a manner quite extinct; the more potent among the Citizens took Turns to usurp the Government, and exercise a Tyranny over the Inhabitants; which so exasperated them that they often submitted themselves to Foreign Princes. But finding still as great Inconveniencies in this Dependence on Strangers; at last, following the Example of the *Venetians*, they chose to themselves a Duke, in the Year 1337 of the Christians *Hegira*. Him they sent with a Fleet to conquer *Cyprus*; which he accomplish'd with good Success. For, having taken the King and Queen of the Country Captives, he imprison'd them, till they agreed with him for a yearly Tribute to be paid to the Republick of *Genoa*; and then he restor'd them to their Native Possession; reserving only *Famagusta*, the chief City of the Island, to himself.

He enter'd also into a War with the *Venetians*; but being overcome in Battle, at his Return he was depos'd from the Ducal Office, and thrown into Prison; another being chosen in his Place. This was more fortunate than his Predecessor against the Enemy; doing them many Injuries; but at length he was kill'd in Battle.

Then the *Genoese* elected another Duke, who going to *Constantinople*, performed such eminent Services to the Emperor in his Wars, that he

gave

gave him the Island *Mitylene*; which the *Genoese* held till the Year 1254.

After this, they created one to rule over them under the Title of Prince, in the Year 1381: But not liking his Government, they threw themselves upon the Protection of *Charles VII.* King of *France*, who sent thither his Deputy. Being soon weary of the *French* Government, they join'd themselves to the Duke of *Milan*; under whose Patronage they lived till the Year 1435, and then abdicating him, they created a Duke of their own again. This rais'd Factions in the City; whilst some adher'd to the *French* Interest, and others espous'd the Duke of *Milan's* Cause. At last they fell again under the Power of the *French*, whom they obey'd; till *Andreas d'Oria* having quell'd the Seditions, and pacify'd the Conventions of the *Freggi* and *Torni*, two prevailing Factions in the City; one consisting of the Nobles, the other of the Commons; he establish'd that Liberty in the Commonwealth of *Genoa*, which she has enjoy'd ever since, till of late some new Troubles have been given 'em by the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

As to the Original of the *Genoese*, it is uncertain. *Strabo*, and others, are of Opinion, that this Nation descended from the *Greeks*; whilst *Thucydides* derives them from the *Sicilians*. They were call'd *Ligurians* by the People of *Rome*. And *Florus* mentions a certain Race of *Ligurians*, who dwelt in the Dens and Caves of Mountains, being a very fierce and warlike People.

But now-a-days the *Genoese* are a very polite and civiliz'd People; of a lively and subtle Wit, especially in Merchandizing, by which they greatly enrich themselves. They are also exceeding industrious, shunning no Labour or Danger for the sake
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of Gain. They appear studious of those things which tend to the Good of the Commonwealth; yet are extremely fickle and inconstant, given to Faction, and desirous of Novelty, as is manifest by what I have before related of them: Which occasioned a certain King of *France*, when one of his Lords told him *that the Genoese were about to throw themselves on his Patronage*, to answer, not without some Indignation, *That they might go to the Devil for Protection: For I, says he, will have nothing to do with Men, who are more unstedfast than the Waves of the Sea.*

This Inconstancy never appeared more plainly than in the late Conspiracy of *Raggi* and *Torne*, which had like to have prov'd of fatal Consequence. As to *Vachero* and *Balbi*, they were like the Dog in *Æsop's* Fables, who lost the Bone to catch at its Shadow in the Water: So these *Sea-Mirmidons* were not content with the strong Party which they had made in the City, but must needs go to corrupt the Navy too; which ruin'd all their Design; for the Plot was discover'd by one of the Sea-Captains. This Commonwealth has been afflicted with many Wars and Plagues; but none of either Sort ever threaten'd it with so much Desolation as the last; the one having almost exhausted their Treasury, and the other as near emptied the City of its Inhabitants. As for the first Misfortune, the Scarcity of Money, they knew quickly how to remedy it; being perfect Chymists, and Masters of the Philosopher's Stone, if there be any such thing in Nature. But whether there be or not, this is certain, That the *Genoese* are old Doctors at garbling, transmuting and adulterating of Metals; And the *Ottoman Empire* has experienced it to the great Damage of our Merchants at *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, and other Ports, where the *Genoese* did put off their
base

base Coin, to the Value of some Millions. But this Cheat may cost them dear one time or other.

The *Genoese* appear at present more inclinable to Merchandise than to War. However, it must be confess'd, that this Commonwealth has brought forth valiant and expert Soldiers; as is evident from the Families of the *Doria's*, *Spinola's*, and others, who have proved famous Generals, and Leaders of Armies in several Parts of *Europe*.

Of such as these has *Genoa* more cause to boast, than of any strong Forts, Castles, or fenced Cities within her Dominions in *Italy*. Nay, the chief City, *Genoa* itself, trusts more in the King of *Spain's* Protection, than in her own Strength. That Monarch is indebted to the *Genoese* Merchants eighteen Millions of Gold, beside the Interest of ***** Years. For this Bill was given in to him in the Year 1600 of the Christians *Hegira*. By this thou may'st guess at the Riches of this Commonwealth.

As to the manner of their Government, it differs not much from that of *Venice*; the supreme Power being in the Hands of the Senate, who elect a Duke every two Years by Lot, out of four Men who are propos'd as worthy of that High Office. No Man can propose any thing to the Senate, but the Duke himself; who lives in a Publick Palace during the two Years of his Government, and has a guard of five hundred *Germans* about his House and Person.

It would be superfluous to trouble thee with an Account of the Judicial Courts, the Manner of electing the Senators, and other Publick Magistrates, with the rest of their peculiar Politicks. Besides, I believe thou art almost cloy'd with the Length of this Letter. Wherefore begging thee
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to put the best Construction on my Endeavours, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 17th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1681.

L E T T E R X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Formerly sent a Letter to the sage *Osman Adrooneth*, Astrologer in ordinary to the *Grand Signior*, wherein I inform'd him of a Comet, or Blazing-Star, which then newly appear'd in the Heavens. I took an Occasion in that Dispatch to venture my Thoughts concerning the Nature of these amazing *Phænomena*, which so astonish the Minds of Mortals, and puzzle the ablest Philosophers to discover their Origin. From this Discourse, I pass'd insensibly into a more general one, concerning the Stars. I said what I thought was proper to one of his Profession; being unwilling to offend, by too much Boldness, a Man esteem'd the most learn'd and accomplish'd in that Science of this Age. For though I give little Credit to judicial Astrology, as 'tis practis'd now-a-days; yet it would have been an Incivility, to express so much to one that lives by it; and who, for his eminent Skill therein, is honour'd with the *Grand Signior's* Friendship, and a noble Pension. But with thee I will take the more Freedom, in respect of that intimate Familiarity that has been always between us.

That

That the Heavenly Bodies have an Influx on this Lower World, is an Article, the general Sense of all Mankind gives Testimony to; whilst every Morning we rejoice to see that glorious Orb of Light, the Sun, imprint the *Eastern* Skies and Clouds with his refreshing Rays: He gilds the Frontiers of the *Horizon*, and decks the Tops of Mountains with chearful Brightness. The Earth, the Air and Seas, participate of the Virtue of his Beams. 'Tis he gives Life to Plants and Animals: He renovates the Elements, and every sublunary Being.

So when he takes his *Conge* every Evening of our *Hemisphere*, he still affords us Light, though but at second-hand. Whilst he in Person, makes his Progress to the *Western* Continent, to chear and recreate by his Presence the remote and solitary Borders of *America*; fair *Cynthia* is his Proxy here, attended on by other Planets, waiting in their Turns, and a whole *Hemisphere* of Fixed Stars.

These shine by Night, for other Ends, no doubt than merely to light the Shepherds as they watch their harmless Flocks, or serve as Flambeaux to the wandring Traveller: Yet this is comfortable in our Elementary Darknes. The Mariner rejoices, when in the mighty Waste of unknown Seas, he makes a Lottery of his Fortune, and trusts his Soul and Body to a rotten Skiff; where Slavery and Freedom, Lite and Death, are equal Chances, when he struggles with impetuous Winds, and boisterous Waves, threaten'd on all Hands by the *Bedlam* Fury of the Sea; I say, he's glad at such a Time to have the Light his Friend, though it be but the faint Glimmering of the Stars; that he may see the Perils that encompass him, and use the properest Means to avoid them. How is his Heart reviv'd, if, in the dreadful Storm, he spies but one poor

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Chink or Cranny, in the close gloomy Clouds through which the Azure Sky can shew it self? And then some prosperous Constellation, to appear amidst that Chequer Work of this Low Orb, and those above, makes him take Courage, and defy the Powers of *Æolus* and *Neptune*. He challenges the Rocks and Sands to hurt him, and mocks the fatal Apparitions of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

Yet these, and many other inferior Uses, were not all for which the Stars were made. They have besides, undoubtedly, some Dominion, Influence and Power on Earth, and all the Beings dwelling on it. Where-ever they cast their Rays, there's some material Emanation felt; an Efflux full of hidden Magick. They dart on Men, and other Animals; on Plants, and other Minerals; on every thing that is compounded of the Elements, and does reside within the Sphere of their Activity; each darts, I say, its own peculiar Force and Virtue. 'Tis probable, that every Nation, Tribe and Family, each Climate, Province, Spot and Corner of the Earth, have their particular Stars. So have the different Species of all sublunary Things, and every individual Being. But how to determine their Influence particularly, by Divination, by calculating Nativities, erecting Horoscopes, and other Schemes of Astrology; to foretell Things to come, to avoid prognosticated Evils, and engross all happy Events; to predict other Mens Fates, whilst we are ignorant of our own, &c. is a Thing which appears to me beyond the Power of Human Reason, and a Science built on Sand.

For, who has numbred the Stars, or visited the Places of their different Situation? Who has understood their various Qualities, Engagements, Asterisms, and Obligations? Their Ties to one another; and their Obedience to the Laws of the
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Universe? O that Mortal Man should presume to dive thus far, even into the Heavenly *Arcana*, the Cabinet-Secrets of God *Almighty*! Will he be wiser than *Ptolemy*, *Cassander*, *Eudoxus*, *Archelaus*, *Hoychilax*, *Halicarnassaus*, and many others, most expert Mathematicians; and Men of a profound Judgment, who have confess'd, That after all their Search in this Science, they find it impossible to make any certain Conclusion from the Configurations above; in regard of the innumerable Multiplicity of Causes co-operating with them, to which we are wholly Strangers: Besides those Things which oppose, or favour the Influence of the Stars among our selves, and with which we are very familiar; as the Force of Blood, Customs, Traditions, Manners, Education, Prejudice, Prepossession, Place and Time; Empire and Subjection: Diet and Discipline; finally, the Freedom of Mind, or its Servitude. All which, they say, the Stars cannot compel, but only dispose and incline.

Moreover, they who have prescribed the Rules of Judicial Astrology, differ so extremely in one and the same Subject, that there is no Encouragement for a thinking Man to hope ever to make a true Judgment by their Rules, unless he be divinely inspir'd within, and have a certain natural Instinct, which suggests to him the Knowledge of future Things: Or he is possessed by some pre-faging *Demon*, whose Whispers direct him what Judgment to chuse among the many that may be made upon the Sight of a Scheme, according to the Variety of Rules that have been given. And this is the Opinion of the learned *Hali* my Countryman, who has had many Followers. So that after all, this boasted Science will rather deserve the Name of *Sortillogy* than *Astrology*, whilst all

its Dictates depend on pure Conjecture, or the extempore Affections of the Mind; or which is worst of all, on the Afflatus of busy, interested Spirits, Genii, or Dæmons of the Air, who have some Design of their own to pursue, and make Men their Tools to execute it.

Undoubtedly, they both deceive others, and are deceived themselves, who practise this vain Art for the Sake of filthy Lucre. For, if there was any thing of Truth in it, how came they to fail so often, and so egregiously in their Predictions? Or, why do they always couch their Prognostications in such ambiguous Terms; that like the *Delphick* Oracle may be taken in which Sense you please, and apply'd to any Nation, Prince, Time, or Person; as the Astrologer shall please to comment, after something of what he has said at random may have happen'd? For from that infinite Variety of Stars and Aspects, it is very easy for a bold Sophister in this Art, to cull out such for his Turn, as shall be proper to convince ignorant People, that he was in the right when he promis'd them long Life, Health, Honours, Riches, Children, Friends, Power, Victory, the Enjoyment of their Loves, and such-like; or threaten'd the quite contrary; even just as they fall out. But if at any Time they were catch'd in an apparent Falshood, then they either compliment a Man into a good Opinion of them, by telling him, *A wise Man has Dominion over the Stars*; or they insult over him by a thousand Contempts of *his suppos'd Folly*; which they say, *resisted the Influence of the Stars, and hinder'd their good Effect*. Yet, these Sort of People are in chiefest Request among the Princes and Potentates of the Earth; especially in the *East*, where there's nothing to be done either in Peace or

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War,

War, without first consulting the Astrologer. Tho' really there is not a more unprofitable, not to say a more *pestilent Race of Men in a Commonwealth.*

Cornelius Tacitus, a grave Author, complain'd of 'em in old Time: So did *Varro*, with other sincere Writers. And it was a Custom in *Alexandria* formerly, for Astrologers to pay a certain Tribute, which they call'd Fools-pence, because it was taken from the Gain which the Astrologers made by their own ingenious Folly, and the credulous Dotage of their Admirers.

My Dgnēt, if our Lives and Fortunes depend upon the Stars, what Reason have we to be afraid of any thing? Why are we solicitous, and full of needless Cares? Let us leave all Things to GOD: And the Heavens, which cannot err, nor transgress the Decrees of Fate, will be our Guarantees 'till Death. But, if our Lives and Fortunes are altogether independent of the Celestial Bodies, let us bid Good Night to Astrology, as the vainest Ape, or Mimick of a Science, that ever buffoon'd the World.

'Twas said of old by the Sages of *Chaldea*, That GOD had committed the Disposal of Days to Moses, and of Hours to Jesus the Son of Mary; but, That he had reserv'd the Moments to himself, and his last Favourite. Let us therefore every Minute of our Lives wait on him, *the Father of all Things*, with an entire Resignation.

But there is a Sort of puny-spirited Men, so timorous and void of true Faith, that they will rather believe any thing, though the most incongruous Fictions of Hobgoblins, Ghosts, &c. than the Dictates of solid Reason. They tremble at the Report of Things which have no Existence in Nature; and whose very Idea is full of Impossibilities and Contradictions. Yet they will
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stand the Brunt of Truth with brazen Foreheads, and resist the Dint of rational Arguments, like so many *Colossus's*. Hence it comes to pass, that whereas one Lye is apt to take away the Reputation of any honest Man, so that he shall not be believ'd when he speaks true; on the contrary here in our Case, if an Astrologer in his random Predictions, by mere chance hits upon a remarkable Truth, it procures him credit for all the Lyes that ever he has, or can be guilty of. Impertinent and preposterous Sort of Fellows; who, whilst they pretend to know, and foretel future Things, are ignorant of that which is past, or present; and when they are impudently asserting their Familiarity with the Houses of the Twelve Signs in the Zodiack, know not what is done in their own Homes and Beds; as this Epigram says:

*Astra tibi æthereo pandunt sese omnia Vati;
 Omnibus & quæ sint Fata futura monent.
 Omnibus ast Uxor quod se tua publicat, id te
 Astra, licet videant omnia, nulla monent.*

But that which appears most strange is, that they ascribe the very Gift of Prophecy to the Stars; also of the Origin of Religions, the Secrets of Conscience; the Power of working Miracles, and casting out Devils; the Efficacy of Prayers, and even our immortal Happiness or Misery after this Life. Thus they assert, that when Gemini is the Ascendant, and in Conjunction with Saturn and Mercury under Aquarius, in the Ninth House, a Prophet is born at that Time. And therefore Jesus the Messiah was endu'd with so many matchless Gifts and Abilities, because he had Saturn in his Configuration with Gemini.

Thus they distribute the various Sects of Religion

ligion that are on Earth, into their distinct *Classes*, according to the different *Asterisms* above; *Jupiter* being suppos'd the general Patron of all Religion. Upon this Ground, they ascribe the Religion of the *Jews* to *Jupiter* and *Saturn*; of the *Chaldeans* to *Jupiter* and *Mars*; of the *Egyptians* to *Jupiter* and the *Sun*; of the *Arabians* to *Jupiter* and *Venus*; of the *Christians* to *Jupiter* and *Mercury*: And that Religion or Irreligion of *Antichrist*, which is to come, they ascribe to *Jupiter* and the *Moon*. They say also, That *Moses* prescrib'd the *Observation of the Sabbath* from *Astrological* Grounds; it being dedicated to *Saturn*. They ascribe the Deluge to the Influence of the *Stars*; and the Law given on *Mount Sinai*, is in their Divinity owing to the same Original. They attribute the Conception of *Jesus the Son of Mary* to *Venus*; and his supposed Death to *Mars*. They affirm, that the *Messias* himself was the greatest *Astrologer* of his Time: That he made a particular Choice of *Hours*, wherein to work his Miracles, and to pass thro' the Streets of *Jerusalem*, without receiving Damage from the *Jews*. Which made him once say to his Disciples, *Are there not twelve Hours in a Day?* when they warn'd him not to go into the City on such a Day, for fear of the People.

They add, that whosoever has *Mars* happily plac'd in the *Ninth House* at his *Nativity*, shall have Power to expel *Demons* from the Possess'd; and whosoever has the *Moon* with *Jupiter* in Conjunction with the *Dragon's Head* in the *Zenith*, and shall pray to *God*, whatsoever he desires shall be granted; and that *immortal Felicity* depends on *Jupiter* and *Saturn*, if they be happily posited in *Leo*. For whosoever has his Configuration, his *Soul* after Death being freed from infinite Streights and Perils, shall ascend to its Original and

and Native Seat, the Region of endless Liberty and Bliss.

All this may be true, for ought I know; but 'till I have a Demonstration for it, I shall desire to suspend my Belief. In the mean while, this is my Faith; *That all Things depend on Everlasting Destiny.* Whether the Stars be Instruments in executing the eternal Decrees or no, it matters not much. *All sublunary Beings must obey the Law that cannot be revoked.*

Then suffer not thy self, dear Friend, to be dismay'd, or over-anxious at any thing that happens in this mortal Life: But practise that ODE of Horace:

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare Mentem: non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Letitia, moriture, &c.*

Finally, my Dgnet, be mov'd at nothing. Adieu.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1681.

LETTER XI.

To Ibro Kalphafer, Effendi, a Man
of Letters at Constantinople.

I Congratulate the Honour thou hast, in being made Supervisor of that noble Work, an Universal History of the World. I wish thee and the other Undertakers, a whole *Hegyra* of Happiness; whose

whose Date may commence with the Finishing this industrious Volume.

The *Mufti* has ordered me to address to thee such farther Instructions as are necessary to render the History compleat; that nothing either of Substance or Ornament may be wanting.

I formerly sent that Patriarch of the Faithful, a Scheme, or Model of the whole Work, which I drew up in the best Manner I could, for the Time that was allow'd me. Now I send thee one more ample and correct; 'tis inclos'd in the Box which comes with this; wherein thou wilt also find a large Catalogue of Historians; containing almost all that have written the Affairs of Kingdoms and Empires, since the Beginning of the World; with their particular Characters; that thou may'st distinguish such as are worthy of Credit, from the Authors of Fictions. Neither art thou to wonder, that I have in these Papers given thee Cautions how to use, even some of those whom we esteem of greatest Integrity and Reputation. For tho' they scorned to broach Fables, or transmit Romances to Posterity; yet they were Flesh and Blood as well as other Men; and many times their Interest or Passions bias'd their Judgment, and drew their Pens into Cabal with a Party. Thus *Herodotus* himself, tho' otherwise a Man of approv'd Veracity; yet when he relates the Wars of the *Athenians*, appears too partial to his darling Countrymen; and lets those Passages escape his Pen in their Favour, which are contradicted by *Plutarch*, and other more disinterested Writers, and for which he is particularly reproached by *Plutarch*, in a Treatise of his, entitled, [*Of the Malice of Herodotus.*]

Therefore, in Cases of this Nature, thou art not to confide wholly in any one Author, whom thou hast Reason to suspect guilty of Fiction in History;

History; or supinely pass thy Sentiments into those of another, without examining whether his Relations be true or false: But having so great a Throng of Testimonies, reserve the last Appeal to thy self, and let thy own *Judgment* be the Tribunal where every one's *Sentence* is finally determined.

Thus much may serve for a Direction, as to the Matter of the History. What concerns the several Periods of Time wherein Things were done, Authors cannot with such Reason be supposed designedly faulty, as mistaken in their Chronology; and those chiefly, who wrote in latter Times, and seem only to have collected and transcribed out of others, what was for their Turn. And thou wilt have Reason to be particularly circumspect in what thou takest on the Credit of *Diodorus Siculus*, *Pliny*, *Paterculus*, and some others; who seem to have been too precipitate in fixing the Terms and Periods of Time, requisite to the illustrating their Histories, without making a due Comparison of the several *Epocha's* in use among the precedent Historians; from whom they borrow their Light.

In order therefore to the rendring this Universal History the most correct and free from Error of any yet extant; to the eternal Honour of the *Mussulmans*, and Advantage of all Mankind; it will be necessary for thee to have a right Notion of all the different *Hegyra's*, or Computation of Years, us'd by divers Nations, from the first Invention of Records to this Day. These I have nam'd in short, at the Tops of Columns to which they belong, in the Scheme I have sent in the Box. Now I will explain their Meaning to thee, and shew which are of most Import in this Work, and which not.

To begin then with that *Æra* which is commonly taken for a Series of the Years of the

World, or a Computation from the supposed Origin of Time: Thou oughtest to observe, that this is most disputable and uncertain of all other *Epocha's*, in regard it is impossible to adjust the different Accounts of the *Jews*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Aegyptians*, *Arabians*, *Persians*, and other Nations; not to mention the almost eternal Chronologies of the *Chineses* and *Indians*, which extend many Millions of Years beyond the supposed Time of the World's Creation.

Wishing thee therefore, in this Point, to adhere to those *Epocha's* which are most commonly receiv'd in the *East*, we will pass to *Noah's Flood*; wherein thou must expect no other Light, save what is deriv'd from *Moses* and the *Hebrew Doctors*. Which has occasion'd many to confound this Deluge with those of *Deucalion* and *Ogyges*, mention'd by *Ovid* and other *Gentile Writers*. And indeed, it may well start a Scruple in a Mind not over-credulous; how it came to pass, that this universal Deluge of *Noah* (supposing it to be such) was recorded by no other Nation on Earth save only by the *Jews*; as if it had not equally concern'd all Mankind, to transmit to Posterity, the exact Time of so general a Depopulation of our Race made by Water. But so far are we from finding any such Memoirs, that there are no Footsteps to be trac'd of the bare Matter of Fact; or any Mention made of a Flood save those of *Ogyges* and *Deucalion*. Whence proceeded this Neglect in the Writers of *Asia*? What Interest, Prepossession or Prejudice could byass the *Phœnician Antiquaries*, the *Persian Magi*, the *Chaldean Sages*, the *Indian Gymnosophists*, or the *Bonzi's* of *China*, from registering such an Inundation, as (if the Story be true) swept away all the Race of *Adam* from the Face of the Earth, except eight Persons? Or, shall we suppose that those

those Eight Persons combin'd together to conceal so great a *Catastrophe* of Human Nature from their Posterity, making their Children believe, that they were the first Mortals that ever liv'd on Earth; It so, how come the Posterity of *Sem* to be favour'd with the First Discovery of the Truth; and those of *Japhet* and *Cham*, to remain ignorant of their Father's Deliverance from the All-destroying Deluge?

It has been usual with the Learned *Nazarenes* of late, to cry down the Writings of *Manethon* the *Ægyptian*, *Berosus* the *Chaldean*, *Philo* the *Jew*; with *Metasthenes*, *Annianus*, and others Authors of Antiquity; because they have deliver'd Relations which thwart the Errors of these Modern Writers: On the same Score they condemn the *Persian* Antiquaries and Poets, with all the Records of the *East*, as Fabulous and not worthy of Credit, because they have been more careful than other Nations, especially than those in the *West*, to conserve the History of the First Ages of the World entire, and free from Corruption. But with what Face will any rational Man fasten this Calumny on pristine *Ægypt*; that *she was the Mother of Fables and Ignorance*, which all the World knows to have been the sole Nurse and Seminary of Science and Truth? Could not she inform her self aright in the History of the World; who first taught the Use of Letters to other Nations? Where was there any Monument of Antiquity, that came not out of *Ægypt*? Or what Learning, that was not first derived from the City of the Sun? *Moses* himself, that Renowned Lawgiver of the *Israelites*, had his Education at the Feet of the *Ægyptian* Philosophers; and the whole System of his Laws, is but a partial Epitome of their Statutes; which, by adding, diminishing, and altering, he fitted to the peculiar Tradition and Customs of the Off-spring of *Jacob*. And, why may we not suppose he did the same in the Historical Part of his Books;

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particularly

particularly so far as tending to beget Faith and Reverence in his Reader, to the Sanctity of that which he celebrates under the Title of the Holy Line : In which *Noah* was the *Janus with Two Faces*; one looking backward on the Old World ; the other forward, regarding the future Ages of the New ?

I speak with Freedom, and after the Manner of the *Scepticks*, believing that the boldest Disquisitions, even in Things which are of divine Assurance, are the best Means to establish the Truth. Let it not pass, therefore for an Argument of Infidelity or Atheism (which some are pleas'd to lay to my Charge) in that I strive to recover the lost Antiquities of the World out of the Ruins of Time and Ignorance : And, that to this End, I even call in question those Records, which being father'd on *Moses*, pass for divine Oracles ; which contain Passages repugnant to human Reason ; and appear infinitely more fabulous than those, which for their Sake, are condemn'd as such, by the superstitious *Nazarenes*.

In all this I have not contradicted the *Alcoran*, which confirms the Scriptures of the Old Testament ; but declares at the same Time, that *the Devil has inserted many Errors into them* : 'Tis only against these Errors I dispute, adoring the Truth wherever I find it ; tho' it were written in Parchment, made of the Skin of an Infidel ; which thou know'st, *is as great an Abomination as the Flesh of a Hog*.

But to return to *Noah's Flood*, or that of *Ogyges*, or *Deucalion's*, which thou wilt ; (for as the first is an *Epocha* of the *Jews*, so the two latter are remarkable *Æra's* to the *Gentiles*) thou wilt do well in using all three, and leave the Scrutiny to others ; for 'twill involve thee in a Labyrinth of knotty Disputes.

The next *Epocha* among the *Gentiles*, is taken from the Burning of *Ida* ; whereby Men occasionally found out the Way to melt Iron, and form it to their
necessary

Necessary Uses; and the next to that, is the Translation of *Ganymede*: Then the Building of *Troy*: After that, the Expedition of *Jason* to get the Golden Fleece: And 45 Years after that, begins the great *Epocha* of the *Grecians*: The first *Olympiad* instituted by *Hercules*: Next succeeded the *Olympiads* of *Iphitus*. I should have mention'd the *Jewish Epocha*; which begins with their Departure out of *Egypt*. But in regard this is only us'd by the Writers of that Nation, thou wilt not find it of any great Import. The Years of *Nabonassar* are of general Observation: So is the *Epocha* from the Building of *Rome*: The *Æra* of *Alexander the Great*, is used by my Countrymen the *Arabian* Writers. The *Capitoline Games* is an *Æra* mention'd by some *Roman* Authors, but not of general Remark.

These are all that are of any Note in ancient History; for as to the *Augustan* Years, or those reckon'd from the Battel of *Actium*; they continued not long, and are but sparingly mention'd in History: But I had almost forgot the *Calippick* Periods, which must not be omitted; and therefore I have plac'd them at the Top of a Column in the Scheme: They commence from the famous Battel between *Alexander* and *Darius* at *Arbela*; wherein the *Persians* receiv'd a total Defeat.

As to more Modern History, thou wilt have Occasion to use the *Christian Æra*, the *Hegyræ* of the *Arabians*, and the *Persian Epocha*. Thou must also observe the Difference in the *Julian* and *Gregorian* Accounts; the *Epocha* of *Dioclesian*; the *Spanish Æra*: And above all Things, both in the *Epocha's* of the Ancient and Modern History, thou must have a special Regard to the different Times of Year, wherein each distinct *Æra* begins. For they do not all commence in one and the same Moon, but vary their Dates from the Beginning of

the Year to the End. The Want of due Care therefore in this Point, would breed a great Confusion in an Universal History; and wou'd render its *Chronology* intricate and obſcure.

Follow the moſt Ancient Authorities, and be not discourag'd at the captious Remarks of Modern Writers: For they grope in the Dark; and having ſet up to themſelves certain ſuppoſitious Land-Marks, whereby to meaſure the Age of the World, they quarrel with the Ancient Sages for ſaying, 'tis of longer Standing. As if thoſe, who are but of Yeſterday, knew better the Extent of Time backwards, than ſuch as liv'd above Two Thouſand Years ago. Thus they retrench the Primitive Succeſſions of the *Aſſyrian Monarchy*; becauſe they are dated before their *Jewiſh Epocha* of Noah's Flood: And in the ſame manner they deal with the *Ægyptians* and *Indians* of the *Eaſt*; becauſe thoſe Kingdoms were in Being long before the Time theſe Upſtarts have ſet the Beginning of the World.

But be not thou partial to the Truth, nor ſwear to the Words of ſuch as have narrow Conceits of God and his Works: Doubtleſs, he is Omnipotent and Eternal, and it is no Hereſy to affirm, *That the Univerſe, both in Extent of Time and Place, is adequate to thoſe Incomprehenſible Characters of its Architect.*

Paris, 14th of the 12th Moon.
of the Year 1681.

LETTER XII.

*To the Wifest of the Wise, the Key of
the Treasures of Knowledge, the
Venerable Mufti.*

I Have obey'd the Orders of thy Sanctity, in writing to *Ibro Kalphafer Effendi*, the Student. I have dispatch'd to him all the necessary Instructions he seems to want; together with a more ample and accurate Scheme of the Work, to which thou hast appointed him. When the Translators shall have procur'd the Books I have nam'd in a Catalogue, there will be nothing more wanting, but the Compiler's Care in delivering a correct Chronology. Wherein it will be necessary to deviate from the *Nazarene* and *Jewish* Historians; who seem to have curtail'd the Age of the World, and represented it infinitely younger than it is, in the Records of the most ancient and unsuspected Writers.

The Ground of this Error, no doubt, was partly the Ambition of the *Jewish* Nation, to possess a Fame of greatest Antiquity, and to be accounted Older than other Countries; and partly the Loss of such Monuments and Records, as were Extant in other Nations before *Noah's* Flood.

Of all People in the Earth, the *Jews* seem to have been most guilty of imposing on the World an Opinion of their Antiquity, and aggrandizing their Line above all the Race of *Adam*. And from them the Error is transmitted to the Christians; who giving a kind of implicit and blind Faith to the *Hebrew* Historians, have confin'd the Age of the World within the Compass of six thousand Years; where-

as, if other Chronologies be true, it may, for ought we know, be above Six hundred thousand Years old.

The *Ægyptian* Chronicles give us an Account of no less than seventeen successive *Dinasties*, or Governors in that Nation, before the *Jewish* and *Christian* *Epocha's* of the Origin of Time. The *Assyrians* boast of a Race of Kings long before *Noah's* Flood; whose Succession continued down to the Reign of *Sardanapalus*, without the least Interruption or Vacancy made by any such Deluge. But the *Chinese* and *Indians* exceed all the rest of the World in the prodigious Antiquity of their Records. And among the latter, their *Brachmans* assert the Age of the World to be little less than Infinite or Eternal. The Laws and Histories of this Nation, (I speak of the *Gentile Indians*) are written in a Language which is now antiquated, and has no Affinity with any other Speech in the World. And the Books that are extant in this Language, assert, that it was the first and primitive Speech of Mankind. None understand it at this Day, but the Priests and such as they vouchsafe to teach it to, in their Schools and Colleges. Yet this is the Language wherein are written the Histories of their first Kings, the Original of their Government, and the Fables of the World's immense Antiquity.

Certainly, it would be a Deed worthy of thy Munificence, to procure a Translation of some of these Records, that so we may no longer be in the Dark, as to the History of that renowned Nation.

And I could heartily wish our Chronology in this Work, might receive some Light from such unquestionable Monuments.

The Christians declaim against every thing, that does not suit with their Tenets. They set up their private Errors as the Standard of Truth; and reject whatsoever contradicts these, as fabulous

bulous and heretical. In this they act like the Giant; who, *when his Guests were too short for his Bed, caus'd them to be stretch'd out with Engines; and when they were too long, he cut off their Legs or Heads, to make 'em fit for their Lodging.* So do the *Nazarenes* deal with ancient Writers, and especially with such as extend the Age of the World beyond their narrow *Epocha*; resolving not to admit of any Chronology, which exceeds the Limits of their own. They retrench whole Ages, and reduce the indefinite Measure of past Time to a Span. They esteem the *Indians* as Fools, easily impos'd on by their crafty Priests, and all the Records of the *East* pass with them for Fables, or the Dreams of Poets. There's no Reason that the enlighten'd *Mussulmans* should be their Apes, and mock at *Oriental* History; since we are taught from our Cradles, *That all Wisdom comes out of the East.*

But they will object, perhaps, How is it possible that any Records could be preserv'd, of the Times before the Flood, except such as were sav'd in *Noah's Ark*; since that universal Inundation swept away all the rest of Mankind, and must needs utterly efface their Writings and Monuments? To this I answer, That they cannot prove this Inundation to be universal; not even out of their own Scriptures, which I have narrowly examin'd in this Point, and find the Deluge limited to that Part of the Earth which was inhabited at that Time. Which verbal Limitation supposes, that the whole Globe was neither inhabited, nor drown'd; or else they must allow a Tautology in Scripture.

Besides, it is evident from what the *Bible* says, concerning *Noah's* Preaching an Hundred and Twenty Years before the Flood, that this was but a particular Deluge, inflicted as a Punishment on that obdurate and impenitent Nation, where he liv'd, and who derided the Warnings of the

the Prophet. For it cannot be suppos'd, that *Noah* wander'd up and down over the Face of the whole Earth, to preach every where, and warn all Mankind of the approaching Calamity. And 'twould seem partial in God, to send him to preach to one People only, and let the rest of the World die in Ignorance. Either therefore there were no more People in the World than those of his own Nation; or at least, there were no more to be drown'd. He was employ'd in building the Ark, during the Time that he preach'd; and the *Alcoran* makes mention of the Water that boil'd in *Noah's* Pot, which are convincing Arguments, that he went not out of his own Country; unless we will suppose he carried the Ark, and his Pot along with him; one of which is impossible, the other ridiculous, and both of them full of Absurdities.

Add to this, that it was impossible for *Noah* and his Three Sons to build an Ark so big, as to contain all the Species of clean Beasts and Birds by Fourteens; and the Unclean by Fours; and to have Room enough to lay up Provision sufficient to nourish his Family, with such an infinite Number of Living Creatures; some of which would multiply upon him every Moon, others in a little more Time, and all of them within the Year that they were confin'd to the Ark; for so long did the Flood last.

It is evident then, that it was but a particular Deluge; and that the Ark was made only large enough to contain the Species of Beasts and Birds peculiar to that Country. For if it were otherwise, another Difficulty will start; How all the innumerable Kinds of Beasts could transport themselves from the Islands; and remote Regions; to the Ark; and from thence back again to the Places from whence they came, after the Flood was abated, and dried up?

A great deal more might be said; but this is sufficient to render it very probable, if not to demonstrate, that this was no more than a particular Deluge, by which God was resolved to exterminate the Infidels out of that Land: Even as he has inflicted Judgments as terrible on other Nations, destroying them by Lightning, or vehement Winds, or by Armies of Wild Beasts, as the *Alcoran* often intimates. Other Histories speak of whole Cities in *Africk*, with all their Inhabitants, turned into Stone in one Night's Time, as a Punishment of their wallowing in that Vice, whose very Imagination creates a Horror in chaste Souls.

Supposing therefore, that only *Armenia*, or the adjacent Countries, were overwhelmed in this Deluge; it will be easy to suggest, that the other Nations, such as *Egypt*, *China*, and the *Indies*, might retain their Chronologies uncorrupt, from their Original Source of Time,

It is of great Importance to true History, that this Point should be thoroughly examin'd, and the Extent of the Flood adjusted: For if it could be apparently made out, that *Noah's Flood* was but such another as those of *Ogyges* and *Deucalion*, all the Mists which darken Antiquity would vanish. The whole Firmament of Chronology would become clear and serene; and we should walk in the Light of the primitive Ages, without being dazzled, or forc'd to wink.

Methinks, I behold this Light glimmering from afar like *Aurora*, the cheerful Harbinger of approaching Day. Methinks I see the Splendour of Historical Truth rising from the *Orient*, and gilding the Tops of those Mountains, which the Ignorance and Superstition of some, the Pride and Ambition of others, have raised to hinder our Prospect of the far-extended Ages of the primitive World. And without Rapture, or *Hyperbole*,

bole, I dare be bold to presage, That a little more Knowledge in the Indian Language and Histories, will bring those Things to Light, which have been hid for many thousands of Years, from the greatest Part of Mankind.

Go on then, thou sacred Patron of History ; go on to encourage this unparallel'd Work ! Send Messengers to the *Indies* ; Men of Learning and Prudence. Let them court the *Brachmans* with the Promises of inestimable Rewards : Let them try to win those renown'd Philosophers, to come with their Books to the Sanctuary of the World ; that so this Universal History may transcend all that have been written before it ; and that the proud Contemners of the *Mussulmans* may have this Proverb common among themselves, when they would assert any thing seriously, to say, *It is as true as an Oracle, or as the Chronology of those who believe the Alcoran.* Great Light of the *Faithful*, adieu.

Paris, 14th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1681.

LETTER XIII.

*To Cara Hali, Physician in Ordinary
to the Grand Signior.*

I Am now arrived to a great Age, and have rubb'd thro' many Fatigues in my Life-time. I have stood the Brunt of a thousand Perils, and undergone much Hardship : Pains and Afflictions have invaded me in Body and Soul. Labour, Persecution, and Grief, have been the Portion of my past Years : Now I would fain live at Ease if 'twere possible.

There-

Therefore I have Recourse to thee, my old Friend, who hast often afforded me thy Counsel in Time of Need. I do not address for Fashion-sake, or to discover the vast Esteem I have for a Physician, whose skilful Prescriptions have so often sav'd my Life. No, no; I'm really in want of Aid; and no Man but thy self can cure me.

It is not easy for me to define my Distemper, since 'tis *Heterogeneous*, and complicated of many different Maladies. However, it is fit that thou should'st be inform'd of the particular Symptoms, and the Causes, as far as I can guess at 'em; and I can do no less than make thee in part my *Confessor*.

Methinks I feel the Reversion of my youthful Vanities inherit the Entail of my past Pleasures; which is certainly nothing but Pain and Torment. Those Agonies which I laugh'd at in other Men, are now fallen to my own Share. The Comedies of my greener Years, are become the sensible Tragedies of my weather-beaten Age.

Whilst I sweat, frown, and make a thousand Grimaces at the Anguish given me by the Gout, Stone, Strangury, Cholick, Cramp, and other acute Diseases, which excruciate me by Turns; I think the divine *Nemesis* has appointed some *Devil* for an *Inquisitor* and Tormentor of every Bone, Vein, Artery, Nerve, Muscle, and Gut in my Body. Surely, I'm laid in the first Pickle of Nature's Wrath: I wish it may be the last; for I do not in the least covet her Ill-will.

Then I have my successive Intervals of Dropsies, Asthma's, Dysenteries, Fevers, Consumptions, and God knows how many more Species of Sickness. Yet sometimes I am as seemingly well in Health as *Morogli Zudistan*, the old *Aga*, that lived just by the Obelisk in the *Hippodrome*; who ran away from his Father in his Youth, and serv'd se-

venteen Years in the Wars of *Persia*, liv'd 'till he was eighty nine Years old ; yet never was let Blood, took Physick, or was sick in all his Life.

I protest, 'tis hard for me to guess at my own Constitution, or to find out the Original of those different Habits in my Body. Yet I have a feeling Sense of that myself, which I cannot express to another.

Sometimes I think there is some native and radical Venom in my Body, deriv'd from the Influence of malignant Stars, that had the Dominion at my Birth ; tho' how, or why it should be so, I am altogether ignorant. Neither can an Astrologer, with all his Schemes and heavenly Figures, convince me which of the Constellations or Planets did me the fatal Injury. I give no Credit to their antiquated Tales of Trines, Conjunctions, Oppositions, Quartiles, and the rest of their *Egyptian* Jargon. I believe there may be something true and sacred at the Bottom of Astrology, but 'tis cover'd with a Heap of Rubbish, Rules, and Observations. And they that take most Pains, dig deepest, and make the narrowest Search into the Ruins of that noble Science, shall, for one genuine Pearl, find a thousand Counterfeits ; for one Truth, a thousand Errors. It fares with Astrology, as it does with Religion ; which is cantoniz'd into innumerable Sects and Factions ; each positively asserting, that they have the only incorrupt Laws of God : Whereas if you make a strict Scrutiny, you shall find a very little sincere Piety, but abundance of Profaneness, Hypocrisy, and Superstition.

Well, let it be how it will ; whether the Stars have any Hand in the Plot of human Events, or no : Whether *Saturn* or *Mars* be malevolent or benign Planets, it matters not much : No
more

more does it to hear what they prate of all the various Aspects and Configurations of the other Stars. This I am sure of, that I endure a great many Pains; which, let them be deriv'd from above or below, are very troublesome.

'Tis possible, that all, or most Distempers which afflict human Bodies in so many different Kinds, may be but the Effects of one original Indisposition, or Ataxy, in our animal Spirits; or some hereditary Contagion in our Blood, or seminal Pests in our Humours; which, *Proteus* like, appears in different Forms, masquerading it up and down our Bodies, in the Disguise of Fevers, Agues, Phthisicks, Coughs, Consumptions, Rheumatisms, Pleurisies, and a thousand more. Or, perhaps our Vitals are not sound: Some Fall, or Knock, or other Accident in our Infancy, might put us out of Frame; or the Debaucheries of Youth may leave their Sting behind them, to chastise our riper Years, and teach us Wisdom before it is too late.

I tell thee in short, all my Maladies, as I conjecture, owe their Original to an ill-temper'd Spleen, and vitiated *Hypochondria*. This, as I said before, I can easily feel within myself; but can hardly express the Manner how it comes to pass, with that Accuracy as is requisite to make another sensible of it: Only, in general Terms, I suppose it has made me extremely melancholy at some Times, and as excessive merry and frolicksome at others; both which Passions, thou know'st, have an ill Influence on the Heart, Midriff, *Pericardium*, Liver, and Lungs. This I have found by frequent and long Experience; tho' I will not undertake to describe the mechanick Operation of these contiguous Vitals one upon another; especially to thee, who art the most accomplished and curious Anatomist
of

of this Age. Suffice it to say, that I have perceived within my self, the violent and forcible Contraction or Dilatation, Heating or Cooling of any of these interior principal Parts, to be very pernicious to my Health; having an immediate Influx on all the rest, and so on the Blood, wherein is contained the very Essence of this mortal Life.

My dear Physician, our Bodies are perfect Machines, and subject to the like Mischances. If but a Straw, a Pin, or any such diminutive Trifle, get between the Wheels of a Watch, 'tis presently disorder'd in its Motion. The whole Frame of the artificial Mechanism is either at a Stand, or goes too slow or fast, or at least very unevenly. So the smallest irregular Passion, in any of the chief Members of our Bodies, disturbs and violates the Peace of all the rest; it spoils their Harmony, and makes them jar; just like a Viol, when some blundering Hand has new-turn'd the Pegs, after a skilful Musician had put the Instrument in Tune.

Besides, there is a strange Chain of Consequences without. Our Passions hurt not ourselves only, but others; and we receive again the Revenge of the Damage we give: For there is an eternal Circulation of Justice in the World. The whole Universe is but a Piece of Clock-Work, where one Motion begets another to Infinity; and one Stop in the meanest Wheel, would put all the rest to an equal Stand. We Mortals are Parts of this grand Mechanism, and have our particular Shares in the Disasters that happen to the whole. I, for my Part, by many casual Jolts of Misfortune, the designed Bruises of Enemies, and the corroding Teeth of Time, am almost worn out: If thou wilt by thy Skill restore me again, and put me in Frame, the
Praise

Praise will be thy own: Otherwise, the first Artist must even take me to Pieces, dissolve this useless Mass; and when I am thus reduced to my original Element, he may new-mould my ductile Substance, and hammer it to what Fashion and End he pleases.

Only I beg of him, rather to make me any four-footed Beast, than a *Spaniard*, a *Dutchman*, or a *Jew*, among Men; for these are the Scandals of human Race.

Paris, 2d of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1682.

LETTER XIV.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of the Coll. of Sciences at Fez.

I Have had to do lately with Men pretending to Astrology; Persons of many Words, and ostentatious Expressions; but of little Sense, and less Knowledge, even in the very Science they boast of. I can compare them to none more properly, than to those Travellers, who visit foreign Countries, that they may come home laden with Romances and Fables, with trifling Remarks, and jejune Observations, to make a crackling Noise among the Vulgar; whilst wise Men laugh at their Folly, in that after all their extravagant Rambles abroad, they are not able to give a rational Account of any thing to the Purpose; and are perfectly Strangers to the Place of their own Nativity. So these pretended Star-gazers, whilst they boast of being familiarly acquainted with all the Regions of the Sky; can draw Maps, Charts, and Figures of the
remote

remote Heavens, delineate the Houses of the *Zodiac*, the Course of the Signs, the Governments, Laws, and Influences of the Planets and Constellations ; are ignorant of their own domestick Region, this Globe whereon they dwell. They know not the Things with which they are daily conversant ; much less can they penetrate into the Secrets of the Earth, or discover the Things that are under their Feet.

Wherefore turning my Back on these vain Sciolists, I approach with Reverence to thee, who art accomplish'd in the Mysteries of those Worlds above and this below. I have two Difficulties upon my Mind, which I beseech thee to solve. The first is concerning the Original of the *Blacks* or *Negroes* : The other about the Flux and Reflux of the Sea.

I was in Company not long ago with an eminent Physician of *Paris*, a Person of great Abilities, a searching Spirit, and very curious in his natural Observations. Among other Subjects which we discours'd of, we fell at length upon the grand Division of Mankind into *Blacks* and *Whites*. Which carried us so far, as to enquire into the Causes of this Difference in their Colour ; whether it proceeded from the various Heat and Influence of the Sun, or from the diverse Qualities of the Climates wherein they live ; or finally, from some specifick Properties in themselves, in the natural Frame and Constitution of their Bodies.

He was of Opinion, that if *Adam* were white, all his Children must be so too ; if black, all his Posterity must be of the same Colour. Therefore, by Consequence, either the *Blacks* or the *Whites* are not the Descendants of *Adam*. This he endeavour'd to prove by many plausible Arguments ; but he insisted chiefly on one Experiment

ment he had seen made, when present at the Dissection of a dead *Negro*. For he affirm'd, that between the outward and inward Skin of the Corps, was found a kind of *Vascular Plexus*, spread over the whole Body like a Web or Net, which was fill'd with a Juice as black as Ink; from whence he concluded, the outward Skin receiv'd its Tincture. And in regard there is no such Web or Net to be found under the Skin of a *White Man*, it serv'd to him as an Argument, that they were two different Species or Races of Men from the very first Original of Mortals; Nature having given the one Kind an inward as well as an outward Characteristick to distinguish them from the other, in this diverse Organization of their Bodies.

I must confess, it has been my Opinion a long time, that the *Negroes* or *Blacks* owe their Colour to a far higher and more ancient Original than to the Curse which *Noah* pronounced on *Cham* and all his Posterity, as is commonly believed. And I could even grant them to be a different Race from that of *Adam*; for it is no new thing with me to conceive, that Mankind had a different Original from that which is recorded in the Books that go under *Moses's* Name. And I dare be bold to say, that the Book [of *Genesis*] was either not penn'd by *Moses*; or if it were, that it has been much corrupted in After-times; and that at present there is not any known True Copy of it in the World. For how can we father so many Incongruities, as are to be found in that Book, on the Holy Prophet? Or if he were really the Author of such Contradictions and Absurdities, how can we believe him without forfeiting our Sense? God gave us our Reason to be a Lamp and a Prop, to light and support us as we walk through the Dark and Uncertain Wilderness of this Mortal Life; not as an

Ignis Fatuus to misguide us, or a Reed of *Egypt*, which deceives him that leans on it, and causes him to fall. He has squar'd our Faculties to the Works of Eternity. Our native Ideas of Things are exact and true, till adulterated by the false Strokes of Education, Superstition, and foreign Error. Thus in my Infancy, I remember I could not conceive any Limits to the Extent of Space, nor any Beginning to the Age of the World. And I have retained the same Notion of Infinite and Eternal Matter ever since, even to these Gray Hairs. So of the Original of Mankind, I believe not the narrow and partial Genealogies of the *Jews*, who only strove to exalt themselves and their own Lineage above all the Nations on Earth besides.

For ought I know, there were as many Original *Protoplasts* of Mortals, as there are different Nations, speaking various radical and material Languages; obeying several Forms of Government, and practising distinct Maxims and Principles. Or, it is possible, the *East* produced one sort of Men, the *West* another; whilst the *North* and the *South* brought forth an equal Variety. Who knows the Force of the Constellations and Heavens above; or the hidden Virtues which exhale from the Depths below? These may differ as the Climates do: And the first Ingredients of the Earth might all be mark'd with the various Affections, Passions and Dispositions of her then Common Parent; even as Children are now-a-days stigmatiz'd with the Lust of a-terming Mother.

Oh that it were possible with *Thesens* to descend into the Bowels of this Globe, and come up alive and safe again! that we might dive into the *Abysse* below, and visit the Caverns of perpetual Darkness! that we might creep along by the Roots of the ancient Mountains, or through the Channels
of

of Mines a thousand Miles beneath the Surface! there wou'd I seek for the Fountains of hidden Waters, which run to and fro in the Veins of the Earth; I wou'd find out the Subterranean Seas, Lakes, and Rivers, which feed our Upper Ocean with its Briny Floods. And perhaps, there I should discover the True Cause of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, which has so puzzled all Philosophy.

Tell me, thou Sage of Sages, Can all the Fountains, Rivulets, mighty Channels, Lakes, and Seas, which we see on the Superficies, be constantly supply'd only by Showers from Heav'n, which in some Places fall very sparingly, or not at all? Cou'd the constant Regular Tides and Ebbs be still maintain'd by the uncertain fickle Rains and Snows? Or is there not an Eternal Circulation of Waters thro' the various Hollownesses of the Earth?

In a Mine at *Bern* in *Switzerland*, about 230 Years ago, there was found a whole Ship 50 Fathom deep, with all its Tackle, and the dead Bodies of many Seamen; I ask, How that Ship came there?

Who can give me an Account of the many Whirl-Pools, *Vorago's* and *Charybdis's*, there are in divers Seas? There is one on the *North* of the World, not far from *Muscovy*, forty Miles in Compass, which when the Tide comes in, swallows up all the Sea with an insupportable Noise, above that of Thunder, with Ships, Fish, and whatsoever else comes within that Fatal Stream; then at the Ebb it throws them up again with equal Fury. Doubtless, there are innumerable such devouring Jaws of the Earth under the various Bottoms of the Sea. And I will never trouble myself any farther for the Solution of this Grand Scruple, which cost the *Stagyrite* his Life.

Venerable Sage, tell me thy Opinion of these Things; for I could bring Instances enough to

write a Volume on this Subject. But I am brief with thee, who canst not improve by any Thing I can say; who write this as one that begs Instruction, and not to teach or inform an Oracle.

Paris, 20th of the 5th Moon
of the Year 1681.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE's a Race of Infidels newly started in France; who, if they be let alone, may, for ought I know, in Time depopulate not only this Kingdom, but the whole Earth. A Society of Miscreants, Sorcerers, Magicians, Witches, and I know not what. They secretly steal Children away from their Parents, and offer them in Sacrifice to *Demons*. Their Blood they save to compound horrible Poisons and execrable Enchantments. The Bread of *Paris* and other Cities is become like the Fruit of the Tree *Zacon*, which overshadows the Center of Hell; full of deadly Venom. The Fountains of once living and refreshing Waters, are now tainted with the Contagion of *Styx*, *Phlegethon*, and *Cocytus*. There is no Safety in eating or drinking. Men chuse to perish by Hunger or Thirst, rather than taste the very Fruits of the Earth. They undergo a Voluntary Famine in the midst of Infinite Plenty. And whilst there is an Affluence of all Things, which use to support our Mortal Life, People complain of Scarcity, and die for want of wholesome Food.

In the mean while, no body can tell the Meaning of it; but a diligent Enquiry is made: Some
are

are arrested on Suspicion, others are convicted by undeniable Evidence, yet will confess nothing: They prove 'em guilty in Matter of Fact, put 'em to more than the common Tortures, but can extort not a Syllable from 'em, which shall discover their Accomplices, or reveal the bottom Secret of this nefarious Practice.

Arise! Arise! Arise! *Medea, Circe, Æsculapius*, or some other Powers more expert in Nature's hidden Force: Arise, I say, and prop the fainting Relicks of Human Race. New Deaths invade the World, Men speak, seem stout, they walk the Streets, are merry, brisk and gay; and yet in the Height of Laughter, down they drop and die. This is very strange; but more so it is, that even after Death, when they are cold, their Chaps remain still distorted in the same comical Figure, not much unlike the Statue of the *Satyr*, which stands behind the Gate of the Womens Apartment in the *Serail*.

I have indeed read of a Fruit, which whosoever tastes, will die laughing: And of the *Torpedo*, which if any Man touch, though with a Staff or Pole in his Hand, immediately it benums him, and takes away his Sense of Feeling: But I always attributed these Stories to the romantick Humour of *Pliny*, or at least of those from whom he collected the pleasant Paragraphs of his Natural History. But now I am convinc'd, that 'tis possible these Things may be true.

In a word, I tell thee plainly, that were it not for honest *Eliachim* the Jew, poor *Mahmut* must starve himself. For I would rather die weeping and famishing, deploring and lamenting the Miseries of Human Life, than pass to *Orcus* in an artificial Good Humour, only fram'd by the Force of Poisons and Charms. But *Eliachim* and all the *Jews* are singular in their Diet: They take care not to be polluted by abominable Infidels. They will

will not eat the Bread of the *Christians*, nor taste of their Flesh. The Law of *Moses* forbids it, and they are very curious in observing it: They have their Corn-Merchants, Millers, Bakers, Butchers, Poulterers, and Fishmongers by themselves; their Fruiterers also, and such as serve 'em with Water, Wine, or any other Beverage: They will not easily be cheated of their Lives, through the Complaisance of what they call Good Nature: Neither *French* nor *Dutch*, *Italians* or *Spaniards*, shall impose upon them: They eat and drink more nicely, (I speak of the better sort) than the Infidel Kings of the Earth.

Here lies my Safety amidst the common Danger; I never eat or drink of late, but at *Eliachim's* House. For I dare not; so well-grounded are the Fears of Poison in the Society of *Nazarenes* at this Time in *Paris*.

By the GOD of my Father, and my GOD, I would not willingly go down to the Shades in a Vehicle of *Aia-Mala*, *Xerim*, or any other subtle *Eastern Opiate*. I'd rather fairly stand the Fate of a Bullet, Dagger, Sword, or any thing that with Candor threatens us above-board. But to be sneakingly undermin'd, circumvented, &c. goes against the Grain, by the Wounds of *Makomet*, which he received before the Holy Flight.

O *Ali*, *Ali*! This Oath brings thy Fame to my Remembrance. Who durst stand against the Sword of *Ali*, when he was in his Wrath? *Ali*, the true Successor of the Prophet!

Do not take me for a *Kysilbaschi*, *Heretick*, *Infidel*, &c. for I am of an untainted Race, a True Believer, a *Mussulman* in all Senses: But I hate Phana-ticism, and factious Bigotry: Tho' we hate the *Persians*, and pursue 'em as incorrigible Hereticks, may we not love and honour the *Caliph* whom they follow? So we are profess'd Enemies to the *Christians*, and yet we reverence *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, the *Christians* *Messias*. But

But to return to the *French*; the King has erected a kind of Inquisition-Court, which is called the Chamber of Poisons. Here all Persons suspected of these diabolical Practices are examin'd, and put to the Torture. Also Millers, Bakers, Butchers, Fruiterers, Vintners, and other Trades, which sell any thing to eat or drink, are sworn in this Chamber, and undergo a severe Scrutiny. So do all Physicians, Druggists, and Apothecaries. Edicts are daily publish'd, whereby all Persons pretending to a Spirit of Divination, &c. are commanded forthwith to depart the Kingdom under the Penalty of Death. It is order'd also, that whosoever has abus'd any Sentence of the Written Law, by making of Enchantments, Spells, Charms, or any thing beside or beyond the Force of Nature, shall be severely punish'd. The same Edict forbids all Use of Poisons, unless they be such as are Ingredients in wholesome Medicines, and help to compound those Physical Preparations which are necessary to conserve the Life of Men. And that even these shall not be sold to any Person whatsoever, but only to those who by their Art and Profession are oblig'd to make use of them. Abundance of Care is taken both by the State and the Church, by Publick Magistrates and private Persons, to discover the Authors of these inhuman Tragedies, and to prevent the like for the future. Every Man's Eye is upon his Neighbour, and they of the same House are jealous one of another. The Father suspects and narrowly watches the Motions of his Son, and the Mother will not trust the Daughter of her Delight. Children are wary of their Parents, and one Brother or Sister dares not eat or drink any thing prepar'd by another: Neither the Ties, nor even the sacred Bonds of Friendship itself, are sufficient to conquer Mens Fears and Apprehensions of being poison'd.

In the mean while, the Inhabitants have felt a terrible Blow from the *French* Arms. For the

King of *France* having received some Affront from those *Corfairs*; gave Orders to the *Sieur de Quesne*, Lieutenant-General of his Naval Forces, to go and bombard their City; which was perform'd accordingly, in the Beginning of the 6th *Moon*: And that bold Warrior threw so many Bombs in the Town, that he ruin'd a considerable Part of it, overthrew the principal *Mosque*; and killed many thousands of Men: Which obliged the *Algerines* to become humble Supplicants for Peace: And it was granted them on certain Conditions, advantageous enough for *France*.

This Monarch is wholly addicted to War, in which also he is no less expert than he is in Matters of State: And he loves to see his Subjects follow his Example. To this End, he has lately establish'd two Seminaries; one in the Citadel of *Tournay*, the other in that of *Metz*, where a certain Number of *Cadets* or Younger Brothers, who can prove themselves descended of noble Blood, are educated at the King's Charge, and taught the Method and Art of Fortifications, with other Exercises of Military Discipline.

This is a great Encouragement to the Young Gentry and Nobles, and fills 'em with glorious Emulations; every one being ambitious to excel another in these Heroick Arts. And the King will never want able Soldiers to serve him in any Station at Home or Abroad.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, this is all the News I can at present send thee. May God protect thee and all the True Faithful from the sly Attempts of Magicians, Witches, and Poisoners. As for me, I know not how long I shall escape their Snares. But I'll be as cunning as I can. Sage Minister, adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 5th *Moon*
of the Year 1682.

L E T -

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Receiv'd a Dispatch Yesterday, sign'd with thy Name, but not writ by thy own Hand, nor in thy accustom'd Stile; and yet there is no mention made of Sickness, a broken Arm, or any other Misfortune which might hinder thee from penning it thy self; which fills me with abundance of Doubts and Scruples. If the Palsey, or any other Disease, has taken from thee the Use of thy Limbs, I hope it has not deprived thee of thy Reason. This Faculty would have prompted thee to explain this mysterious way of Correspondence, by the same Hand which wrote the Letter. I know not what to think of it. 'Twas very odd thus to leave me in the Dark; and thou canst not blame me, if in this Obscurity, I stumble upon suspicious Thoughts. I am not jealous of thy Fidelity; tho' such a Conduct as this would make a Man fear the worst. But I rather apprehend the Effect of thy Credulity and Negligence. In a word, I am afraid lest some prying Busy-body has got a Glimpse of our secret Business, and mutual Intelligence, and so put this Trick upon me in thy Name, to see what Answer I will make; which they may think easy to do, by intercepting the Letters which are address'd to thee by the Post. To prevent which, I send this by a private Messenger. We cannot be too cautious in such Cases; where one false Step betrays all, and lays our Designs open to the World.

I conjure thee to be very plain and particular in thy next. Satisfy me in all things; for I am very anxious at present. My Mind is full of Thorns and
Briars.

Briars. I shall not write to any of the sublime Ministers, till I have thy Answer by the same Messenger I send; therefore dispatch him with Expedition.

As to Count *Tekeli's* Business, if this Information be really thy own, and not sent by some sly Interloper, I like the Project well enough, and will communicate it to the *Grand Vizier*, or the *Kaimacham*, without taking Notice of thy Oversight in putting me to this Fright and Trouble. The Count has a good Character among the *French*, who are no Friends to the House of *Austria*, or Enemies to the *Grand Signior*. This is certain, new Spirits must be raised in the room of those who are taken away. For Conspiracies of this Nature must not be given over upon every Discouragement. Care must be taken, that the *Hungarian* Faction be constantly supplied with fresh Heads, like the *Hydra*, as fast as the old ones are cut off. And I know not where they could have pitched upon a more likely Man than Count *Tekeli*: He comes of a good Parentage; and his Ancestors were all along Patriots, and Sticklers for their Countries Liberties. They ever oppos'd the tyrannous Encroachments of the House of *Austria*.

Carcoa's Journal relates many remarkable Passages of the *Tekeli's*; whose Castle, he says, was the usual Rendezvous of all the Malecontent Lords in those Parts, who were weary of the *German* Yoke. There they caball'd, and held their private Consults: There they hatch'd their Plots against the Emperor. I read this Journal daily, finding no small Pleasure in it, and abundance of Profit: For it contains select Memoirs of divers curious Transactions and Events, that happen'd both in Publick and Private, during his Residence at *Vienna*. And I take the greater Delight in reading him, be-
cause

cause his Style is very short, yet comprehensive; familiar also and free, without Impertinences, or Solœcisms. He gives one not the Fatigue of dwelling long upon a Period, to hammer out the Sense by attentive Study. But he couches his Words like a Train of Gunpowder, which is no sooner lighted at one End, but in an Instant the other catches the Flames: So you can hardly cast your Eyes on Three Words at the Beginning of a Paragraph, or Sentence in *Carcoa's* Journal, but you anticipate his Scope in all the rest. This argues a great Serenity of Spirit in the Author; and an Elegance not to be met with but in a Mind void of Clouds. Besides, he relates no trivial Matters, or Tales fit only for Women and Boys: But he treats altogether of weighty and important Affairs, Intrigues of State, remarkable Strokes of War, subtle Overtures of Peace; which he gracefully intermixes with Parallels of History, with Characters and Descriptions of Countries and their Inhabitants; and finally, with Philosophical, Moral, and Political Remarks; all very agreeable and pleasant.

Nathan, I counsel thee to imitate his Example, and leave some Memorial behind thee of thy Industry and Virtue. To this End, apply thy self at spare Hours to Reading; but be sure use Caution in the Choice of Books, else 'tis but Time mis-spent. Be curious in searching out the most Excellent Treatises; for vain and trifling Subjects are fit only for the Fire. Have a special Regard to the Credit of such Historians as fall in your Way: Bestow not a Moment on those that are not authentick; lest Old Time call thee to an account for the Waste. Then accustom thy Pen to make Epitomes, Abstracts and Collections out of what thou readest; and learn to be nice and cleanly in thy Language. A squalid Style turns the Stomach of a Reader; whereas polite

Expres-

Expressions whet his Appetite, and cause him to devour whole Volumes with a Gust.

After all, I bid thee farewell; and advise thee not to neglect the *Grand Signior's* Business, but mind the main Chance.

Paris, 5th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1682.

LETTER XVII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Shall now acquaint thee with an Accident, which extremely surpriz'd me when I first heard of it, and has still left me in Confusion. About seven Weeks are pass'd since I receiv'd a Letter, dated from *Vienna*, which *Nathan Ben Saddi* subscrib'd; but I presently perceiv'd it was not his own Hand-writing; which made me very uneasy, and full of careful Thoughts. For it contain'd Matters of Importance, Secrets of the *Hungarian* League; with a particular Project relating to Count *Tekeli*, a great Lord in that Country.

I consider'd, that if the Letter were writ with *Nathan's* Knowledge, and by his Order; he cou'd not be so forgetful, as not to bid the Scribe, whoever he was, give me an Account of the Reasons which hinder'd him from writing to me himself. For he must needs imagine I should be troubled, and in no small Astonishment, to find Matters of that dangerous Consequence address'd to me in an unknown Hand, under his Name. Or else I thought, he took me for a Man that made no Reflections on Things. I knew not well what
to

to conclude, amidst so many probable Uncertainties.

However, I was resolv'd to act more securely, and with greater Caution on my Side, in order to a right Information in this Mystery. Wherefore not daring to trust the Posts, I dispatch'd away a private Courier to *Vienna*; one in whom I can confide; with ample Instructions, and a Letter to *Nathan Ben Saddi*; wherein, among other Things, I desir'd him to tell me the Meaning of this Conduct.

My Messenger is honestly and safely returned again to *Paris*, but no *Nathan Ben Saddi* to be heard of. All the Account he could learn of him, was, That about eight Weeks ago he went out of his House, with a Stranger, who pretended Business with him at the *Burse*, or *Exchange*: But neither he, nor the Stranger, have been seen, or heard of since. Only they said, That a Day or two after *Nathan* was missing, there was the Dead Body of a Man floating in an Eddy of the *Danube*, hard by the Bridge; but the Face was so mangled and disfigured with Wounds and Slashes, that it was impossible for any to distinguish or discern who it was. Yet *Nathan's* Friends were apt to suspect it was he himself; and that he had been privately murder'd, and afterwards thrown into the River.

This is the Substance of what my Messenger could learn of him; and he was forc'd to use Abundance of Caution in Enquiring so far; lest by being less reserv'd, he might have been brought himself into Trouble, run the Hazard of being put to the Torture, and discovering what I intrusted him with, besides other Inconveniencies.

Praise be to God, he escaped all Scrutiny, and is come back safe with my Letter: But what is become of that *Jew*, God knows. Perhaps some
of

of his own Nation have made him away privately, to prevent his turning *Mussulman*: For he was unsettled in his Religion, and it, amidst his Waverings, he seem'd to have any particular Bias stronger than ordinary, it was that which inclin'd him to the Faith of *True Believers*. And if he perish'd on this Account, we ought to esteem him as a Martyr of God and his Prophet. But I must confess, I that well knew the Shallowness and Inconstancy of *Nathan's* Temper, with the superstitious Attach which he ever had for his *Rabbi's*, have hardly Faith or Charity enough to believe his Zeal for the *Alcoran* would carry him to Martyrdom. Neither can I forbear thinking there is something worse in it.

But all this which seems so strange to me, may be well known to the Ministers of the *August Porte*, by whose Order, perhaps, he has received a Secret Death, as a Chastisement of some Crimes they have found him guilty of; and which they could not inflict openly, in a Country of Enemies and Infidels. Or, it may be, he has privately withdrawn himself, to prevent such a Punishment; being conscious that he deserv'd it. Be it how it pleases God, and my Superiors; I humbly crave Advice and Instructions, about the ordering my Bills and other Matters. Sage *Kaimacham*, adieu.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1682.



LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THis comes to thy Hand by the same Post with one to the *Kaimacham*; therefore I pray thee be quick in executing the Contents of it. I have not one Friend in the *Serail*, whom I dare trust with such a Secret: Thou art my only Refuge, at a Juncture which requires Fidelity, Prudence, and a dextrous Conduct in diving and searching into a certain Mystery, which, for ought I know, may concern my Life.

To tell thee in short; *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the *Sultan's* Agent *incognito* at *Vienna*, a Jew by Descent and Religion, is, I fear, privately murder'd by some Order from the *Divan*: But for what Reasons I know not; unless it were in Compliance with the old Maxims of the *Sublime Porte*, which seldom suffers any Slave to go to his Sepulchre in Peace, who has serv'd the *Grand Signior* many Years in any eminent Station. He has been miss'd at *Vienna* these Eight Weeks; and within a Day or two after his first Absence, the Body of a dead Man was found floating on the *Danube*; but so disfigur'd with Wounds, as it could not possibly be known who he was; which gives me the greater Suspicion that it was he. And if so, I may expect to be serv'd so my self in a little Time: For my Turn is next.

Therefore, if thou hast any Love or Friendship for me, be watchful on my Behalf: Attend the Whispers of the Court, and observe the Language of those who discourse with their Fingers Ends. The Cast of the Eye many times discovers the secret Sentiments of the Heart: So does a Shrug of the Shoulder, a Pout of the Lip, or any other

other artificial Gesture. They are all significant, and expressive of what Affection and Thoughts we harbour within. Thou knowest how to act mute upon Occasion, as well as any in the *Serail*. I conjure thee to use great Dexterity, and no less Expedition in unravelling this Secret. Feign to know something more than thou dost, that so thou may'st really learn what I would have thee know concerning *Nathan's* Fate, and mine too, if possible. Let no cold Indifference make thee neglect this due Care of thy Friend's Interest and Life. We were born to serve one another with mutual Zeal and Fidelity. The good Offices thou dost me, are but lent, to be repaid again with others whenever Opportunity presents it self. But these Arguments are superfluous; Thou needest no Spurs, to do a generous Action. I know thou lovest me, and wilt be active at this Juncture on my Account.

In full and entire Confidence of this, I take my Repose under the Shadow of the Divine Mercy; begging of God to afford thee a Shelter in Time of Peril; and that when thou and I have weather'd all the Tempests of this Mortal Life, we may triumphantly enter the Port of Paradise, and enjoy one another in Eternal Felicity.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1682.

F I N I S.











